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THE

SPECTATOR;

A NEW EDITION, CAREFULLY REVISED,

IN SIX VOLUMES;

824

WITH

PREFACES HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,

Addison

BY

ALEXANDER CHALMERS, A. M.

VOL. VI.

NEW YORK:
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DEDICATION*

TO

WILLIAM HONEYCOMB, ESQ.[a]

The seven former volumes of the Spectator having been dedicated to some of the most celebrated persons of the age, I take leave to inscribe[b] this eighth and last to you, as to a gentleman who hath ever been ambitious of appearing in the best company.

You are now wholly retired from the busy part of mankind, and at leisure to reflect upon your past achievements; for which reason I look upon you as a person very well qualified for a dedication.

I may possibly disappoint my readers, and yourself too, if I do not endeavour on this occasion to make the world acquainted with your virtues. And here, Sir, I shall not compliment you upon your birth, person, or fortune; nor any other the like

* This dedication includes Nos. 556—653, which constituted the eighth volume of the last edition.

[a] Generally supposed to be Col. Cleland. See Steele's Epistolary Correspondence, 1787, vol. i. p. 114; and vol. ii. p. 428.

[b] This dedication is suspected to have been written by Eustace Budgell, who might have better dedicated it to Will Wimble.

perfections which you possess, whether you will or no: but shall only touch upon those which are of your own acquiring, and in which every one must allow you have a real merit.

Your janty air and easy motion, the volubility of your discourse, the suddenness of your laugh, the management of your snuff-box, with the whiteness of your hands and teeth, (which have justly gained you the envy of the most polite part of the male world, and the love of the greatest beauties in the female,) are entirely to be ascribed to your own personal genius and application.

You are formed for these accomplishments by a happy turn of nature, and have finished yourself in them by the utmost improvements of art. A man that is defective in either of these qualifications (whatever may be the secret ambition of his heart) must never hope to make the figure you have done among the fashionable part of his species. It is therefore no wonder we see such multitudes of aspiring young men fall short of you in all these beauties of your character, notwithstanding the study and practice of them is the whole business of their lives. But I need not tell you that the free and disengaged behaviour of a fine gentleman makes as many awkward beaux, as the easiness of your favourite hath made insipid poets.

At present you are content to aim all your charms at your own spouse, without farther thought of mischief to any others of the sex. I know you

had formerly a very great contempt for that pedantic race of mortals who call themselves philosophers; and yet, to your honour be it spoken, there is not a sage of them all could have better acted up to their precepts in one of the most important points of life; I mean, in that generous disregard of popular opinion which you showed some years ago, when you chose for your wife an obscure young woman, who doth not indeed pretend to an ancient family, but has certainly as many forefathers as any lady in the land, if she could but reckon up their names.

I must, own, I conceived very extraordinary hopes of you from the moment that you confessed your age, and from eight-and-forty (where you had stuck so many years), very ingeniously stepped into your grand climacteric. Your deportment has since been very venerable and becoming. If I am rightly informed, you make a regular appearance every quarter-sessions among your brothers of the quorum; and, if things go on as they do, stand fair for being a colonel of the militia. I am told that your time passes away as agreeably in the amusements of a country life, as it ever did in the gallantries of the town; and that you now take as much pleasure in the planting of young trees, as you did formerly in the cutting down of your old ones. In short, we hear from all hands that you are thoroughly reconciled to your dirty acres, and have not too much wit to look into your own estate.

After having spoken thus much of my patron, I

must take the privilege of an author in saying something of myself. I shall therefore beg leave to add, that I have purposely omitted setting those marks to the end of every paper, which appeared in my former volumes, that you may have an opportunity of showing Mrs. Honeycomb the shrewdness of your conjectures, by ascribing every speculation to its proper author: though you know how often many profound critics in style and sentiments have very iudiciously erred in this particular before they were let into the secret. I am,

SIR,

Your most faithful, humble Servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

THE BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

In the sixth hundred and thirty-second number of the Spectator the reader will find an account of the rise of this eighth and last volume.[c] [The eighth volume here alluded to comprized the last eighty papers, Nos. 556—635.]

I have not been able to prevail upon the several

[c] After the Spectator had been laid down about a year and a half, in which interval the Guardian, and its sequel, the Englishman, were published, 'an attempt was made to revive it, at a time,' (in the opinion of the writer, whose words are here quoted) 'by no means favorable to literature, when the succession of a new family to the throne, filled the nation with anxiety, discord, and confusion. Either the turbulence of the times, or the satiety of the readers, put a stop to the publication after an experiment of eighty numbers, which were afterwards collected into this 8th volume, perhaps more valuable than any one of those that went before it.

'Addison produced more than a fourth part, and the other contributors are by no means unworthy of appearing as his associates.

'The time that had passed during the suspension of the Spectator, though it had not lessened Addison's power of humour, seems to have increased his disposition to seriousness; the proportion of his religious to his comic papers is greater than in the former series. The Spectator, from its recommencement, was published only three times a-week, and no discriminative marks were added to the papers. To Addison, Mr. Tickell has ascribed twenty-three; Nos. 556, 557, 558, 559, 561, 562, 565, 567, 568, 569, 571, 574, 575, 579, 580, 582, 583, 584, 585, 590, 591, 598, and 600.'—Johnson's Lives of English Poets, vol. ii. p. 380, 8vo. ed. 1781.

gentlemen who were concerned in this work to let me acquaint the world with their names.

Perhaps it will be unnecessary to inform the reader, that no other papers which have appeared under the title of Spectator, since the closing of this eighth volume, were written by any of those gentlemen who had a hand in this or the former volumes.

THE SPECTATOR.

No. 518. FRIDAY, October 24, 1712.

— miserum est aliorum incumbere famæ,
Ne collapsa ruant subductis tecta columnis.
Juv. Sat. viii. 76.

'Tis poor relying on another's fame;
For, take the pillars but away, and all
The superstructure must in ruins fall.
Stepney.

This being a day of business with me, I must make the present entertainment, like a treat at an house-warming, out of such presents as have been sent me by my guests. The first dish which I serve up is a letter come fresh to my hand.

'Mr. Spectator,

'It is with inexpressible sorrow that I hear of the death of good sir Roger, and do heartily condole with you upon so melancholy an occasion. I think you ought to have blackened the edges of a paper which brought us so ill news, and to have had it stamped likewise in black. It is expected of you that you should write his epitaph, and if possible fill his place in the club with as worthy and diverting a member. I question not but you will receive many recommendations from the public of such as will appear candidates for that post.

'Since I am talking of death, and have mentioned an epitaph, I must tell you, Sir, that I have made discovery of a church-yard in which I believe you might spend an afternoon with great pleasure to yourself and to the public. It belongs to the church of Stebon-Heath, commonly called Stepney.[a] Whether or no it be that the people of that parish have a particular genius for an epitaph, or that there be some poet among them who undertakes that work by the great, I cannot tell; but there are more remarkable inscriptions in that place than in any other I have met with; and I may say, without vanity, that there is not a gentleman in England better read in tomb-stones than myself, my studies having laid very much in church-yards. I shall beg leave to send you a couple of epitaphs, for a sample of those I have just now mentioned. They are written in a different manner: the first being the diffused and luxuriant, the second in the close contracted style. The first has much of the simple and pathetic; the second is something light, but nervous. The first is thus:

"Here Thomas Sapper lies interr'd. Ah why!
Born in New England, did in London die;
Was the third son of eight, begot upon
His mother Martha by his father John.
Much favour'd by his prince he 'gan to be,
But nipt by death at th' age of twenty-three.
Fatal to him was that we small-pox name,
By which his mother and two brethren came
Also to breathe their last, nine years before,
And now have left their father to deplore
The loss of all his children, with his wife,
Who was the joy and comfort of his life."

'The second is as follows:

[a] See Stow's Survey of London, &c., edit. 1755, vol. ii. p. 751, &c.

"Here lies the body of Daniel Saul,
Spittlefields weaver, and that's all."

'I will not dismiss you, whilst I am upon this subject, without sending a short epitaph which I once met with, though I cannot possibly recollect the place. The thought of it is serious, and in my opinion the finest that I ever met with upon this occasion. You know, Sir, it is usual, after having told us the name of the person who lies interred, to launch out into his praises. This epitaph takes a quite contrary turn, having been made by the person himself some time before his death.

"*Hic jacet R. C. in expectatione diei supremi. Qualis erat dies iste indicabit.*"

"Here lieth R. C. in expectation of the last day. What sort of a man he was that day will discover."

'I am, Sir, &c.'[b]

The following letter is dated from Cambridge:

'SIR,

'HAVING lately read among your speculations an essay upon physiognomy,[c] I cannot but think that, if you made a visit to this ancient university, you might receive very considerable lights upon that subject, there being scarce a young fellow in it who does not give certain indications of his particular humour and disposition conformable to

[b] The exact copy of this epitaph on Thomas Crouch, who died in 1679 is said to be as follows:

'Aperiet Deus tumulos, et educet nos de sepulchris,
Qualis eram, dies isti hæc cum venerit, scies.'

European Magazine, July 1787, p. 9.

[c] See Nos. 86, and 206.

the rules of that art. In courts and cities every body lays a constraint upon his countenance, and endeavours to look like the rest of the world; but the youth of this place having not yet formed themselves by conversation, and the knowledge of the world, give their limbs and features their full play.

'As you have considered human nature in all its lights, you must be extremely well apprised, that there is a very close correspondence between the outward and the inward man; that scarce the least dawning, the least parturiency towards a thought can be stirring in the mind of man, without producing a suitable revolution in his exteriors, which will easily discover itself to an adept in the theory of the phiz. Hence it is that the intrinsic worth and merit of a son of Alma Mater is ordinarily calculated from the cast of his visage, the contour of his person, the mechanism of his dress, the disposition of his limbs, the manner of his gait and air, with a number of circumstances of equal consequence and information. The practitioners in this art often make use of a gentleman's eyes to give them light into the posture of his brains; take a handle from his nose, to judge of the size of his intellects; and interpret the overmuch visibility and pertness of one ear, as an infallible mark of reprobation, and a sign the owner of so saucy a member fears neither God nor man. In conformity to this scheme, a contracted brow, a lumpish downcast look, a sober sedate pace, with both hands dangling quiet and steady in lines exactly parallel to each lateral pocket of his galligaskins, is logic, metaphysics, and mathematics, in perfection. So likewise the belles-lettres are typified by a saunter in the gait, a fall of one wing of the peruke backward, an insertion of one hand in the fob, and a

negligent swing of the other, with a pinch of right fine Barcelona between finger and thumb, a due quantity of the same upon the upper lip, and a noddle-case loaden with pulvil. Again, a grave solemn stalking pace is heroic poetry, and politics; an unequal one, a genius for the ode, and the modern ballad; and an open breast, with an audacious display of the Holland shirt, is construed a fatal tendency to the art military.

'I might be much larger upon these hints, but I know whom I write to. If you can graft any speculation upon them, or turn them to the advantage of the persons concerned in them, you will do a work very becoming the British Spectator, and oblige

'Your very humble servant,

'TOM TWEER.'[d]

*** At Drury-lane, on this present Friday, Oct. 24, will be performed a comedy, called Æsop, with the farce of the Stage Coach. And to-morrow will be presented the tragedy of Macbeth. All the parts to the best advantage, with all the original decorations proper to the play.—Spect. in folio.

No. 519. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1712.

Inde hominum pecudumque genus, vitæque volantum,
Et quæ marmoreo fert monstra sub æquore pontus.
VIRG. Æn. vi. 728.

Hence men and beasts the breath of life obtain,
And birds of air, and monsters of the main.
DRYDEN.

THOUGH there is a great deal of pleasure in contemplating the material world, by which I mean that

[d] The public is assured on good authority, that this last letter was written by Orator Henley, as he was commonly called.

system of bodies into which nature has so curiously wrought the mass of dead matter, with the several relations which those bodies bear to one another; there is still, methinks, something more wonderful and surprising in contemplations on the world of life, by which I mean all those animals with which every part of the universe is furnished. The material world is only the shell of the universe; the world of life are its inhabitants.

If we consider those parts of the material world which lie the nearest to us, and are therefore subject to our observations and inquiries, it is amazing to consider the infinity of animals with which it is stocked. Every part of matter is peopled; every green leaf swarms with inhabitants. There is scarce a single humour in the body of a man, or of any other animal, in which our glasses do not discover myriads of living creatures. The surface of animals is also covered with other animals, which are in the same manner the basis of other animals that live upon it; nay, we find in the most solid bodies, as in marble itself, innumerable cells and cavities that are crowded with such imperceptible inhabitants, as are too little for the naked eye to discover. On the other hand, if we look into the more bulky parts of nature, we see the seas, lakes, and rivers, teeming with numberless kinds of living creatures. We find every mountain and marsh, wilderness and wood, plentifully stocked with birds and beasts; and every part of matter affording proper necessaries and convenience for the livelihood of multitudes which inhabit it.

The author * of the Plurality of Worlds draws a

* Fontenelle. This book was published in 1686, and is founded on the chimerical Vortices of Descartes.

very good argument from this consideration for the peopling of every planet; as indeed it seems very probable, from the analogy of reason, that if no part of matter, which we are acquainted with, lies waste and useless, those great bodies, which are at such a distance from us, should not be desert and unpeopled, but rather that they should be furnished with beings adapted to their respective situations.

Existence is a blessing to those beings only which are endowed with perception; and is in a manner thrown away upon dead matter, any farther than as it is subservient to beings which are conscious of their existence. Accordingly we find, from the bodies which lie under our observation, that matter is only made as the basis and support of animals, and there is no more of the one than what is necessary for the existence of the other.

Infinite goodness is of so communicative a nature, that it seems to delight in the conferring of existence upon every degree of perceptive being As this is a speculation which I have often pursued with great pleasure to myself, I shall enlarge farther upon it, by considering that part of the scale of beings which comes within our knowledge.

There are some living creatures which are raised but just above dead matter: to mention only that species of shell-fish, which are formed in the fashion of a cone, that grow to the surface of several rocks, and immediately die upon their being severed from the place where they grow. There are many other creatures but one remove from these, which have no other sense besides that of feeling and taste: others have still an additional one of hearing; others of smell, and others of sight. It is wonderful to observe by what a gradual progress the world of life

advances through a prodigious variety of species, before a creature is formed that is complete in all its senses; and even among these there is such a different degree of perfection in the sense which one animal enjoys beyond what appears in another, that, though the sense in different animals be distinguished by the same common denomination, it seems almost of a different nature. If after this we look into the several inward perfections of cunning and sagacity, or what we generally call instinct, we find them rising after the same manner imperceptibly one above another, and receiving additional improvements, according to the species in which they are implanted. This progress in nature is so very gradual, that the most perfect of an inferior species comes very near to the most imperfect of that which is immediately above it.

The exuberant and overflowing goodness of the Supreme Being, whose mercy extends to all his works, is plainly seen, as I have before hinted, from his having made so very little matter, at least what falls within our knowledge, that does not swarm with life. Nor is his goodness less seen in the diversity than in the multitude of living creatures. Had he only made one species of animals, none of the rest would have enjoyed the happiness of existence; he has, therefore, specified in his creation, every degree of life, every capacity of being. The whole chasm in nature, from a plant to a man, is filled up with diverse kinds of creatures, rising one over another by such a gentle and easy ascent, that the little transitions and deviations from one species to another are almost insensible. This intermediate space is so well husbanded and managed, that there is scarce a degree of perception which does not ap-

pear in some one part of the world of life. Is the goodness or the wisdom of the Divine Being more manifested in this his proceeding?

There is a consequence besides those I have already mentioned, which seems very naturally deducible from the foregoing considerations. If the scale of being rises by such a regular progress so high as man, we may, by a parity of reason, suppose that it still proceeds gradually through those beings which are of a superior nature to him; since there is an infinitely greater space and room for different degrees of perfection, between the Supreme Being and man, than between man and the most despicable insect. This consequence of so great a variety of beings which are superior to us, from that variety which is inferior to us, is made by Mr. Locke, in a passage which I shall here set down, after having premised, that notwithstanding there is such infinite room between man and his Maker for the creative power to exert itself in, it is impossible that it should ever be filled up, since there will be still an infinite gap or distance between the highest created being and the Power which produced him.

'That there should be more species of intelligent creatures above us, than there are of sensible and material below us, is probable to me from hence—that in all the visible corporeal world we see no chasms, or no gaps. All quite down from us the descent is by easy steps, and a continued series of things, that in each remove differ very little one from the other. There are fishes that have wings, and are not strangers to the airy region: and there are some birds that are inhabitants of the water; whose blood is as cold as fishes, and their flesh so like in taste, that the scrupulous are allowed them

on fish days. There are animals so near of kin both to birds and beasts that they are in the middle between both. Amphibious animals link the terrestrial and aquatic together. Seals live at land and at sea, and porpoises have the warm blood and entrails of a hog; not to mention what is confidently reported of mermaids, or sea men. There are some brutes that seem to have as much knowledge and reason as some that are called men: and the animal and vegetable kingdoms are so nearly joined, that if you will take the lowest of one, and the highest of the other, there will scarce be perceived any great difference between them: and so on, till we come to the lowest and the most inorganical parts of matter, we shall find every where that the several species are linked together, and differ but in almost insensible degrees. And, when we consider the infinite power and wisdom of the Maker, we have reason to think that it is suitable to the magnificent harmony of the universe, and the great design and infinite goodness of the architect, that the species of creatures should also by gentle degrees ascend upward from us towards his infinite perfection, as we see they gradually descend from us downward: which, if it be probable, we have reason then to be persuaded that there are far more species of creatures above us than there are beneath; we being in degrees of perfection much more remote from the infinite being of God, than we are from the lowest state of being, and that which approaches nearest to nothing. And yet of all those distinct species we have no clear distinct ideas.'

In this system of being, there is no creature so wonderful in its nature, and which so much deserves our particular attention, as man, who fills up the

middle space between the animal and intellectual nature, the visible and invisible world, and is that link in the chain of beings which has been often termed the *nexus utriusque mundi*. So that he, who in one respect, being associated with angels and archangels, may look upon a Being 'of infinite perfection' as his father, and the highest order of spirits as his brethren, may in another respect say to corruption, 'Thou art my father; and to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister.' O.[f]

*** At the request of several persons of quality, and foreign gentlemen, that came too late for the famous Water Theatre of the late ingenious Mr. Winstanley, and had not room on Tuesday last, who have appointed to meet there on this day, being the 25th, about four in the afternoon, it will be shown with all the curiosities as formerly, and new additions to the expense of 300 tuns of water extraordinary, with fire mingled with the water, &c. The house will be made warm this night, and convenience for coaches to be out of the dirt. Boxes, 2*s.* 6*d.* Pit, 2*s.* Gallery, 1*s.* and Upper Gallery, 6*d.*—Spect. in folio.

No. 520. MONDAY, October 27, 1712.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam chari capitis!

Hor. 1 Od. xxiv. 1.

And who can grieve too much? What time shall end
Our mourning for so dear a friend?

Creech.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'The just value you have expressed for the matrimonial state, is the reason that I now venture to write to you, without fear of being ridiculous, and confess to you, that, though it is three months since I lost a very agreeable woman, who was my wife, my sorrow is still fresh; and I am often, in the

[f] By Addison, dated, it seems, from his office, or written originally at Oxford. See final note to No. 7.

midst of company, upon any circumstance that revives her memory, with a reflection what she would say or do on such an occasion; I say, upon any occurrence of that nature, which I can give you a sense of, though I cannot express it wholly, I am all over softness, and am obliged to retire and give way to a few sighs and tears before I can be easy. I cannot but recommend the subject of male widowhood to you, and beg of you to touch upon it by the first opportunity. To those who have not lived like husbands during the lives of their spouses, this would be a tasteless jumble of words; but to such (of whom there are not a few) who have enjoyed that state with the sentiments proper for it, you will have every line, which hits the sorrow, attended with a tear of pity and consolation; for I know not by what goodness of Providence it is that every gush of passion is a step towards the relief of it; and there is a certain comfort in the very act of sorrowing, which, I suppose, arises from a secret consciousness in the mind, that the affliction it is under flows from a virtuous cause. My concern indeed is not so outrageous as at the first transport; for I think it has subsided rather into a soberer state of mind than any actual perturbation of spirit. There might be rules formed for men's behaviour on this great incident to bring them from that misfortune into the condition I am at present; which is, I think, that my sorrow has converted all roughness of temper into meekness, good-nature, and complacency. But indeed, when in a serious and lonely hour I present my departed consort to my imagination, with that air of persuasion in her countenance when I have been in passion, that sweet affability when I have been in good-humour, that tender compassion when

I have had any thing which gave me uneasiness; I confess to you I am inconsolable, and my eyes gush with grief, as if I had seen her but just then expire. In this condition I am broken in upon by a charming young woman, my daughter, who is the picture of what her mother was on her wedding-day. The good girl strives to comfort me; but how shall I let you know that all the comfort she gives me is to make my tears flow more easily? The child knows she quickens my sorrows, and rejoices my heart at the same time. Oh, ye learned! tell me by what word to speak a motion of the soul for which there is no name. When she kneels, and bids me be comforted, she is my child; when I take her in my arms, and bid her say no more, she is my very wife, and is the very comforter I lament the loss of. I banish her the room, and weep aloud that I have lost her mother, and that I have her.

'Mr. Spectator, I wish it were possible for you to have a sense of these pleasing perplexities; you might communicate to the guilty part of mankind that they are incapable of the happiness which is in the very sorrows of the virtuous.

'But pray spare me a little longer; give me leave to tell you the manner of her death. She took leave of all her family, and bore the vain application of medicines with the greatest patience imaginable. When the physician told her she must certainly die, she desired, as well as she could, that all who were present, except myself, might depart the room. She said she had nothing to say, for she was resigned, and I knew all she knew that concerned us in this world; but she desired to be alone, that in the presence of God only she might, without interruption, do her last duty to me, of thanking me for all

my kindness to her; adding, that she hoped in my last moments I should feel the same comfort for my goodness to her, as she did in that she had acquitted herself with honour, truth, and virtue to me.

'I curb myself, and will not tell you that this kindness cut my heart in twain, when I expected an accusation for some passionate starts of mine, in some parts of our time together, to say nothing but thank me for the good, if there was any good suitable to her own excellence! All that I had ever said to her, all the circumstances of sorrow and joy between us, crowded upon my mind in the same instant; and when, immediately after, I saw the pangs of death come upon that dear body which I had often embraced with transport; when I saw those cherishing eyes begin to be ghastly, and their last struggle to be to fix themselves on me, how did I lose all patience! She expired in my arms, and in my distraction I thought I saw her bosom still heave. There was certainly life yet still left. I cried, she just now spoke to me. But, alas! I grew giddy, and all things moved about me, from the distemper of my own head; for the best of women was breathless, and gone for ever.

'Now the doctrine I would, methinks, have you raise from this account I have given you, is, that there is a certain equanimity in those who are good and just, which runs into their very sorrow, and disappoints the force of it. Though they must pass through afflictions in common with all who are in human nature, yet their conscious integrity shall undermine their affliction; nay, that very affliction shall add force to their integrity, from a reflection of the use of virtue in the hour of affliction. I sat down with a design to put you upon giving us rules

how to overcome such griefs as these, but I should rather advise you to teach men to be capable of them.

'You men of letters have what you call the fine taste in their apprehensions of what is properly done or said. There is something like this deeply grafted in the soul of him who is honest and faithful in all his thoughts and actions. Every thing which is false, vicious, or unworthy, is despicable to him, though all the world should approve it. At the same time he has the most lively sensibility in all enjoyments and sufferings, which it is proper for him to have, where any duty of life is concerned. To want sorrow when you in decency and truth should be afflicted, is, I should think, a greater instance of a man's being a blockhead than not to know the beauty of any passage in Virgil. You have not yet observed, Mr. Spectator, that the fine gentlemen of this age set up for hardness of heart; and humanity has very little share in their pretences. He is a brave fellow who is always ready to kill a man he hates, but he does not stand in the same degree of esteem who laments for the woman he loves. I should fancy you might work up a thousand pretty thoughts, by reflecting upon the persons most susceptible of the sort of sorrow I have spoken of; and I dare say you will find upon examination that they are the wisest and the bravest of mankind who are most capable of it.

'I am, SIR, your most humble servant,

Norwich,
7th Octobris, 1712.

'F. J.'[g]

T.[h]

[g] This admirable letter was written, it is said, by a Mr. Francham, of Norwich.

[h] The editorial mark of Steele. See final note to No. 324.

*** At Drury-lane, on Tuesday, Oct. 28, will be performed a play called Aurengzebe, or the Great Mogul. The Emperor, by Mr. Keen; Aurengzebe, by Mr. Powel; Morat, by Mr. Booth; Arimant, by Mr. Bowman. Nourmahal, by Mrs. Knight; Indemora, by Mrs. Rogers; and Melesinda, by Mrs. Cox.—Spect. in folio.

†††† This day was published, a poem to his excellency, the lord privy seal, on the Prospect of Peace, by Mr. Tickell.—*Ibidem*, No. 521, See Spect. No. 523, note.

No. 521. TUESDAY, October 28, 1712.

Vera redit facies, dissimulata perit.

P. Arb.

The real face returns, the counterfeit is lost.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I have been for many years loud in this assertion, that there are very few that can see or hear; I mean, that can report what they have seen or heard; and this through incapacity or prejudice, one of which disables almost every man who talks to you from representing things as he ought. For which reason I am come to a resolution of believing nothing I hear; and I contemn the man given to narration under the appellation of "a matter-of-fact man;" and, according to me, a matter-of-fact man is one whose life and conversation is spent in the report of what is not matter of fact.

'I remember when prince Eugene was here, there was no knowing his height or figure, till you, Mr. Spectator, gave the public satisfaction in that matter. In relations the force of the expression lies very often more in the look, the tone of voice, or the gesture, than the words themselves; which, being repeated in any other manner by the undiscerning, bear a very different interpretation from their original meaning. I must confess I formerly

have turned this humour of mine to very good account; for whenever I heard any narration uttered with extraordinary vehemence, and grounded upon considerable authority, I was always ready to lay any wager that it was not so. Indeed I never pretended to be so rash as to fix the matter any particular way in opposition to theirs; but, as there are a hundred ways of any thing happening besides that it has happened, I only controverted its falling out in that one manner as they settled it, and left it to the ninety-nine other ways, and consequently had more probability of success. I had arrived at a particular skill in warming a man so far in his narration, as to make him throw in a little of the marvellous, and then, if he has much fire, the next degree is the impossible. Now this is always the time for fixing the wager. But this requires the nicest management, otherwise very probably the dispute may arise to the old determination by battle. In these conceits I have been very fortunate, and have won some wagers of those who have professedly valued themselves upon intelligence, and have put themselves to the great charge and expense to be misinformed considerably sooner than the rest of the world.

'Having got a comfortable sum by this my opposition to public report, I have brought myself now to so great a perfection in inattention, more especially to party-relations,[1] that, at the same time I seem with greedy ears to devour up the discourse, I certainly don't know one word of it, but pursue my own course of thought, whether upon business or amusement, with much tranquillity; I say inatten-

[1] See No. 507, on party-lies.

tion, because a late act of parliament [k] has secured all party-liars from the penalty of a wager, and consequently made it unprofitable to attend to them. However, good breeding obliges a man to maintain the figure of the keenest attention, the true posture of which in a coffee-house I take to consist in leaning over a table with the edge of it pressing hard upon your stomach: for the more pain the narration is received with, the more gracious is your bending over; besides that the narrator thinks you forget your pain by the pleasure of hearing him.

'Fort Knock has occasioned several very perplexed and inelegant heats and animosities; and there was one t'other day, in a coffee-house where I was, that took upon him to clear that business to me, for he said he was there. I knew him to be that sort of man that had not strength of capacity to be informed of any thing that depended merely upon his being an eye-witness, and therefore was fully satisfied he could give me no information, for the very same reason he believed he could, for he was there. However, I heard him with the same greediness as Shakespeare describes in the following lines:

> "I saw a smith stand on his hammer, thus,
> With open mouth, swallowing a tailor's news."

'I confess of late I have not been so much amazed at the declaimers in coffee-houses as I formerly was, being satisfied that they expect to be rewarded for their vociferations. Of these liars there are two sorts; the genius of the first consists in much impu-

[k] Stat. 7 Anne, cap. 17. By it all wagers laid upon a contingency relating to the war with France were declared to be void.

dence and a strong memory; the others have added to these qualifications a good understanding and smooth language. These therefore have only certain heads, which they are as eloquent upon as they can, and may be called "embellishers;" the others repeat only what they hear from others as literally as their parts or zeal will permit, and are called "reciters." Here was a fellow in town some years ago, who used to divert himself by telling a lie at Charing-cross in the morning at eight of the clock, and then following it through all parts of the town until eight at night; at which time he came to a club of his friends, and diverted them with an account what censure it had at Will's in Covent Garden, how dangerous it was believed to be at Child's, and what inference they drew from it with relation to stocks at Jonathan's. I have had the honour to travel with this gentleman I speak of in search of one of his falsehoods: and have been present when they have described the very man they have spoken to, as him who first reported it, tall or short, black or fair, a gentleman or a raggamuffin, according as they liked the intelligence. I have heard one of our ingenious writers of news say, that, when he has had a customer come with an advertisement of an apprentice or a wife run away, he has desired the advertiser to compose himself a little before he dictated the description of the offender: for when a person is put in a public paper by a man who is angry with him, the real description of such person is hid in the deformity with which the angry man describes him; therefore this fellow always made his customers describe him as he would the day before he offended, or else he was sure he would never find him out. These and many

other hints I could suggest to you for the elucidation of all fictions; but I leave it to your own sagacity to improve or neglect this speculation.

'I am, SIR,

'Your most obedient, humble servant.'

T.[1]

No. 522. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1712.

> —Adjuro nunquam eam me deserturum;
> Non, si capiundos mihi sciam esse inimicos omnes homines.
> Hanc mihi expetivi, contigit; conveniunt mores. Valeant,
> Qui inter nos discidium volunt. Hanc nisi mors, mi adimet nemo.
> TER. Andr. Act. iv. Sc. 2.

I swear never to forsake her; no, though I were sure to make all men my enemies. Her I desired; her I have obtained; our humours agree. Perish all those who would separate us! Death alone shall deprive me of her.

I SHOULD esteem myself a very happy man if my speculations could in the least contribute to the rectifying the conduct of my readers in one of the most important affairs of life, to wit, their choice in marriage. This state is the foundation of community, and the chief band of society; and I do not think I can be too frequent on subjects which may give light to my unmarried readers in a particular which is so essential to their following happiness or misery. A virtuous disposition, a good understanding, an agreeable person, and an easy fortune, are the things which should be chiefly regarded on this occasion. Because my present view is to direct a young lady, who I think is now in doubt whom to take of many lovers, I shall talk at this time to my female readers. The advantages, as I was going to say, of sense, beau-

[1] The editorial mark of Steele. See No. 324, the final note on the signature T, and No. 5, note on signature R, *ad finem*.

ty, and riches, are what are certainly the chief motives to a prudent young woman of fortune for changing her condition; but, as she is to have her eye upon each of these, she is to ask herself, whether the man who has the most of these recommendations in the lump is not the most desirable. He that has excellent talents, with a moderate estate and an agreeable person, is preferable to him who is only rich, if it were only that good faculties may purchase riches, but riches cannot purchase worthy endowments. I do not mean that wit, and a capacity to entertain, is what should be highly valued, except it is founded upon good-nature and humanity. There are many ingenious men, whose abilities do little else but make themselves and those about them uneasy. Such are those who are far gone in the pleasures of the town, who cannot support life without quick sensations and gay reflections, and are strangers to tranquillity, to right reason, and a calm motion of spirits, without transport or dejection. These ingenious men, of all men living, are most to be avoided by her who would be happy in a husband. They are immediately sated with possession, and must necessarily fly to new acquisitions of beauty to pass away the whiling moments and intervals of life; for with them every hour is heavy that is not joyful. But there is a sort of man of wit and sense, that can reflect upon his own make, and that of his partner, with the eyes of reason and honour, and who believes he offends against both these, if he does not look upon the woman who chose him, to be under his protection in sickness and health, with the utmost gratitude, whether from that moment she is shining or defective in person or mind: I say, there are those who think themselves bound to supply with good-nature the failings of those who

love them, and who always think those the objects of love and pity who came to their arms the objects of joy and admiration.

Of this latter sort is Lysander, a man of wit, learning, sobriety, and good-nature; of birth and estate below no woman to accept; and of whom it might be said, should he succeed in his present wishes, his mistress raised his fortune, but not that she made it. When a woman is deliberating with herself whom she shall choose of many near each other in other pretensions, certainly he of best understanding is to be preferred. Life hangs heavily in the repeated conversation of one who has no imagination to be fired at the several occasions and objects which come before him, or who cannot strike out of his reflections new paths of pleasing discourse. Honest Will Thrash and his wife, though not married above four months, have scarce had a word to say to each other this six weeks: and one cannot form to one's self a sillier picture than these two creatures, in solemn pomp and plenty, unable to enjoy their fortunes, and at a full stop among a crowd of servants, to whose taste of life they are beholden for the little satisfactions by which they can be understood to be so much as barely in being. The hours of the day, the distinctions of noon and night, dinner and supper, are the greatest notices they are capable of. This is perhaps representing the life of a very modest woman, joined to a dull fellow, more insipid than it really deserves: but I am sure it is not to exalt the commerce with an ingenious companion too high, to say that every new accident or object, which comes into such a gentleman's way, gives his wife new pleasures and satisfactions. The approbation of his words and actions is a continual

new feast to her: nor can she enough applaud her good fortune in having her life varied every hour, her mind more improved, and her heart more glad, from every circumstance which they meet with. He will lay out his invention in forming new pleasures and amusements, and make the fortune she has brought him subservient to the honour and reputation of her and hers. A man of sense, who is thus obliged, is ever contriving the happiness of her who did him so great a distinction; while the fool is ungrateful without vice, and never returns a favour because he is not sensible of it. I would, methinks, have so much to say for myself, that, if I fell into the hands of him who treated me ill, he should be sensible when he did so. His conscience should be of my side, whatever became of his inclination. I do not know but it is the insipid choice which has been made by those who have the care of young women, that the marriage state itself has been liable to so much ridicule. But a well-chosen love, moved by passion on both sides, and perfected by the generosity of one party, must be adorned with so many handsome incidents on the other side, that every particular couple would be an example in many circumstances to all the rest of the species. I shall end the chat upon this subject with a couple of letters; one from a lover, who is very well acquainted with the way of bargaining on these occasions; and the other from his rival, who has a less estate, but great gallantry of temper. As to my man of prudence, he makes love, as he says, as if he were already a father, and, laying aside the passion, comes to the reason of the thing.

'MADAM,

'My counsel has perused the inventory of your estate, and considered what estate you have, which it seems is only yours, and to the male heirs of your body; but, in default of such issue, to the right heirs of your uncle Edward for ever. Thus, Madam, I am advised you cannot (the remainder not being in you) dock the entail: by which means my estate, which is fee simple, will come by the settlement proposed to your children begotten by me, whether they are males or females: but my children begotten upon you will not inherit your lands, except I beget a son. Now, Madam, since things are so, you are a woman of that prudence, and understand the world so well, as not to expect I shall give you more than you can give me.

'I am, MADAM, With great respect,

'Your most obedient humble servant,

'T. W.'

The other lover's estate is less than this gentleman's, but he expressed himself as follows:

'MADAM,

'I HAVE given in my estate to your counsel, and desired my own lawyer to insist upon no terms which your friends can propose for your certain ease and advantage; for indeed I have no notion of making difficulties of presenting you with what cannot make me happy without you.

I am, MADAM,

'Your most devoted humble servant,

'B. T.'

You must know the relations have met upon this; and the girl, being mightily taken with the latter epistle, she is laughed out, and uncle Edward is to be dealt with to make her a suitable match to the worthy gentleman who has told her he does not care a farthing for her. All I hope for is, that the lady fair will make use of the first light night to show B. T. she understands a marriage is not to be considered as a common bargain.

T.[m]

*** On Wednesday, October 29, 1712, The Libertine Destroyed. Don John, by Mr. Mills; Don Francisco, by Mr. Keen; Don Antonio, by Mr. Thormond; Don Lopez, by Mr. Bickerstaff; Jacomo, by Mr. Johnson; Maria, by Mrs. Porter. And to-morrow, being Thursday, will be presented a comedy called She Would if She Could.—*Ibidem.*

No. 523. THURSDAY, Obtober 30, 1712.

—Nunc augur Apollo,
Nunc Lyciæ sortes, nunc et Jove missus ab ipso
Interpres divûm fert horrida jussa per auras.
Scilicet is superis labor.—
VIRG. *Æn.* iv. 376.

Now Lycian lots, and now the Delian god;
Now Hermes is employed from Jove's abode.
To warn him hence, as if the peaceful state
Of heavenly powers were touch'd with human fate!
DRYDEN.

I am always highly delighted with the discovery of any rising genius among my countrymen. For this reason I have read over, with great pleasure, the late miscellany published by Mr. Pope, in which there are many excellent compositions of that ingenious gentleman. I have had a pleasure of the same kind in perusing a poem that is just published On

[m] The editorial mark of Steele. See final note to No. 324.

the Prospect of Peace;[a] and which, I hope, will meet with such a reward from its patrons as so noble a performance deserves. I was particularly well pleased to find that the author had not amused himself with fables out of the pagan theology, and that when he hints at any thing of this nature he alludes to it only as to a fable.

Many of our modern authors, whose learning very often extends no farther than Ovid's Metamorphoses, do not know how to celebrate a great man, without mixing a parcel of school-boy tales with the recital of his actions. If you read a poem on a fine woman, among the authors of this class, you shall see that it turns more upon Venus or Helen than on the party concerned. I have known a copy of verses on a great hero highly commended; but, upon asking to hear some of the beautiful passages, the admirer of it has repeated to me a speech of Apollo, or a description of Polypheme. At other times, when I have searched for the actions of a great man, who gave a subject to the writer, I have been entertained with the exploits of a river god, or have been forced to attend a fury in her mischievous progress from one end of the poem to the other. When we are at school it is necessary for us to be acquainted with the system of pagan theology; and we may be allowed to enliven a theme or point an epigram with an heathen god; but when we would write a manly panegyric, that should carry in it all the colours of truth, nothing can be more ridiculous than to have recourse to our Jupiters and Junos.

[a] By Mr. Thomas Tickell. See Spect. No. 620, and No. 520, *ad finem*. 'The tendency of this poem was to reclaim the nation from the pride of conquest to the pleasures of tranquillity.' Dr. Johnson's Lives of English

No thought is beautiful which is not just; and no thought can be just which is not founded in truth, or at least in that which passes for such.

In mock heroic poems the use of the heathen mythology is not only excusable, but graceful, because it is the design of such compositions to divert, by adapting the fabulous machines of the ancients to low subjects, and at the same time by ridiculing such kinds of machinery in modern writers. If any are of opinion that there is a necessity of admitting these classical legends into our serious compositions, in order to give them a more poetical turn, I would recommend to their consideration the pastorals of Mr. Phillips. One would have thought it impossible for this kind of poetry to have subsisted without fauns and satyrs, wood-nymphs and water-nymphs, with all the tribe of rural deities. But we see he has given a new life and a more natural beauty to this way of writing, by substituting in the place of these antiquated fables, the superstitious mythology which prevails among the shepherds of our own country.

Virgil and Homer might compliment their heroes, by interweaving the actions of deities with their achievements; but for a Christian author to write in the pagan creed, to make prince Eugene a favourite of Mars, or to carry on a correspondence between Bellona and the marshal de Villars, would be downright puerility, and unpardonable in a poet that is past sixteen. It is want of sufficient elevation in a genius to describe realities, and place them in a shining light, that makes him have recourse to such

Poets, vol. iii. p. 173, 8vo. 1781. See Tat. No. 106; and No. 47, note on T.—Spindle.

trifling antiquated fables; as a man may write a fine description of Bacchus or Apollo that does not know how to draw the character of any of his contemporaries.

In order therefore to put a stop to this absurd practice I shall publish the following edict, by virtue of that spectatorial authority with which I stand invested.

'WHEREAS the time of a general peace is, in all appearance, drawing near, being informed that there are several ingenious persons who intend to show their talents on so happy an occasion; and being willing, as much as in me lies, to prevent that effusion of nonsense which we have good cause to apprehend; I do hereby strictly require every person who shall write on this subject, to remember that he is a Christian, and not to sacrifice his catechism to his poetry. In order to it I do expect of him in the first place to make his own poem, without depending upon Phœbus for any part of it, or calling out for aid upon any one of the Muses by name. I do likewise positively forbid the sending of Mercury with any particular message or despatch relating to the peace, and shall by no means suffer Minerva to take upon her the shape of any plenipotentiary concerned in this great work. I do farther declare, that I shall not allow the Destinies to have had a hand in the deaths of the several thousands who have been slain in the late war, being of opinion that all such deaths may be very well accounted for by the Christian system of powder and ball. I do therefore strictly forbid the Fates to cut the thread of man's life upon any pretence whatsoever, unless it be for the sake of the rhyme. And whereas I have good reason to fear

that Neptune will have a great deal of business on his hands, in several poems which we may now suppose are upon the anvil, I do also prohibit his appearance, unless it be done in metaphor, simile, or any very short allusion: and that even here he be not permitted to enter but with great caution and circumspection. I desire that the same rule may be extended to his whole fraternity of heathen gods, it being my design to condemn every poem to the flames in which Jupiter thunders, or exercises any other act of authority which does not belong to him: in short, I expect that no pagan agent shall be introduced, or any fact related, which a man cannot give credit to with a good conscience. Provided always, that nothing herein contained shall extend, or be construed to extend, to several of the female poets in this nation, who shall be still left in full possession of their gods and goddesses, in the same manner as if this paper had never been written.'

O.[p]

No. 524. FRIDAY, October 31, 1712.

Nos populo damus—
Sen.
As the world leads we follow.

When I first of all took it into my head to write dreams and visions, I determined to print nothing of that nature which was not of my own invention. But several laborious dreamers have of late communicated to me works of this nature, which, for their reputations and my own, I have hitherto suppressed.

[p] By Addison. Dated from his office. See final note to No. 7.

Had I printed every one that came to my hands, my book of speculations would have been little else but a book of visions. Some of my correspondents have indeed been so very modest as to offer at an excuse for their not being in a capacity to dream better. I have by me, for example, the dream of a young gentleman not past fifteen. I have likewise by me the dream of a person of quality, and another called The Lady's Dream. In these, and other pieces of the same nature, it is supposed the usual allowances will be made to the age, condition, and sex, of the dreamer. To prevent this inundation of dreams, which daily flows in upon me, I shall apply to all dreamers of dreams the advice which Epictetus has couched, after his manner, in a very simple and concise precept. 'Never tell thy dream,' says that philosopher; 'for though thou thyself mayest take a pleasure in telling thy dream, another will take no pleasure in hearing it.' After this short preface, I must do justice to two or three visions which I have lately published, and which I have owned to have been written by other hands. I shall add a dream to these, which comes to me from Scotland, by one who declares himself of that country; and, for all I know, may be second-sighted. There is, indeed, something in it of the spirit of John Bunyan;[q] but at the same time a certain sublime which that author was never master of: I shall publish it, because I question not but it will fall in with the taste of all my popular readers, and amuse the imaginations of those who are more profound; declaring, at the same time, that this is the last dream which I intend to publish this season.

[q] The ingenious author of The Pilgrim's Progress, and of The Holy War.

'SIR,

'I was last Sunday in the evening led into a serious reflection on the reasonableness of virtue and great folly of vice, from an excellent sermon I had heard that afternoon in my parish church. Among other observations, the preacher showed us, that the temptations which the tempter proposed were all on a supposition that we are either madmen or fools, or with an intention to render us such; that in no other affair we would suffer ourselves to be thus imposed upon, in a case so plainly and clearly against our visible interest. His illustrations and arguments carried so much persuasion and conviction with them, that they remained a considerable while fresh, and working in my memory; till at last the mind, fatigued with thought, gave way to the forcible oppressions of slumber and sleep, whilst fancy, unwilling yet to drop the subject, presented me with the following vision.

'Methought I was just awoke out of a sleep that I could never remember the beginning of; the place where I found myself to be was a wide and spacious plain, full of people that wandered up and down through several beaten paths, whereof some few were straight and in direct lines, but most of them winding and turning like a labyrinth; but yet it appeared to me afterwards that these last all met at one issue, so that many that seemed to steer quite contrary courses, did at length meet and face one another, to the no little amazement of many of them.

'In the midst of the plain there was a great fountain; they called it the Spring of Self-love; out of it issued two rivulets to the eastward and westward: the name of the first was Heavenly-Wisdom, its water

was wonderfully clear, but of a yet more wonderful effect: the other's name was Worldly-Wisdom, its water was thick, and yet far from being dormant or stagnating, for it was in a continual violent agitation; which kept the travellers, whom I shall mention by and by, from being sensible of the foulness and thickness of the water; which had this effect, that it intoxicated those who drank it, and made 'em mistake every object that lay before them. Both rivulets were parted near their springs into so many others, as there were straight and crooked paths, which they attended all along to their respective issues.

'I observed from the several paths many now and then diverting, to refresh and otherwise qualify themselves for their journey, to the respective rivulets that ran near them; they contracted a very observable courage and steadiness in what they were about, by drinking these waters. At the end of the perspective of every straight path, all which did end in one issue and point, appeared a high pillar, all of diamond, casting rays as bright as those of the sun into the paths; which rays had also certain sympathizing and alluring virtues in them, so that whosoever had made some considerable progress in his journey onwards towards the pillar, by the repeated impression of these rays upon him, was wrought into an habitual inclination and conversion of his sight towards it, so that it grew at last in a manner natural to him to look and gaze upon it, whereby he was kept steady in the straight paths which alone led to that radiant body, the beholding of which was now grown a gratification to his nature.

"At the issue of the crooked paths there was a great black tower, out of the centre of which streamed a long succession of flames, which did rise

even above the clouds; it gave a very great light to the whole plain, which did sometimes outshine the light, and oppressed the beams of the adamantine pillar; though by the observation I made afterwards, it appeared that it was not for any diminution of light, but that this lay in the travellers, who would sometimes step out of the straight paths, where they lost the full prospect of the radiant pillar, and saw it but sideways: but the great light from the black tower, which was somewhat particularly scorching to them, would generally light and hasten them to their proper climate again.

'Round about the black tower, there were, methought, many thousands of huge misshapen ugly monsters; these had great nets, which they were perpetually plying, and casting towards the crooked paths, and they would now and then catch up those that were nearest to them; these they took up straight, and whirled over the walls into the flaming tower, and they were no more seen nor heard of.

'They would sometimes cast their nets towards the right paths to catch the stragglers, whose eyes, for want of frequent drinking at the brook that ran by them, grew dim, whereby they lost their way: these would sometimes very narrowly miss being catched away, but I could not hear whether any of these had ever been so unfortunate, that had been before very hearty in the straight paths.

'I considered all these strange sights with great attention, till at last I was interrupted by a cluster of the travellers in the crooked paths, who came up to me, bid me go along with them, and presently fell to singing and dancing; they took me by the hand, and so carried me away along with them. After I had followed them a considerable while, I

perceived I had lost the black tower of light, at which I greatly wondered; but as I looked and gazed round about me, and saw nothing, I began to fancy my first vision had been but a dream, and there was no such thing in reality; but then I considered that if I could fancy to see what was not, I might as well have an illusion wrought on me at present, and not see what was really before me. I was very much confirmed in this thought, by the effect I then just observed the water of Worldly Wisdom had upon me; for, as I had drank a little of it again, I felt a very sensible effect in my head; methought it distracted and disordered all there; this made me stop of a sudden, suspecting some charm or enchantment. As I was casting about within myself what I should do, and whom to apply to in this case, I spied at some distance off me a man beckoning, and making signs to me to come over to him. I cried to him I did not know the way. He then called to me audibly, to step at least out of the path I was in; for, if I stayed there any longer, I was in danger to be catched in a great net that was just hanging over me, and ready to catch me up; that he wondered I was so blind, or so distracted, as not to see so imminent and visible a danger, assuring me that as soon as I was out of that way, he would come to me to lead me into a more secure path. This I did, and he brought me his palm full of the water of Heavenly Wisdom, which was of very great use to me, for my eyes were straight cleared, and I saw the great black tower just before me; but the great net which I spied so near me cast me in such a terror, that I ran back as far as I could in one breath, without looking behind me. Then my benefactor thus bespoke me: "You have made the wonderfullest escape in the

world; the water you used to drink is of a bewitching nature, you would else have been mightily shocked at the deformities and meanness of the place; for, besides the set of blind fools in whose company you was, you may now observe many others who are only bewitched after another no less dangerous manner. Look a little that way, there goes a crowd of passengers; they have indeed so good a head as not to suffer themselves to be blinded by this bewitching water; the black tower is not vanished out of their sight, they see it whenever they look up to it; but see how they go sideways, and with their eyes downwards, as if they were mad, that they may thus rush into the net, without being beforehand troubled at the thought of so miserable a destruction. Their wills are so perverse, and their hearts so fond of the pleasures of the place, that rather than forego them they will run all hazards, and venture upon all the miseries and woes before them.

"See there that other company: though they should drink none of the bewitching water, yet they take a course bewitching and deluding; see how they choose the crookedest paths, whereby they have often the black tower behind them, and sometimes see the radiant column sideways, which gives them some weak glimpse of it. These fools content themselves with that, not knowing whether any other have any more of its influence and light than themselves: this road is called that of Superstition or Human Invention; they grossly overlook that which the rules and laws of the place prescribe to them, and contrive some other scheme, and set of directions and prescriptions for themselves, which they hope will serve their turn." He showed me many

other kinds of fools, which put me quite out of humour with the place. At last he carried me to the right paths, where I found true and solid pleasure, which entertained me all the way, till we came in closer sight of the pillar, where the satisfaction increased to that measure that my faculties were not able to contain it. In the straining of them I was violently waked, not a little grieved at the vanishing of so pleasing a dream.'

Glasgow, Sept. 29.[r]

No. 525. SATURDAY, November 1, 1712.

'Ο δ' εἰς τὸ σῶφρον ἐπ' ἀρετὴν τ' ἀγὼν ἔρως,
Ζηλωτὸς ἀνθρωποῖσιν.

That love alone which virtue's laws control
Deserves reception in the human soul.

It is my custom to take frequent opportunities of inquiring from time to time what success my speculations meet with in the town. I am glad to find, in particular, that my discourses on marriage have been well received. A friend of mine gives me to understand, from Doctors-commons, that more licenses have been taken out there of late than usual. I am like-

[r] This paper, which has no signature in the Spect. in folio, or in either of the editions of 1712, has been ascribed to professor Simpson of Glasgow. It seems to rest on better authority, that it was the joint composition of Mr. Dunlop, then Greek professor of that University, and a Mr. Montgomery, a gentleman in the mercantile line, of an amiable character, an enterprising spirit, and great abilities. He traded to Sweden, and his business carrying him there, it is said that in consequence of something between him and queen Christina, he was obliged to leave that kingdom abruptly. This event was supposed to have affected his intellects, much in the same manner as sir Roger de Coverley is represented in these papers to have been injured by his passion for a beautiful widow.

wise informed of several pretty fellows, who have resolved to commence heads of families by the first favourable opportunity. One of them writes me word that he is ready to enter into the bonds of matrimony, provided I will give it him under my hand (as I now do) that a man may show his face in good company after he is married, and that he need not be ashamed to treat a woman with kindness who puts herself into his power for life.

I have other letters on this subject, which say that I am attempting to make a revolution in the world of gallantry, and that the consequence of it will be that a great deal of the sprightliest wit and satire of the last age will be lost; that a bashful fellow, upon changing his condition, will be no longer puzzled how to stand the raillery of his facetious companions; that he need not own he married only to plunder an heiress of her fortune, nor pretend that he uses her ill to avoid the ridiculous name of a fond husband.

Indeed, if I may speak my opinion of great part of the writings which once prevailed among us under the notion of humour, they are such as would tempt one to think there had been an association among the wits of those times to rally legitimacy out of our island. A state of wedlock was the common mark of all the adventurers in farce and comedy, as well as the essayers in lampoon and satire, to shoot at; and nothing was a more standing jest in all clubs of fashionable mirth and gay conversation. It was determined among those airy critics, that the appellation of a sober man should signify a spiritless fellow. And I am apt to think it was about the same time that good-nature, a word so peculiarly elegant in our language that some have affirmed it cannot well be ex-

pressed in any other, came first to be rendered suspicious, and in danger of being transferred from its original sense to so distant an idea as that of folly.

I must confess it has been my ambition, in the course of my writings, to restore, as well as I was able, the proper ideas of things. And as I have attempted this already on the subject of marriage in several papers,[8] I shall here add some farther observations which occur to me on the same head.

Nothing seems to be thought by our fine gentlemen so indispensable an ornament in fashionable life as love. 'A knight errant,' says Don Quixote, 'without a mistress, is like a tree without leaves;' and a man of mode among us, who has not some fair one to sigh for, might as well pretend to appear dressed without his periwig. We have lovers in prose innumerable. All our pretenders to rhyme are professed inamoratos; and there is scarce a poet, good or bad, to be heard of, who has not some real or supposed Saccharissa to improve his vein.

If love be any refinement, conjugal love must be certainly so in a much higher degree. There is no comparison between the frivolous affectation of attracting the eyes of women with whom you are only captivated by way of amusement, and of whom perhaps you know nothing more than their features, and a regular and uniform endeavour to make yourself valuable, both as a friend and lover, to one whom you have chosen to be the companion of your life. The first is the spring of a thousand fopperies, silly artifices, falsehoods, and perhaps barbarities; or at best arises no higher than to a kind of dancing-school breeding, to give the person a more sparkling air.

[8] Nos. 33, 479, 490, 522, &c.

The latter is the parent of substantial virtues and agreeable qualities, and cultivates the mind while it improves the behaviour. The passion of love to a mistress, even where it is most sincere, resembles too much the flame of a fever; that to a wife is like the vital heat.

I have often thought, if the letters written by men of good-nature to their wives, were to be compared with those written by men of gallantry to their mistresses, the former, notwithstanding any inequality of style, would appear to have the advantage. Friendship, tenderness, and constancy, dressed in a simplicity of expression, recommend themselves by a more native elegance, than passionate raptures, extravagant encomiums, and slavish adoration. If we were admitted to search the cabinet of the beautiful Narcissa, among heaps of epistles from several admirers, which are there preserved with equal care, how few should we find but would make any one sick in the reading, except her who is flattered by them? But in how different a style must the wise Benevolus,* who converses with that good sense and good humour among all his friends, write to a wife who is the worthy object of his utmost affection? Benevolus, both in public and private, on all occasions of life, appears to have every good quality and desirable ornament. Abroad he is reverenced and esteemed; at home beloved and happy. The satisfaction he enjoys there settles into an habitual complacency, which shines in his countenance, enlivens his wit, and seasons his conversation. Even those of his acquaintance, who have never seen him in his re-

* Mr. John Hughes probably meant here to pay a compliment to his friend Steele, who was certainly one of the best of husbands. See Steele's Letters, &c. vol. i. *passim*.

tirement, are sharers in the happiness of it; and it is very much owing to his being the best and best beloved of husbands, that he is the most stedfast of friends, and the most agreeable of companions.

There is a sensible pleasure in contemplating such beautiful instances of domestic life. The happiness of the conjugal state appears heightened to the highest degree it is capable of, when we see two persons of accomplished minds, not only united in the same interests and affections, but in their taste of the same improvements, pleasures, and diversions. Pliny, one of the finest gentlemen and politest writers of the age in which he lived, has left us, in his letter to Hispulla, his wife's aunt, one of the most agreeable family pieces of this kind I have ever met with. I shall end this discourse with a translation of it; and I believe the reader will be of my opinion, that conjugal love is drawn in it with a delicacy which makes it appear to be, as I have represented it, an ornament as well as a virtue.

'PLINY TO HISPULLA.

'As I remember that great affection which was between you and your excellent brother, and know you love his daughter as your own, so as not only to express the tenderness of the best of aunts, but even to supply that of the best of fathers; I am sure it will be a pleasure to you to hear that she proves worthy of her father, worthy of you, and of your and her ancestors. Her ingenuity is admirable; her frugality extraordinary. She loves me, the surest pledge of her virtue; and adds to this a wonderful disposition to learning, which she has acquired from her affection to me. She reads my writings, studies them, and

even gets them by heart. You would smile to see the concern she is in when I have a cause to plead, and the joy she shows when it is over. She finds means to have the first news brought to her of the success I meet with at court, how I am heard, and what decree is made. If I recite any thing in public, she cannot refrain from placing herself privately in some corner to hear, where, with the utmost delight, she feasts on my applauses. Sometimes she sings my verses, and accompanies them with the lute, without any master except love, the best of instructors. From these instances I take the most certain omens of our perpetual and increasing happiness; since her affection is not founded on my youth and person, which must gradually decay, but she is in love with the immortal part of me, my glory and reputation. Nor indeed could less be expected from one who had the happiness to receive her education from you, who in your house was accustomed to every thing that was virtuous and decent, and even began to love me by your recommendation. For as you had always the greatest respect for my mother, you were pleased from my infancy to form me, to commend me, and kindly to presage I should be one day what my wife fancies I am. Accept therefore our united thanks; mine, that you have bestowed her on me; and hers, that you have given me to her, as a mutual grant of joy and felicity.'[t]

"*" At Drury-lane, Nov. 1, The Earl of Essex. Queen, Mrs. Knight Rutland, Mrs. Rogers; Nottingham, Mrs. Porter; Essex, Mr. Wilks, Southampton, Mr. Mills; and Burleigh, by Mr. Keene.—Spect. in folio. See Tat. No. 14, and note.

[t] By Mr. John Hughes, who was likewise the author of Spect. No. 210, and two or three other fine ones, not lettered at the end. See Spect. No. 357, of which number he wrote the last letter; as also the story of Amanda.

No. 526. MONDAY, November 3, 1712.

Fortius utere loris.
Ovid. Met. ii. 127.
Keep a stiff rein.
Addison.

I am very loth to come to extremities with the young gentlemen mentioned in the following letter, and do not care to chastise them with my own hand, till I am forced by provocations too great to be suffered without the absolute destruction of my spectatorial dignity. The crimes of these offenders are placed under the observation of one of my chief officers, who is posted just at the entrance of the pass between London and Westminster. As I have great confidence in the capacity, resolution, and integrity of the person deputed by me to give an account of enormities, I doubt not but I shall soon have before me all proper notices which are requisite for the amendment of manners in public, and the instruction of each individual of the human species in what is due from him in respect to the whole body of mankind. The present paper shall consist only of the abovementioned letter, and the copy of a deputation which I have given to my trusty friend Mr. John Sly; wherein he is charged to notify to me all that is necessary for my animadversion upon the delinquents mentioned by my correspondent, as well as all others described in the said deputation.

or Virtue in Distress, Spect. No. 375. See Spect. No. 537. This paper has no signature either in the Spect. in folio, or in the editions of 1712 in 8vo and 12mo.

'TO THE SPECTATOR GENERAL

OF GREAT BRITAIN.

'I GRANT it does look a little familiar, but I must call you

'DEAR DUMB,

'BEING got again to the farther end of the Widow's coffee-house, I shall from hence give you some account of the behaviour of our hackney-coachmen since my last. These indefatigable gentlemen, without the least design, I dare say, of self-interest or advantage to themselves, do still ply as volunteers day and night for the good of their country. I will not trouble you with enumerating many particulars, but I must by no means omit to inform you of an infant, about six foot[a] high, and between twenty and thirty years of age, who was seen in the arms of a hackney-coachman, driving by Will's coffee-house in Covent-garden, between the hours of four and five in the afternoon of that very day wherein you published a memorial against them. This impudent young cur, though he could not sit in[x] a coach-box without holding, yet would venture his neck to bid defiance to your spectatorial authority, or to any thing that you countenanced. Who he was I know not: but I heard this relation this morning from a gentleman who was an eye-witness of this his impudence; and I was willing to take the first opportunity to inform you of him, as holding it extremely requisite that you should nip him in the bud. But I am myself most concerned for my fellow-templars,

[a] Feet. [x] Intended it seems for on.

fellow-students, and fellow-labourers in the law. I mean such of them as are dignified and distinguished under the denomination of hackney-coachmen. Such aspiring minds have these ambitious young men, that they cannot enjoy themselves out[y] of a coach-box. It is, however, an unspeakable comfort to me that I can now tell you that some of them are grown so bashful as to study only in the night time, or in the country. The other night I spied one of our young gentlemen very diligent at his lucubrations in Fleet-street; and, by the way, I should be under some concern lest this hard student should one time or other crack his brain with studying, but that I am in hopes nature has taken care to fortify him in proportion to the great undertakings he was designed for. Another of my fellow-templars on Thursday last was getting up into his study at the bottom of Gray's-inn-lane, in order, I suppose, to contemplate in the fresh-air. Now, Sir, my request is, that the great modesty of these two gentlemen may be recorded as a pattern to the rest: and if you would but give them two or three touches with your own pen, though you might not perhaps prevail with them to desist entirely from their meditations, yet I doubt not but you would at least preserve them from being public spectacles of folly in our streets. I say, two or three touches with your own pen; for I have really observed, Mr. Spec, that those Spectators which are so prettily laced down the sides with little c's, how instructive soever they may be, do not carry with them that authority as the others. I do again therefore desire, that for the sake of their dear necks, you would bestow one penful of your own ink upon

[y] See the preceding note.

them. I know you are loth to expose them; and it is, I must confess, a thousand pities, that any young gentleman who is come of honest parents should be brought to public shame. And indeed I should be glad to have them handled a little tenderly at the first; but if fair means will not prevail, there is then no other way to reclaim them but by making use of some wholesome severities; and I think it is better that a dozen or two of such good-for-nothing fellows should be made examples of, than that the reputation of some hundreds of as hopeful young gentlemen as myself should suffer through their folly. It is not, however, for me to direct you what to do; but, in short, if our coachmen will drive on this trade, the very first of them that I do find meditating in the street, I shall make bold to "take the number of his chambers,"[z] together with a note of his name, and despatch them to you, that you may chastise him at your own discretion.

'I am, DEAR SPEC, for ever yours,

'MOSES GREENBAG,

'Esq.; if you please.

'P. S. Tom Hammercloth, one of our coachmen, is now pleading at the bar at the other end of the room, but has a little too much vehemence, and throws out his arms too much to take his audience with a good grace.'

[z] An allusion to the usual and prudent precaution of taking the number of a hackney-coach before entrance.

To my loving and well-beloved John Sly, haberdasher of hats, and tobacconist, between the cities of London and Westminster.[a]

WHEREAS frequent disorders, affronts, indignities, omissions, and trespasses, for which there are no remedies by any form of law, but which apparently disturb and disquiet the minds of men, happen near the place of your residence; and that you are, as well by your commodious situation, as the good parts with which you are endowed, properly qualified for the observation of the said offences; I do hereby authorize and depute you, from the hours of nine in the morning until four in the afternoon, to keep a

[a] 'My father, on a pressing invitation, once attended, when bishop of Bangor, one of the whig meetings at the Trumpet in Sheer-lane, where Steele rather exposed himself in his zeal, having the double duty of the day upon him, as well to celebrate the immortal memory of king William, it being the 4th of November, as to drink his friend Addison up to conversation pitch, whose phlegmatic constitution was hardly warmed for society by that time Steele was not fit for it. Two remarkable circumstances happened:

'John Sly, the hatter, of facetious memory, was in the house; and when pretty mellow, took it into his head to come into the company on his knees, with a tankard of ale in his hand, to drink it off 'to the immortal memory,' and to retire in the same manner. Steele, sitting next my father, whispered him, "Do laugh, 'tis humanity to laugh."

'Sir Richard being in the evening too much in the same condition, was put into a chair and sent home. Nothing would serve him but being carried to the bishop of Bangor's, late as it was. However, the chairmen carried him home, and got him up stairs, when his great complaisance would wait on them down stairs again, which he did, and then was got quietly to bed. Next morning he was much ashamed, and sent the bishop this distich:

"Virtue with so much ease on Bangor sits,
All faults he pardons, though he none commits."

'On such another occasion, the waiters were hoisting him into a hackney-coach, with some labour and pains, when a tory mob was just passing by, and their cry was, "Down with the Rump," &c. "Up with the Rump," cried sir Richard to the waiters, "or I shall not get home to-night."'

DR. JOHN HOADLY.

strict eye upon all persons and things that are conveyed in coaches, carried in carts, or walk on foot, from the city of London to the city of Westminster, or from the city of Westminster to the city of London, within the said hours. You are therefore not to depart from your observatory at the end of Devereux-court during the said space of each day, but to observe the behaviour of all persons who are suddenly transported from stamping on pebbles to sit at ease in chariots, what notice they take of their foot acquaintance, and send me the speediest advice when they are guilty of overlooking, turning from, or appearing grave and distant to their old friends. When a man and wife are in the same coach, you are to see whether they appear pleased or tired with each other, and whether they carry the due mean in the eye of the world between fondness and coldness. You are carefully to behold all such as shall have addition of honour or riches, and report whether they preserve the countenance they had before such addition. As to persons on foot, you are to be attentive whether they are pleased with their condition, and are dressed suitable to it; but especially to distinguish such as appear discreet, by a low-heel shoe, with the decent ornament of a leather garter: [b] to write down the names of such country gentlemen as, upon the approach of peace, have left the hunting for the military cock of the hat; of all who strut, make a noise, and swear at the drivers of coaches to make haste, when they see it is impossible they

[b] It has been said that there is an allusion here to a very worthy gentleman of fortune, bred to the law, who had chambers in Lincoln's Inn. His name was Richard Warner, the younger son of a banker, who, though he always wore leather garters, in no other instance affected singularity. For a more particular account of him, see anecdotes of W Bowyer, 4to. p. 409.

should pass; of all young gentlemen *in* coach-boxes, who labour at a perfection in what they are sure to be excelled by the meanest of the people. You are to do all that in you lies, that coaches and passengers give way according to the course of business, all the morning in term-time towards Westminster, the rest of the year towards the Exchange. Upon these directions, together with other secret articles herein enclosed, you are to govern yourself, and give advertisement therefore to me, at all convenient and spectatorial hours, when men of business are to be seen. Hereof you are not to fail. Given under my seal of office.

T.[c] 'THE SPECTATOR.'

No. 527. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER, 4, 1712.

Facile invenies et pejorem, et pejus moratam,
Meliorem neque tu reperies, neque sol videt.
PLAUTUS in Stichor.

You will easily find a worse woman; a better the sun never shone upon.

I AM so tender of my women readers that I cannot defer the publication of any thing which concerns their happiness or quiet. The repose of a married woman is consulted in the first of the following letters, and the felicity of a maiden lady in the second. I call it a felicity to have the addresses of an agreeable man: and I think I have not any where seen a prettier application of a poetical story than that of his, in making the tale of Cephalus and Procris the history picture of a fan, in so gallant a manner as he addresses it. But see the letters.

[c] By Steele. See final note to Nos. 324, and 5, on Steele's signatures R and T.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'It is now almost three months since I was in town about some business; and the hurry of it being over, I took a coach one afternoon, and drove to see a relation, who married, about six years ago, a wealthy citizen. I found her at home, but her husband gone to the Exchange, and expected back within an hour at the farthest. After the usual salutations of kindness, and a hundred questions about friends in the country, we sat down to piquet, played two or three games, and drank tea. I should have told you that this was my second time of seeing her since marriage: but, before, she lived at the same town where I went to school; so that the plea of a relation, added to the innocence of my youth, prevailed upon her good-humour to indulge me in a freedom of conversation, as often and oftener than the strict discipline of the school would allow of. You may easily imagine, after such an acquaintance, we might be exceeding merry without any offence; as in calling to mind how many inventions I have been put to in deluding the master, how many hands forged for excuses, how many times been sick in perfect health; for I was then never sick but at school, and only then because out of her company. We had whiled away three hours after this manner, when I found it past five; and, not expecting her husband would return till late, rose up, and told her I should go early next morning for the country. She kindly answered she was afraid it would be long before she saw me again; so I took my leave, and parted. Now, Sir, I had not been got home a fortnight, when I received a letter from a neighbour of theirs, that ever since that fatal afternoon the lady has been most inhumanly treated, and the husband publicly

stormed that he was made a member of too numerous a society. He had, it seems, listened most of the time my cousin and I were together. As jealous ears always hear double, so he heard enough to make him mad; and as jealous eyes always see through magnifying glasses, so he was certain it could not be I whom he had seen, a beardless stripling, but fancied he saw a gay gentleman of the Temple, ten years older than myself; and for that reason, I presume, durst not come in, nor take any notice when I went out. He is perpetually asking his wife if she does not think the time long (as she said she should) till she see her cousin again. Pray, Sir, what can be done in this case? I have writ to him to assure him I was at his house all that afternoon expecting to see him. His answer is, it is only a trick of hers, and that he neither can nor will believe me. The parting kiss I find mightily nettles him, and confirms him in all his errors. Ben Jonson, as I remember, makes a foreigner, in one of his comedies, "admire the desperate valour of the bold English, who let out their wives to all encounters." The general custom of salutation should excuse the favour done me, or you should lay down rules when such distinctions are to be given or omitted. You cannot imagine, Sir, how troubled I am for this unhappy lady's misfortune, and beg you will insert this letter, that the husband may reflect upon this accident coolly. It is no small matter—the ease of a virtuous woman for her whole life. I know she will conform to any regularities (though more strict than the common rules of our country require) to which his particular temper shall incline him to oblige her. This accident puts me in mind how generously Pisistratus, the Athenian tyrant, behaved himself on a

like occasion, when he was instigated by his wife to put to death a young gentleman, because, being passionately fond of his daughter, he had kissed her in public as he met her in the street. "What," said he, "shall we do to those who are our enemies, if we do thus to those who are our friends?" I will not trouble you much longer, but am exceedingly concerned lest this accident may cause a virtuous lady to lead a miserable life with a husband who has no grounds for his jealousy but what I have faithfully related, and ought to be reckoned none. 'Tis to be feared too, if at last he sees his mistake, yet people will be as slow and unwilling in disbelieving scandal as they are quick and forward in believing it. I shall endeavour to enliven this plain honest letter with Ovid's relation about Cybele's image. The ship wherein it was aboard was stranded at the mouth of the Tiber, and the men were unable to move it, till Claudia, a virgin, but suspected of unchastity, by a slight pull hauled it in. The story is told in the fourth book of the Fasti.

"Parent of gods, began the weeping fair,
Reward or punish, but oh! hear my pray'r:
If lewdness e'er defiled my virgin bloom,
From heaven with justice I receive my doom;
But if my honour yet has known no stain,
Thou, goddess, thou my innocence maintain;
Thou whom the nicest rules of goodness sway'd,
Vouchsafe to follow an unblemish'd maid.
She spoke, and touch'd the cord with glad surprise,
(The truth was witness'd by ten thousand eyes,)
The pitying goddess easily comply'd,
Follow'd in triumph, and adorned her guide
While Claudia, blushing still for past disgrace,
March'd silent on, with a slow solemn pace;
Nor yet from some was all distrust removed,
Tho' heaven such virtue by such wonders prov'd."

'I am, SIR, your very humble servant,

'PHILAGNOTES.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'You will oblige a languishing lover if you will please to print the enclosed verses in your next paper. If you remember the Metamorphoses, you know Procris, the fond wife of Cephalus, is said to have made her husband, who delighted in the sports of the wood, a present of an unerring javelin. In process of time he was so much in the forest, that his lady suspected he was pursuing some nymph, under the pretence of following a chase more innocent. Under this suspicion she hid herself among the trees to observe his motions. While she lay concealed, her husband, tired with the labour of hunting, came within her hearing. As he was fainting with heat he cried out, *Aura veni;* "Oh, charming air, approach!"

'The unfortunate wife, taking the word air to be the name of a woman, began to move among the bushes; and the husband, believing it a deer, threw his javelin, and killed her. This history, painted on a fan, which I presented to a lady, gave occasion to my growing poetical.

"Come, gentle air! th' Æolian shepherd said,
While Procris panted in the secret shade;
'Come gentle air!' the fairer Delia cries,
While at her feet the swain expiring lies.
Lo the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play.
In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor did that fabled dart more surely wound.
Both gifts destructive to the givers prove,
Alike both lovers fall by those they love:
Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the wound she gives;
She views the story with attentive eyes,
And pities Procris, while her lover dies."*

* The last letter and verses by Pope. This paper, No. 527, has no signature in the Spect. in folio, or in the editions of 1712, in 8vo. and 12mo.

*** At the particular desire of several ladies of quality, at the Theatre-royal in Drury-lane, this present Tuesday, Nov. 4, will be performed the tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. The part of Hamlet, by Mr. Wilks; the King, by Mr. Keen; Horatio, by Mr. Mills; Laertes, by Mr. Powell; the Ghost, by Mr. Booth; Polonius, by Mr. Cross. The Queen, by Mrs. Knight; Ophelia, by Mrs. Mountfort; the Fop, by Mr. Bowen; and the Gravedigger, by Mr. Johnson.—Spect. in folio.

No. 528. WEDNESDAY, November 5, 1712.

Dum potuit, solitâ gemitum virtute repressit.
Ovid. Met. ix. 168.

With wonted fortitude she bore the smart,
And not a groan confess'd her burning heart.
Gay.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I who now write to you am a woman loaded with injuries; and the aggravation of my misfortune is, that they are such which are overlooked by the generality of mankind; and, though the most afflicting imaginable, not regarded as such in the general sense of the world. I have hid my vexation from all mankind; but, having now taken pen, ink, and paper, am resolved to unbosom myself to you, and lay before you what grieves me and all the sex. You have very often mentioned particular hardships done to this or to that lady; but methinks you have not, in any one speculation, directly pointed at the partial freedom men take, the unreasonable confinement women are obliged to, in the only circumstance in which we are necessarily to have a commerce with them, that of love. The case of celibacy is the great evil of our nation; and the indulgence of the vicious conduct of men in that state, with the ridicule to which women are

exposed, though never so virtuous, if long unmarried, is the root of the greatest irregularities of this nation. To show you, Sir, that though you never have given us the catalogue of a lady's library, as you promised, we read good books of our own choosing, I shall insert on this occasion a paragraph or two out of Echard's Roman History. In the 44th page of the second volume, the author observes, that Augustus, upon his return to Rome at the end of a war, received complaints that too great a number of the young men of quality were unmarried. The emperor thereupon assembled the whole equestrian order; and having separated the married from the single, did particular honours to the former; but he told the latter,—that is to say, Mr. Spectator,—he told the bachelors, that their lives and actions had been so peculiar, that he knew not by what name to call them; not by that of men, for they performed nothing that was manly; not by that of citizens, for the city might perish notwithstanding their care; nor by that of Romans, for they designed to extirpate the Roman name. Then, proceeding to show his tender care and hearty affection for his people, he farther told them, that their course of life was of such pernicious consequence to the glory and grandeur of the Roman nation, that he could not choose but tell them, that all other crimes put together could not equalize theirs, for they were guilty of murder, in not suffering those to be born which should proceed from them; of impiety, in causing the names and honours of their ancestors to cease; and of sacrilege, in destroying their kind, which proceed from the immortal gods, and human nature, the principal thing consecrated to them; therefore, in this respect, they dissolved the government, in

disobeying its laws; betrayed their country, by making it barren and waste; nay, and demolished their city, in depriving it of inhabitants. And he was sensible that all this proceeded not from any kind of virtue or abstinence, but from a looseness and wantonness which ought never to be encouraged in any civil government. There are no particulars dwelt upon that let us into the conduct of these young worthies, whom this great emperor treated with so much justice and indignation; but any one who observes what passes in this town may very well frame to himself a notion of their riots and debaucheries all night, and their apparent preparations for them all day. It is not to be doubted but these Romans never passed any of their time innocently but when they were asleep, and never slept but when they were weary and heavy with excesses, and slept only to prepare themselves for the repetition of them. If you did your duty as a Spectator, you would carefully examine into the number of births, marriages, and burials; and when you had deducted out of your deaths all such as went out of the world without marrying, then cast up the number of both sexes born within such a term of years last past; you might, from the single people departed, make some useful inferences or guesses how many there are left unmarried, and raise some useful scheme for the amendment of the age in that particular. I have not patience to proceed gravely on this abominable libertinism; for I cannot but reflect, as I am writing to you, upon a certain lascivious manner which all our young gentlemen use in public, and examine our eyes with a petulancy in their own which is a downright affront to modesty. A disdainful look on such an occasion is returned

with a countenance rebuked but by averting their eyes from the woman of honour and decency to some flippant creature, who will, as the phrase is, be kinder. I must set down things as they come into my head, without standing upon order. Ten thousand to one but the gay gentleman who stared at the same time is an housekeeper; for you must know they have got into a humour of late of being very regular in their sins; and a young fellow shall keep his four maids and three footmen with the greatest gravity imaginable. There are no less than six of these venerable housekeepers of my acquaintance. This humour among young men of condition is imitated by all the world below them, and a general dissolution[p] of manners arises from this one source of libertinism, without shame or reprehension in the male youth. It is from this one fountain that so many beautiful helpless young women are sacrificed, and given up to lewdness, shame, poverty, and disease. It is to this also that so many excellent young women, who might be patterns of conjugal affection, and parents of a worthy race, pine under unhappy passions for such as have not attention enough to observe, or virtue enough to prefer them to their common wenches. Now, Mr. Spectator, I must be free to own to you that I myself suffer a tasteless insipid being, from a consideration I have for a man who would not, as he has said in my hearing, resign his liberty, as he calls it, for all the beauty and wealth the whole sex is possessed of. Such calamities as these would not happen, if it could possibly be brought about, that, by fining bachelors as papists convict, or the like, they were

[p] Dissoluteness.

distinguished to their disadvantage from the rest of the world, who fall in with the measures of civil society. Lest you should think I speak this as being, according to the senseless rude phrase, a malicious old maid, I shall acquaint you I am a woman of condition, not now three-and-twenty, and have had proposals from at least ten different men, and the greater number of them have upon the upshot refused me. Something or other is always amiss when the lover takes to some new wench. A settlement is easily excepted against; and there is very little recourse to avoid the vicious part of our youth, but throwing oneself away upon some lifeless blockhead, who, though he is without vice, is also without virtue. Now-a-days we must be contented if we can get creatures which are not bad; good are not to be expected. Mr. Spectator, I sat near you the other day, and think I did not displease your spectatorial eyesight; which I shall be a better judge of when I see whether you take notice of these evils your own way, or print this memorial, dictated from the disdainful heavy heart of,

'SIR,

'Your most obedient humble servant,

T.[a] 'RACHEL WELLADAY.'

[a] Spect. No. 528, has this signature T, both in the folio, and both editions of 1712.

ADVERTISEMENT.

'Whereas there hath lately been published a certain legendary story of an unknown Theodosius, concerning the priesthood of Christ, translated out of Suidas, under the title of A very ancient, authentic, and remarkable Testimony concerning our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, which the translator has taken the liberty not only to dedicate to me, but to use my name in the title-page, thereby giving occasion to think I countenance the authority of that testimony; now these are to certify, that the person who published that pamphlet is altogether a stranger to me; and that I

was no ways acquainted with his design till I saw it in print; for though the passage produced may appear remarkable, yet I cannot think the testimony either ancient or authentic.'

Rob. Nelson.

Nov. 4, 1712.—Spect. in folio.

No. 529. THURSDAY, November 6, 1712.

Singula quæque locum teneant sortita decenter.

Hor. Ars Poet. 92.

Let every thing have its due place.

Roscommon.

Upon the hearing of several late disputes concerning rank and precedence, I could not forbear amusing myself with some observations, which I have made upon the learned world, as to this great particular. By the learned world, I here mean at large all those who are any way concerned in works of literature, whether in the writing, printing, or repeating part. To begin with the writers. I have observed that the author of a folio, in all companies and conversations, sets himself above the author of a quarto; the author of a quarto, above the author of an octavo; and so on, by a gradual descent and subordination, to an author in twenty-fours. This distinction is so well observed, that, in an assembly of the learned, I have seen a folio writer place himself in an elbow chair, when the author of a duodecimo has, out of a just deference to his superior quality, seated himself upon a squab. In a word, authors are usually ranged in company after the same manner as their works are upon a shelf.

The most minute pocket author hath beneath him the writers of all pamphlets, or works that are only stitched. As for the pamphleteer, he takes place of none but the authors of single sheets, and of that

fraternity who publish their labours on certain days, or on every day of the week. I do not find that the precedency among the individuals in this latter class of writers is yet settled.

For my own part, I have had so strict a regard to the ceremonial which prevails in the learned world, that I never presumed to take place of a pamphleteer, until my daily papers were gathered into those two first volumes which have already appeared.[d] After which, I naturally jumped over the heads, not only of all pamphleteers, but of every octavo writer in Great Britain that had written but one book. I am also informed by my bookseller, that six octavos have at all times been looked upon as an equivalent to a folio; which I take notice of the rather, because I would not have the learned world surprised, if, after the publication of half a dozen volumes, I take my place accordingly. When my scattered forces are thus rallied, and reduced into regular bodies, I flatter myself that I shall make no despicable figure at the head of them.

Whether these rules, which have been received time out of mind in the commonwealth of letters, were not originally established with an eye to our paper-manufacture, I shall leave to the discussion of others; and shall only remark farther in this place, that all printers and booksellers take the wall of one another according to the above-mentioned merits of the authors to whom they respectively belong.

I come now to that point of precedency which

[d] Nov. 6, 1712. The two first volumes of the Spectator were now published. Addison does not here acknowledge himself concerned in the Tatler, or allude to it; but all the four volumes of the Lucubrations of I. Bickerstaff were at this time delivered to the subscribers. See Nos. 534, *ad finem*.

is settled among the three learned professions by the wisdom of our laws. I need not here take notice of the rank which is allotted to every doctor in each of these professions, who are all of them, though not so high as knights, yet a degree above squires; this last order of men, being the illiterate body of the nation, are consequently thrown together into a class below the three learned professions.[e] I mention this for the sake of several rural squires, whose reading does not rise so high as to The present State of England, and who are often apt to usurp that precedency which by the laws of their country is not due to them. Their want of learning, which has planted them in this station, may in some measure extenuate their misdemeanour; and our professors ought to pardon them when they offend in this particular, considering that they are in a state of ignorance, or, as we usually say, do not know their right hand from their left.

There is another tribe of persons who are retainers to the learned world, and who regulate themselves upon all occasions by several laws peculiar to their body; I mean, the players or actors of both sexes. Among these it is a standing and uncontroverted principle, that a tragedian always takes place of a comedian; and it is very well known the merry drolls who make us laugh are always placed at the lower end of the table, and in every entertainment give way to the dignity of the buskin. It is a stage maxim, 'Once a king, and always a king.' For this reason it would be thought very absurd in Mr. Bullock, notwithstanding the height and grace-

[e] In some universities, that of Dublin in particular, they have doctors of music, who take rank after the doctors of the three learned professions and above esquires.

fulness of his person, to sit at the right hand of an hero, though he were but five foot high. The same distinction is observed among the ladies of the theatre. Queens and heroines preserve their rank in private conversation, while those who are waiting-women and maids of honour upon the stage keep their distance also behind the scenes.

I shall only add that, by a parity of reason, all writers of tragedy look upon it as their due to be seated, served, or saluted before comic writers; those who deal in tragi-comedy usually taking their seats between the authors of either side. There has been a long dispute for precedency between the tragic and heroic poets. Aristotle would have the latter yield the *pas* to the former; but Mr. Dryden and many others would never submit to this decision. Burlesque writers pay the same deference to the heroic, as comic writers to their serious brothers in the drama.

By this short table of laws order is kept up, and distinction preserved, in the whole republic of letters. O.[f]

*** At Drury-lane, The Stratagem. Aimwell, by Mr. Mills; Archer, by Mr. Wilks; Boniface, by Mr. Bullock, sen.; Sullen, by Mr. Keen; Foigard, by Mr. Bowen; Scrub, by Mr. Norris. Miss Sullen, by Mrs. Oldfield; and Dorinda, by Mrs. Bradshaw.—Spect. in folio.

††† At Drury-lane, on Friday, Nov. 7, a new play, never acted before, called The Successful Pirate. A play by Charles Johnson, taken from an old one called Arviragus and Philicia, written by Lodowick Carlell. The scene is the city of St. Lawrence, in the Island of Madagascar. B. D.

[f] By Addison, dated, it seems, from his office. See final note to No. 7.

No. 530. FRIDAY, November 7, 1712.

Sic visum Veneri; cui placet impares
Formas atque animos sub juga ahenea
Sævo mittere cum joco.
Hor. 1 Od. xxxiii. 10.

Thus Venus sports: the rich, the base,
Unlike in fortune and in face,
To disagreeing love provokes;
When cruelly jocose,
She ties the fatal noose,
And binds the unequals to the brazen yokes.
Creech.

It is very usual for those who have been severe upon marriage, in some part or other of their lives, to enter into the fraternity which they have ridiculed, and to see their raillery return upon their own heads. I scarce ever knew a woman-hater that did not, sooner or later, pay for it. Marriage, which is a blessing to another man, falls upon such an one as a judgment. Mr. Congreve's Old Bachelor is set forth to us with much wit and humour, as an example of this kind. In short, those who have most distinguished themselves by railling at the sex in general, very often make an honourable amends, by choosing one of the most worthless persons of it for a companion and yoke-fellow. Hymen takes his revenge in kind on those who turn his mysteries into ridicule.

My friend Will Honeycomb, who was so unmercifully witty upon the women in a couple of letters which I lately communicated to the public, has given the ladies ample satisfaction by marrying a farmer's daughter; a piece of news which came to our club by the last post. The Templar is very positive that he has married a dairy-maid: but Will, in his letter to me on this occasion, sets the best face upon the matter that he can, and gives a more tol-

erable account of his spouse. I must confess I suspected something more than ordinary, when upon opening the letter I found that Will was fallen off from his former gaiety, having changed 'Dear Spec,' which was his usual salute at the beginning of the letter, into 'My worthy Friend,' and described himself in the latter end at full length William Honeycomb. In short, the gay, the loud, the vain Will Honeycomb, who had made love to every great fortune that has appeared in town for above thirty years together, and boasted of favours from ladies whom he had never seen, is at length wedded to a plain country girl.

His letter gives us the picture of a converted rake. The sober character of the husband is dashed with the man of the town, and enlivened with those little cant-phrases, which have made my friend Will often thought very pretty company. But let us hear what he says for himself.

'MY WORTHY FRIEND,

'I QUESTION not but you, and the rest of my acquaintance, wonder that I, who have lived in the smoke and gallantries of the town for thirty years together, should all on a sudden grow fond of a country life. Had not my dog of a steward ran away as he did without making up his accounts, I had still been immersed in sin and sea-coal. But since my late forced visit to my estate, I am so pleased with it, that I am resolved to live and die upon it. I am every day abroad among my acres, and can scarce forbear filling my letter with breezes, shades, flowers, meadows, and purling streams. The simplicity of manners, which I have heard you so often speak of, and which appears here in perfec-

tion, charms me wonderfully. As an instance of it, I must acquaint you, and by your means, the whole club, that I have lately married one of my tenant's daughters. She is born of honest parents, and though she has no portion, she has a great deal of virtue. The natural sweetness and innocence of her behaviour, the freshness of her complexion, the unaffected turn of her shape and person, shot me through and through every time I saw her, and did more execution upon me in grogram, than the greatest beauty in town or court had ever done in brocade. In short, she is such an one as promises me a good heir to my estate; and if by her means I cannot leave to my children what are falsely called the gifts of birth, high titles, and alliances, I hope to convey to them the more real and valuable gifts of birth, strong bodies, and healthy constitutions. As for your fine women, I need not tell thee that I know them. I have had my share in their graces; but no more of that. It shall be my business hereafter to live the life of an honest man, and to act as becomes the master of a family. I question not but I shall draw upon me the raillery of the town, and be treated to the tune of "The Marriage-hater Matched;" but I am prepared for it. I have been as witty upon others in my time. To tell thee truly, I saw such a tribe of fashionable young fluttering coxcombs shot up that I did not think my post of an *homme de ruelle* any longer tenable. I felt a certain stiffness in my limbs, which entirely destroyed the jantiness of air I was once master of. Besides, for I may now confess my age to thee, I have been eight-and-forty above these twelve years. Since my retirement into the country will make a vacancy in the club, I could wish that you would fill up my

place with my friend Tom Dapperwit. He has an infinite deal of fire, and knows the town. For my own part, as I have said before, I shall endeavour to live hereafter suitable to a man in my station, as a prudent head of a family, a good husband, a careful father (when it shall so happen), and as

'Your most sincere friend, and humble servant,
O.[g] 'William Honeycomb.'

No. 531. SATURDAY, November 8, 1712.

Qui mare et terras variisque mundum
Temperat horis:
Unde nil majus generatur ipso,
Nec viget quidquam simile, aut secundum.
Hor. 1 Od. xii. 15.

Who guides below, and rules above,
The great Disposer, and the mighty King;
Than he none greater, like him none,
That can be, is, or was;
Supreme he singly fills the throne.
Creech.

Simonides being asked by Dionysius the tyrant what God was, desired a day's time to consider of it before he made his reply. When the day was expired, he desired two days; and afterwards, instead of returning his answer, demanded still double the time to consider of it. This great poet and philosopher, the more he contemplated the nature of the Deity, found that he waded but the more out of his depth; and that he lost himself in the thought, instead of finding an end of it.

If we consider the idea which wise men, by the light of reason, have framed of the Divine Being, it amounts to this; that he has in him all the perfec-

[g] By Addison, dated, it seems, from his office. See final note to No. 7.

tion of a spiritual nature. And, since we have no notion of any kind of spiritual perfection but what we discover in our own souls, we join infinitude to each kind of these perfections, and what is a faculty in an human soul becomes an attribute in God. We exist in place and time; the Divine Being fills the immensity of space with his presence, and inhabits eternity. We are possessed of a little power and a little knowledge; the Divine Being is almighty and omniscient. In short, by adding infinity to any kind of perfection we enjoy, and by joining all these different kinds of perfection in one being, we form our idea of the great sovereign of nature.

Though every one who thinks must have made this observation, I shall produce Mr. Locke's authority to the same purpose, out of his Essay on Human Understanding. 'If we examine the idea we have of the incomprehensible Supreme Being, we shall find that we come by it the same way; and that the complex ideas we have both of God and separate spirits, are made up to the simple ideas we receive from reflection: v. g. having, from what we experience in ourselves, got the ideas of existence and duration, of knowledge and power, of pleasure and happiness, and of several other qualities and powers, which it is better to have than to be without: when we would frame an idea the most suitable we can to the Supreme Being, we enlarge every one of these with our own idea of infinity; and so putting them together make our complex idea of God.'

It is not impossible that there may be many kinds of spiritual perfection besides those which are lodged in an human soul; but it is impossible that we should have ideas of any kinds of perfection, except those of which we have some small rays and short imper-

fect strokes in ourselves. It would be therefore very high presumption to determine whether the Supreme Being has not many more attributes than those which enter into our conceptions of him. This is certain, that, if there be any kind of spiritual perfection which is not marked out in an human soul, it belongs in its fulness to the divine nature.

Several eminent philosophers have imagined that the soul, in her separate state, may have new faculties springing up in her, which she is not capable of exerting during her present union with the body; and whether these faculties may not correspond with other attributes in the divine nature, and open to us hereafter new matter of wonder and adoration, we are altogether ignorant. This, as I have said before, we ought to acquiesce in, that the Sovereign Being, the great Author of nature, has in him all possible perfection, as well in kind as in degree: to speak according to our methods of conceiving, I shall only add under this head, that when we have raised our notion of this Infinite Being as high as it is possible for the mind of man to go, it will fall infinitely short of what he really is. 'There is no end of his greatness.' The most exalted creature he has made is only capable of adoring it, none but himself can comprehend it.

The advice of the son of Sirach is very just and sublime in this light. 'By his word all things consist. We may speak much, and yet come short: wherefore in sum he is all. How shall we be able to magnify him? for he is great above all his works. The Lord is terrible and very great; and marvellous in his power. When you glorify the Lord, exalt him as much as you can; for even yet will he far exceed. And when you exalt him, put forth all

your strength, and be not weary; for you can never go far enough. Who hath seen him, that he might tell us? And who can magnify him as he is? There are yet hid greater things than these be, for we have seen but a few of his works.'

I have here only considered the Supreme Being by the light of reason and philosophy. If we would see him in all the wonders of his mercy, we must have recourse to revelation, which represents him to us not only as infinitely great and glorious, but as infinitely good and just in his dispensations towards men. But as this is a theory which falls under every one's consideration, though indeed it can never be sufficiently considered, I shall here only take notice of that habitual worship and veneration which we ought to pay to this Almighty Being. We should often refresh our minds with the thoughts of him, and annihilate ourselves before him, in the contemplation of our own worthlessness, and of his transcendent excellency and perfection. This would imprint in our minds such a constant and uninterrupted awe and veneration as that which I am here recommending, and which is in reality a kind of incessant prayer, and reasonable humiliation of the soul before him who made it.

This would effectually kill in us all the little seeds of pride, vanity, and self-conceit, which are apt to shoot up in the minds of such whose thoughts turn more on those comparative advantages which they enjoy over some of their fellow-creatures, than on that infinite distance which is placed between them and the supreme model of all perfection. It would likewise quicken our desires and endeavours of uniting ourselves to him by all the acts of religion and virtue.

Such an habitual homage to the Supreme Being would, in a particular manner, banish from among us that prevailing impiety of using his name on the most trivial occasions.

I find the following passage in an excellent sermon, preached at the funeral of a gentleman [h] who was an honour to his country, and a more diligent as well as successful inquirer into the works of nature than any other our nation has ever produced. 'He had the profoundest veneration for the great God of heaven and earth that I have ever observed in any person. The very name of God was never mentioned by him without a pause and a visible stop in his discourse; in which, one that knew him particularly above twenty years has told me, that he was so exact that he does not remember to have observed him once to fail in it.

Every one knows the veneration which was paid by the Jews to a name so great, wonderful, and holy. They would not let it enter even into their religious discourses. What can we then think of those who make use of so tremendous a name in the ordinary expressions of their anger, mirth, and most impertinent passions? of those who admit it into the most familiar questions and assertions, ludicrous phrases, and works of humour? not to mention those who violate it by solemn perjuries! It would be an affront to reason to endeavour to set forth the horror and profaneness of such a practice. The very mention of it exposes it sufficiently to those in whom the light of nature, not to say religion, is not utterly extinguished. O.[i]

[h] See bishop Burnet's Sermon, preached at the funeral of the honourable Robert Boyle. Guardian, No. 175; and Spect. No. 554.

[i] By Addison, written, as it seems, at his office. See No. 7, final note. No. 221, and note.

*** Next day, Tuesday, Nov. 11, was published a very neat pocket edition of the third and fourth volumes of the Spectator in 12mo. To which is added a complete index to the whole four volumes. Spect. in folio. See Spect. No. 529.

No. 532. MONDAY, November 10, 1712.

— Fungor vice cotis acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exsors ipsa secandi.
Hor. Ars Poet. 304.

I play the whetstone: useless and unfit
To cut myself, I sharpen others' wit.
Creech.

It is a very honest action to be studious to produce other men's merit; and I make no scruple of saying I have as much of this temper as any man in the world. It would not be a thing to be bragged of, but that it is what any man may be master of who will take pains enough for it. Much observation of the unworthiness in being pained at the excellence of another, will bring you to a scorn of yourself for the unwillingness: and when you have got so far, you will find it a greater pleasure than you ever before knew to be zealous in promoting the fame and welfare of the praiseworthy. I do not speak this as pretending to be a mortified self-denying man, but as one who has turned his ambition into a right channel. I claim to myself the merit of having extorted excellent productions from a person of the greatest abilities, who would not have let them appear by any other means;[k] to have animated a few young gentlemen into worthy pursuits, who will be a glory to our age; and at all times, and by all possible means in my power, undermined the interest

[k] Addison.

of ignorance, vice, and folly, and attempted to substitute in their stead learning, piety and good sense. It is from this honest heart that I find myself honoured as a gentleman-usher to the arts and sciences. Mr. Tickell and Mr. Pope have, it seems, this idea of me. The former has writ me an excellent paper of verses in praise, forsooth, of myself, and the other enclosed for my perusal an admirable poem,[l] which I hope will shortly see the light. In the mean time I cannot suppress any thought of his, but insert his sentiment about the dying words of Adrian.[m] I won't determine in the case he mentions; but have thus much to say in favour of his argument, that many of his own works which I have seen, convince me that very pretty and very sublime sentiments may be lodged in the same bosom without diminution to its greatness.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I was the other day in company with five or six men of some learning; where, chancing to mention the famous verses which the emperor Adrian spoke on his death-bed, they were all agreed that it was a piece of gaiety unworthy that prince in those circumstances. I could not but dissent from this opinion. Methinks it was by no means a gay but a very serious soliloquy to his soul at the point of his departure: in which sense I naturally took these verses at my first reading them, when I was very young, and before I knew what interpretation the world generally put upon them.

[l] The Temple of Fame. See Pope's Works, vol. v p 187, edit. 12mo. Lond. 1770; and Mr. Tickell's Poems.

[m] Pope's Works, *ut supra*, p. 185, &c.

"Animula vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec (ut soles) dabis joca!"

"Alas, my soul! thou pleasing companion of this body, thou fleeting thing that are now deserting it, whither art thou flying? To what unknown region? Thou art trembling, fearful, and pensive. Now what is become of thy former wit and humour? Thou shalt jest, and be gay no more."

'I confess I cannot apprehend where lies the trifling in all this; it is the most natural and obvious reflection imaginable to a dying man: and, if we consider the emperor was an heathen, that doubt concerning the future state of his soul will seem so far from being the effect of want of thought, that it was scarce reasonable he should think otherwise; not to mention that here is a plain confession included of his belief in its immortality. The diminutive epithets of *vagula*, *blandula*, and the rest, appear not to me as expressions of levity, but rather of endearment and concern: such as we find in Catullus, and the authors of Hendecasyllabi after him, where they are used to express the utmost love and tenderness for their mistresses.—If you think me right in my notion of the last words of Adrian, be pleased to insert this in the Spectator; if not, to suppress it. 'I am, &c.'[n]

[n] See Pope's Works, *ut supra*, p. 188, 190, compared with the translation of Adrian's verses, *ibidem*, p. 116. See also Steele's Epistolary Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 312, and note on Pope's letter to Steele. It is there suggested, that some part of what is said in that letter to have come warm from Pope's heart, dropt originally from the pen of Flatman.

'TO THE SUPPOSED AUTHOR OF THE SPECTATOR.

'In courts licentious, and a shameless stage,
How long the war shall wit with virtue wage?
Enchanted by this prostituted fair,
Our youth run headlong in the fatal snare;
In height of rapture clasp unheeded pains,
And suck pollution through their tingling veins.

'Thy spotless thoughts unshock'd the priest may hear,
And the pure vestal in her bosom wear.
To conscious blushes and diminish'd pride
Thy glass betrays what treach'rous love would hide;
Nor harsh thy precepts, but infus'd by stealth,
Please while they cure, and cheat us into health.
Thy works in Chloe's toilet gain a part,
And with his tailor share the fopling's heart.
Lash'd in thy satire, the penurious cit
Laughs at himself, and finds no harm in wit:
From felon gamesters the raw squire is free,
And Britain owes her rescu'd oaks to thee,[o]
His miss the frolic viscount[p] dreads to toast,
Or his third cure the shallow Templar boast;
And the rash fool, who scorn'd the beaten road,
Dares quake at thunder, and confess his God.

'The brainless stripling, who, expell'd to town,
Damn'd the stiff college and pedantic gown,
Aw'd by thy name is dumb, and thrice a week
Spells uncouth Latin, and pretends to Greek.
A sant'ring tribe! such, born to wide estates,
With 'yea' and 'no' in senates hold debates:
At length despised, each to his field retires,
First with the dogs, and king amidst the squires;
From pert to stupid sinks supinely down,
In youth a coxcomb, and in age a clown.

'Such readers scorn'd, thou wing'st thy daring flight
Above the stars, and tread'st the fields of light;

[o] Mr. Tickell alludes here to Steele's papers against the sharpers, &c. in the Tatler, and particularly to a letter in Tat. No. 73, signed Will Trusty, and written by Mr. John Hughes. See Hughes's Correspondence, vol. iii p. 7, and note to Tatler, No. 73, signed *ut supra*.

[p] Viscount Bolingbroke.

Fame, heav'n, and hell, are thy exalted theme,
And visions such as Jove himself might dream;
Man sunk to slav'ry, though to glory born,
Heav'n's pride when upright, and deprav'd his scorn.

'Such hints alone could British Virgil lend,[q]
And thou alone deserve from such a friend:
A debt so borrow'd is illustrious shame,
And fame when shar'd with him is double fame;
So flush'd with sweets, by beauty's queen bestow'd,
With more than mortal charms Æneas glow'd:
Such gen'rous strifes Eugene and Marlbro' try,
And as in glory so in friendship vie.

'Permit these lines by thee to live—nor blame
A muse that pants and languishes for fame;
That fears to sink when humbled themes she sings,
Lost in the mass of mean forgotten things.
Received by thee, I prophesy my rhymes
The praise of virgins in succeeding times:
Mix'd with thy works, their life no bounds shall see,
But stand protected as inspired by thee.

'So some weak shoot which else would poorly rise
Jove's tree adopts, and lifts him to the skies:
Thro' the new pupil fost'ring juices flow,
Thrust forth the germs, and give the flowers to blow:
Aloft, immortal reigns the plant unknown,
With borrow'd life, and vigour not his own.'[r]

'TO THE SPECTATOR GENERAL.

'Mr. John Sly humbly showeth,

That upon reading the deputation given to the said Mr. John Sly,[s] all persons passing by his observatory behaved themselves with the same decorum as if your honour yourself had been present.

'That your said officer is preparing, according to your honour's secret instructions, hats for the

[q] A compliment to Addison.
[r] By Mr. Thomas Tickell.
[s] See Spect. No. 526, and note.

several kinds of heads that make figures in the realms of Great Britain, with cocks significant of their powers and faculties.

'That your said officer has taken due notice of your instructions and admonitions concerning the internals of the head from the outward form of the same. His hats for men of the faculties of law and physic do but just turn up, to give a little life to their sagacity; his military hats glare full in the face; and he has prepared a familiar easy cock for all good companions between the above-mentioned extremes. For this end he has consulted the most learned of his acquaintance for the true form and dimensions of the *lepidum caput*, and made a hat fit for it.

'Your said officer does farther represent, That the young divines about town are many of them got into the cock military, and desires your instructions therein.

'That the town has been for several days very well behaved, and farther your said officer saith not.'

T.[t]

*** An entertainment by Mr. Clinch of Barnet, who imitates the flute, double cartel, the organ with three voices, the horn, huntsman and pack of hounds; the sham-doctor; the old woman; the drunken man; the bells; strife of dogs, &c. All instruments are performed by his natural voice. To which is added, an Essex song, by Mr. Clinch himself, price 1s.—Spect. in folio.

[t] By Steele. See final note to No. 324.

No. 533. TUESDAY, November 11, 1712.

Immo duas dabo, inquitille, una si parum est:
Et si duarum pœnitebit, addentur duæ.
PLAUT.

Nay, says he, if one is too little, I will give you two;
And if two will not satisfy you, I will add two more.

TO THE SPECTATOR.

'SIR,

'You have often given us very excellent discourses against that unnatural custom of parents, in forcing their children to marry contrary to their inclinations. My own case, without farther preface, I will lay before you, and leave you to judge of it. My father and mother both being in declining years would fain see me, their eldest son, as they call it settled. I am as much for that as they can be; but I must be settled, it seems, not according to my own, but their liking. Upon this account I am teased every day, because I have not yet fallen into love, in spite of nature, with one of a neighbouring gentleman's daughters; for, out of their abundant generosity, they give me the choice of four. "Jack," begins my father, "Mrs. Catharine is a fine woman." "Yes, Sir, but she is rather too old."—"She will make the more discreet manager, boy." Then my mother plays her part. "Is not Mrs. Betty exceeding fair?"—"Yes, madam, but she is of no conversation; she has no fire, no agreeable vivacity; she neither speaks nor looks with spirit."—"True, son; but for those very reasons she will be an easy, soft, obliging, tractable creature."—"After all," cries an old aunt, (who belongs to the class of those who read plays with spectacles on,) "what think you, nephew, of proper Mrs. Dorothy?"—"What do I

think! why, I think she cannot be above six foot* two inches high."—"Well, well, you may banter as long as you please, but height of stature is commending and majestic."—"Come, come," says a cousin of mine in the family, "I'll fit him; Fidelia is yet behind—pretty Miss Fiddy must please you."—"Oh! your very humble servant, dear coz, she is as much too young as her eldest sister is too old."—"Is it so indeed," quoth she, "good Mr. Tert? You who are but turned of twenty-two, and Miss Fiddy in half a year's time will be in her teens, and she is capable of learning any thing. Then she will be so observant; she will cry perhaps now and then, but never be angry." Thus they will think for me in this matter wherein I am more particularly concerned than any body else. If I name any woman in the world, one of these daughters has certainly the same qualities. You see by these few hints, Mr. Spectator, what a comfortable life I lead. To be still more open and free with you, I have been passionately fond of a young lady (whom give me leave to call Miranda) now for these three years. I have often urged the matter home to my parents with all the submission of a son, but the impatience of a lover. Pray, Sir, think of three years; what inexpressible scenes of inquietude, what variety of misery must I have gone through in three long whole years? Miranda's fortune is equal to those I have mentioned; but her relations are not intimates with mine. Ah! there's the rub! Miranda's person, wit, and humour, are what the nicest fancy could imagine; and, though we know you to be so elegant a judge of beauty, yet there is none among

* Feet.

all your various characters of fine women preferable to Miranda. In a word, she is never guilty of doing any thing but one amiss (if she can be thought to do amiss by me,) in being as blind to my faults as she is to her own perfections.

'I am, SIR,

'Your very humble obedient servant,

'DUSTERERASTUS.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'WHEN you spent so much time as you did lately in censuring the ambitious young gentlemen who ride in triumph through town and country on coach-boxes, I wished you had employed those moments in consideration of what passes sometimes withinside of those vehicles. I am sure I suffered sufficiently by the insolence and ill-breeding of some persons who travelled lately with me in the stage-coach out of Essex to London. I am sure, when you have heard what I have to say, you will think there are persons under the character of gentlemen, that are fit to be no where else but on the coach-box. Sir, I am a young woman of a sober and religious education, and have preserved that character; but on Monday was fortnight, it was my misfortune to come to London. I was no sooner clapped into the coach, but to my great surprise two persons in the habit of gentlemen attacked me with such indecent discourse as I cannot repeat to you, so you may conclude not fit for me to hear. I had no relief but the hopes of a speedy end of my short journey. Sir, form to yourself what a persecution this must needs be to a virtuous and chaste mind; and, in order to your proper handling such a subject, fancy your wife or daughter, if you had any, in such circum

stances, and what treatment you would then think due to such dragoons. One of them was called a captain, and entertained us with nothing but filthy stupid questions, or lewd songs all the way. Ready to burst with shame and indignation, I repined that nature had not allowed us as easily to shut our ears as our eyes. But was not this a kind of rape? Why should there be accessaries in ravishment any more than murder? Why should not every contributor to the abuse of chastity suffer death? I am sure these shameless hell-hounds deserved it highly. Can you exert yourself better than on such an occasion! If you do not do it effectually I'll read no more of your papers. Has every impertinent fellow a privilege to torment me who pay my coach-hire as well as he? Sir, pray consider us in this respect as the weakest sex, who have nothing to defend ourselves; and I think it is as gentleman-like to challenge a woman to fight as to talk obscenely in her company, especially when she has not power to stir. Pray let me tell you a story which you can make fit for public view. I knew a gentleman, who, having a very good opinion of the gentlemen of the army, invited ten or twelve of them to sup with him; and at the same time invited two or three friends who were very severe against the manners and morals of gentlemen of that profession. It happened one of them brought two captains of his regiment newly come into the army, who at first onset engaged the company with very lewd healths and suitable discourse. You may easily imagine the confusion of the entertainer, who, finding some of his friends very uneasy, desired to tell them the story of a great man, one Mr. Locke, (whom I find you frequently mention,) that being invited to dine with the then lords Hali-

fax, Anglesey, and Shaftesbury, immediately after dinner, instead of conversation, the cards were called for, where the bad or good success produced the usual passions of gaming. Mr. Locke retiring to a window, and writing, my Lord Anglesey desired to know what he was writing; "Why, my lords," answered he, "I could not sleep last night for the pleasure and improvement I expected from the conversation of the greatest men of the age." This so sensibly stung them, that they gladly compounded to throw their cards in the fire, if he would his paper, and so a conversation ensued fit for such persons. This story pressed so hard upon the young captains, together with the concurrence of their superior officers, that the young fellows left the company in confusion. Sir, I know you hate long things; but if you like it, you may contract it, or how you will; but I think it has a moral in it.

'But, Sir, I am told you are a famous mechanic as well as a looker-on, and therefore humbly propose you would invent some padlock, with full power under your hand and seal, for all modest persons, either men or women, to clap upon the mouths of all such impertinent impudent fellows: and I wish you would publish a proclamation that no modest person who has a value for her countenance, and consequently would not be put out of it, presume to travel after such a day without one of them in their pockets. I fancy a smart Spectator upon this subject would serve for such a padlock; and that public notice may be given in your paper where they may be had, with directions, price 2*d.* and that part of the directions may be, when any person presumes to be guilty of the above-mentioned crime, the party aggrieved may produce it to his face, with a request

to read it to the company. He must be very much hardened that could outface that rebuke; and his farther punishment I leave you to prescribe.

'Your humble servant,

T.* 'PENANCE CRUEL.'

No. 534. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1712

Rarus enim ferme sensus communis in illâ
Fortunâ——

JUV. Sat. viii. 73.

——We seldom find
Much sense with an exalted fortune join'd.

STEPNEY.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a young woman of nineteen, the only daughter of very wealthy parents, and have my whole life been used with a tenderness which did me no great service in my education. I have perhaps an uncommon desire for knowledge of what is suitable to my sex and quality; but, as far as I can remember, the whole dispute about me has been, whether such a thing was proper for the child to do, or not? or whether such or such a food was the more wholesome for the young lady to eat? This was ill for my shape, that for my complexion, and the other for my eyes. I am not extravagant when I tell you I do not know that I have trod upon the very earth ever since I was ten years old. A coach or chair I am obliged to for all my motions from one place to another ever since I can remember. All who had to do to instruct me, have ever been bringing stories of the notable things I have said, and the womanly manner of my behaving myself upon such and such an occasion.

* By Steele. See final note to No. 324, on signature T.

This has been my state till I came towards years of womanhood; and ever since I grew towards the age of fifteen I have been abused after another manner. Now, forsooth, I am so killing, no one can safely speak to me. Our house is frequented by men of sense, and I love to ask questions when I fall into such conversation; but I am cut short with something or other about my bright eyes. There is, Sir, a language particular for talking to women in; and none but those of the very first good breeding (who are very few, and seldom come into my way) can speak to us without regard to our sex. Among the generality of those they call gentlemen, it is impossible for me to speak on any subject whatsoever without provoking somebody to say, "Oh! to be sure, fine. Mrs. Such-a-one must be very particularly acquainted with all that; all the world would contribute to her entertainment and information." Thus, Sir, I am so handsome that I murder all who approach me; so wise, that I want no new notices; and so well-bred, that I am treated by all that know me like a fool, for no one will answer as if I were their friend or companion. Pray, Sir, be pleased to take the part of us beauties and fortunes into your consideration, and do not let us be thus flattered out of our senses. I have got an hussy of a maid who is most craftily given to this ill quality. I was at first diverted by a certain absurdity the creature was guilty of in every thing she said. She is a country girl: and in the dialect of the shire she was born in, would tell me that every body reckoned her lady had the purest red and white in the world; then she would tell me I was the most like one Sisly Dobson in their town, who made the miller make away with himself, and walk afterwards in the corn-field where

they used to meet. With all this, this cunning hussy can lay letters in my way, and put a billet in my gloves, and then stand in it she knows nothing of it. I do not know, from my birth to this day, that I have been ever treated by any one as I ought; and if it were not for a few books which I delight in, I should be at this hour a novice to all common sense. Would it not be worth your while to lay down rules for behaviour in this case, and tell people, that we fair ones expect honest plain answers as well as other people? Why must I, good Sir, because I have a good air, a fine complexion, and am in the bloom of my years, be misled in all my actions; and have the notions of good and ill confounded in my mind, for no other offence but because I have the advantages of beauty and fortune? Indeed, Sir, what with the silly homage which is paid to us by the sort of people I have above spoken of, and the utter negligence which others have for us, the conversation of us young women of condition is no other than what must expose us to ignorance and vanity, if not vice. All this is humbly submitted to your spectatorial wisdom, by

'Sir, Your humble servant,

'Sharlot Wealthy.'

'Mr. Spectator, 'Will's Coffee-house.

'Pray, Sir, it will serve to fill up a paper if you put in this; which is only to ask, whether that copy of verses which is a paraphrase of Isaiah, in one of your speculations,[y] is not written by Mr. Pope? Then you get on another line, by putting in, with proper distances, as at the end of a letter,

'I am, Sir, your humble servant,

'Abraham Dapperwit.'

[y] See No. 376.

'MR. DAPPERWIT,

'I AM glad to get another line forward, by saying that excellent piece is Mr. Pope's; and so, with proper distances,

'I am, SIR, your humble servant,

'THE SPECTATOR.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I WAS a wealthy grocer in the city, and as fortunate as diligent; but I was a single man, and you know there are women. One in particular came to my shop, who I wished might, but was afraid never would, make a grocer's wife. I thought, however, to take an effectual way of courting, and sold her at less price than I bought, that I might buy at less price than I sold. She, you may be sure, often came and helped me to many customers at the same rate, fancying I was obliged to her. You must needs think this was a good living trade, and my riches must be vastly improved. In fine, I was nigh being declared bankrupt, when I declared myself her lover, and she herself married. I was just in a condition to support myself, and am now in hopes of growing rich by losing my customers.

'Yours, JEREMY COMFIT.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM in the condition of the idol you was once pleased to mention, and bar-keeper of a coffee-house. I believe it is needless to tell you the opportunities I must give, and the importunities I suffer. But there is one gentleman who besieges me as close as the French did Bouchain. His gravity makes him work cautious, and his regular approaches denote a good engineer. You need not doubt of his

oratory, as he is a lawyer; and especially since he has had so little use of it at Westminster, he may spare the more for me.

'What then can weak woman do? I am willing to surrender, but he would have it at discretion, and I with discretion. In the mean time whilst we parley, our several interests are neglected. As his siege grows stronger, my tea grows weaker; and while he pleads at my bar, none come to him for counsel but *in formâ pauperis*. Dear Mr. Spectator, advise him not to insist upon hard articles, nor by his irregular desires contradict the well-meaning lines of his countenance. If we were agreed, we might settle to something, as soon as we could determine where we should get most by the law, at the coffee-house, or at Westminster.

'Your humble servant,
'Lucinda Parley.'

A Minute from Mr. John Sly.

'The world is pretty regular for about forty rod east, and ten west of the observatory of the said Mr. Sly; but he is credibly informed, that when they are got beyond the pass into the Strand, or those who move city-ward are got within Temple-bar, they are just as they were before. It is therefore humbly proposed, that moving centries may be appointed all the busy hours of the day between the Exchange and Westminster, and report what passes to your honour, or your subordinate officers, from time to time.'

Ordered,

That Mr. Sly name the said officers, provided he will answer for their principles and morals. T.[z]

*** At Drury-lane on Wednesday, Nov. 12, The Funeral, or Grief a-la-Mode. All the parts performed to the best advantage. By Steele. Acted at Drury-lane, 4to. 1702.

No. 535. THURSDAY, November 13, 1712.

Spem longam reseces—
Hor. 1 Od. xi. 7.
Cut short vain hope.

My four hundred and seventy-first speculation turned upon the subject of hope in general. I design this paper as a speculation upon that vain and foolish hope, which is misemployed on temporal objects, and produces many sorrows and calamities in human life.

It is a precept several times inculcated by Horace, that we should not entertain a hope of any thing in life which lies at a great distance from us. The shortness and uncertainty of our time here makes such a kind of hope unreasonable and absurd. The grave lies unseen between us and the object which we reach after. Where one man lives to enjoy the good he has in view, ten thousand are cut off in the pursuit of it.

It happens likewise unluckily, that one hope no sooner dies in us but another rises up in its stead. We are apt to fancy that we shall be happy and satisfied if we possess ourselves of such and such

[z] No. 535. By Steele, composed or communicated from the letter-box. See final note to No. 324, on signature T.

particular enjoyments; but either by reason of their emptiness, or the natural inquietude of the mind, we have no sooner gained one point, but we extend our hopes to another. We still find new inviting scenes and landscapes lying behind those which at a distance terminated our view.

The natural consequences of such reflections are these: that we should take care not to let our hopes run into too great a length; that we should sufficiently weigh the objects of our hope, whether they be such as we may reasonably expect from them what we propose in their fruition, and whether they are such as we are pretty sure of attaining, in case our life extend itself so far. If we hope for things which are at too great a distance from us, it is possible that we may be intercepted by death in our progress towards them. If we hope for things which we have not thoroughly considered the value of, our disappointment will be greater than our pleasure in the fruition of them. If we hope for what we are not likely to possess, we act and think in vain, and make life a greater dream and shadow than it really is.

Many of the miseries and misfortunes of life proceed from our want of consideration, in one or all of these particulars. They are the rocks on which the sanguine tribe of lovers daily split, and on which the bankrupt, the politician, the alchymist, and projector, are cast away in every age. Men of warm imaginations and towering thoughts are apt to overlook the goods of fortune which are near them, for something that glitters in the sight at a distance; to neglect solid and substantial happiness, for what is showy and superficial; and to contemn that good which lies within their reach, for that which they

are not capable of attaining. Hope calculates its schemes for a long and durable life: presses forward to imaginary points of bliss; grasps at impossibilities; and consequently very often ensnares men into beggary, ruin, and dishonour.

What I have here said may serve as a moral to an Arabian fable, which I find translated into French by monsieur Galland. The fable has in it such a wild, but natural simplicity, that I question not but my reader will be as much pleased with it as I have been, and that he will consider himself, if he reflects on the several amusements of hope which have sometimes passed in his mind, as a near relation to the Persian glass-man.

Alnaschar,[a] says the fable, was a very idle fellow, that never would set his hand to any business during his father's life. When his father died, he left him to the value of an hundred drachmas in Persian money. Alnaschar, in order to make the best of it, laid it out in glasses, bottles, and the finest earthenware. These he piled up in a large open basket, and, having made choice of a very little shop, placed the basket at his feet, and leaned his back upon the wall, in expectation of customers. As he sat in this posture, with his eyes upon the basket, he fell into a most amusing train of thought, and was overheard by one of his neighbours, as he talked to himself in the following manner: 'This basket,' says he, 'cost me at the wholesale merchant's an

[a] The story of Alnaschar, taken from the Arabian Tales, is translated with great fidelity by Mr. Richardson, in his Arabian Grammar, where he has preserved the idioms of the original, by which it appears, that Alnaschar, in his soliloquy, constantly addresses himself to his soul; for which see Senecæ Medea, act. i. sc. 1; Hom. Odyssea, lib. 20; Harris's Philog. Enquiries, part 4; Luke xii. 19; Petronius, cap. 132; and de Sales *in loc.*

J. B. B.

hundred drachmas, which is all I have in the world. I shall quickly make two hundred of it, by selling it in retail. These two hundred drachmas will in a very little time rise to four hundred, which of course will amount in time to four thousand. Four thousand drachmas cannot fail of making eight thousand. As soon as by these means I am master of ten thousand, I will lay aside my trade of a glass-man, and turn jeweller. I shall then deal in diamonds, pearls, and all sorts of rich stones. When I have got together as much wealth as I can well desire, I will make a purchase of the finest house I can find, with land, slaves, eunuchs, and horses. I shall then begin to enjoy myself, and make a noise in the world. I will not however stop there, but still continue my traffic, till I have got together a hundred thousand drachmas. When I have thus made myself master of a hundred thousand drachmas, I shall naturally set myself on the foot of a prince, and will demand the grand visier's daughter in marriage, after having represented to that minister the information which I have received of the beauty, wit, discretion, and other high qualities which his daughter possesses. I will let him know at the same time, that it is my intention to make him a present of a thousand pieces of gold on our marriage night. As soon as I have married the grand visier's daughter, I will buy her ten black eunuchs, the youngest and the best that can be got for money. I must afterwards make my father-in law a visit, with a great train and equipage. And when I am placed at his right hand, which he will do of course, if it be only to honour his daughter, I will give him the thousand pieces of gold which I promised him; and afterwards, to his great surprise, will present him with another purse of the

same value, with some short speech: as, "Sir, you see I am a man of my word; I always give more than I promise."

'When I have brought the princess to my house, I shall take particular care to breed her in a due respect for me, before I give the reins to love and dalliance. To this end I shall confine her to her own apartment, make her a short visit, and talk but little to her. Her women will represent to me, that she is inconsolable by reason of my unkindness, and beg me with tears to caress her, and let her sit down by me; but I shall still remain inexorable, and will turn my back upon her all the first night. Her mother will then come and bring her daughter to me, as I am seated upon my sofa. The daughter, with tears in her eyes, will fling herself at my feet, and beg of me to receive her into my favour. Then will I, to imprint in her a thorough veneration for my person, draw up my legs and spurn her from me with my foot, in such a manner, that she shall fall down several paces from the sofa.'

Alnaschar was entirely swallowed up in this chimerical vision, and could not forbear acting with his foot what he had done in his thoughts: so that unluckily striking his basket of brittle ware, which was the foundation of all his grandeur, he kicked his glasses to a great distance from him into the street, and broke them into ten thousand pieces.

O.[b]

*** At Drury-lane, this evening, Nov. 13, The Rival Queens, with the Death of Alexander the Great.

Ibidem, Nov. 14. The Recruiting Officer. See Tat. with notes, No. 20, note on this comedy.

[b] By Addison, dated, it seems, from his office. See final note to No. 7 on Addison's signatures C, L, I, O; No. 221, note.

No. 536. FRIDAY, November 14, 1712.

O veræ phrygiæ, neque enim phryges!
Virg. Æn. ix. 617.

O! less than women in the shapes of men!
Dryden.

As I was the other day standing in my bookseller's shop, a pretty young thing about eighteen years of age stepped out of her coach, and, brushing by me, beckoned the man of the shop to the farther end of his counter, where she whispered something to him with an attentive look, and at the same time presented him with a letter: after which, pressing the end of her fan upon his hand, she delivered the remaining part of her message, and withdrew. I observed, in the midst of her discourse, that she flushed, and cast an eye upon me over her shoulder, having been informed by my bookseller that I was the man of the short face whom she had so often read of. Upon her passing by me, the pretty blooming creature smiled in my face, and dropped me a courtesy. She scarce gave me time to return her salute, before she quitted the shop with an easy skuttle, and stepped again into her coach, giving the footman directions to drive where they were bid. Upon her departure, my bookseller gave me a letter superscribed, 'To the ingenious Spectator,' which the young lady had desired him to deliver into my own hands, and to tell me, that the speedy publication of it would not only oblige herself, but a whole tea-table of my friends. I opened it therefore with a resolution to publish it, whatever it should contain, and am sure if any of my male readers will be so severely critical as not to like it, they would have

been as well pleased with it as myself, had they seen the face of the pretty scribe.

'MR. SPECTATOR, 'London, Nov. 1712.

'You are always ready to receive any useful hint or proposal, and such, I believe, you will think one that may put you in a way to employ the most idle part of the kingdom; I mean, that part of mankind who are known by the name of the women's men, or beaux, &c. Mr. Spectator, you are sensible these pretty gentlemen are not made for any manly employments, and for want of business are often as much in the vapours as the ladies. Now what I propose is this, that since knotting is again in fashion, which has been found a very pretty amusement, that you will recommend it to these gentlemen as something that may make them useful to the ladies they admire. And since it is not inconsistent with any game, or other diversion, for it may be done in the play-house, in their coaches, at the tea-table, and, in short, in all places where they come for the sake of the ladies, (except at church, be pleased to forbid it there to prevent mistakes,) it will be easily complied with. It is besides an employment that allows, as we see by the fair sex, of many graces, which will make the beaux more readily come into it; it shows a white hand and a diamond ring to great advantage; it leaves the eyes at full liberty to be employed as before, as also the thoughts and the tongue. In short, it seems in every respect so proper, that it is needless to urge it farther, by speaking of the satisfaction these male knotters will find, when they see their work mixed up in a fringe, and worn by the fair lady for whom and with whom it was done. Truly, Mr. Spectator,

I cannot but be pleased I have hit upon something that these gentlemen are capable of; for it is sad so considerable a part of the kingdom (I mean for numbers) should be of no manner of use. I shall not trouble you farther at this time, but only to say, that I am always your reader, and generally your admirer, 'C. B.

'P. S. The sooner these fine gentlemen are set to work the better; there being at this time several fine fringes, that stay only for more hands.'

I shall in the next place present my reader with the description of a set of men who are common enough in the world, though I do not remember that I have yet taken notice of them, as they are drawn in the following letter.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'SINCE you have lately, to so good purpose, enlarged upon conjugal love, it is to be hoped you will discourage every practice that rather proceeds from a regard to interest than to happiness. Now you cannot but observe, that most of our fine young ladies readily fall in with the direction of the graver sort, to retain in their service by some small encouragement as great a number as they can of supernumerary and insignificant fellows, which they use like whifflers, and commonly call "shoeing horns." These are never designed to know the length of the foot, but only, when a good offer comes, to whet and spur him up to the point. Nay, it is the opinion of that grave lady, madam Matchwell, that it is absolutely convenient for every prudent family to have several of these implements

about the house, to clap on as occasion serves; and that every spark ought to produce a certificate of his being a shoeing horn before he be admitted as a shoe. A certain lady, whom I could name if it was necessary, has at present more shoeing horns of all sizes, countries, and colours, in her service, than ever she had new shoes in her life. I have known a woman make use of a shoeing horn for several years, and, finding him unsuccessful in that function, convert him at length into a shoe. I am mistaken if your friend, Mr. William Honeycomb, was not a cast shoeing horn before his late marriage. As for myself, I must frankly declare to you, that I have been an errant shoeing horn for above these twenty years. I served my first mistress in that capacity above five of the number, before she was shod. I confess, though she had many who made their applications to her, I always thought myself the best shoe in her shop; and it was not till a month before her marriage that I discovered what I was. This had like to have broke my heart, and raised such suspicions in me, that I told the next I made love to, upon receiving some unkind usage from her, that I began to look upon myself as no more than her shoeing horn. Upon which, my dear, who was a coquette in her nature, told me I was hypochondriacal, and I might as well look upon myself to be an egg, or a pipkin. But in a very short time after she gave me to know that I was not mistaken in myself. It would be tedious to recount to you the life of an unfortunate shoeing horn; or I might entertain you with a very long and melancholy relation of my sufferings. Upon the whole, I think, Sir, it would very well become a man in your post, to determine in what cases a woman may be allowed

with honour to make use of a shoeing horn, as also to declare whether a maid on this side five-and-twenty, or a widow who has not been three years in that state, may be granted such a prvilege, with other difficulties which will naturally occur to you upon that subject. I am, SIR,

'With the most profound veneration,

O.* 'Yours, &c.'

*** At Drury-lane, on Saturday, Nov. 15, the tragedy of Julius Cæsar, with the Death of Brutus and Cassius. By Shakspeare. All the parts disposed to the best advantage.—Spect in folio.

††† An entertainment by Mr. Clinch, of Barnet, at the Queen's-arms tavern, Ludgate-hill. Price 1*s.*—*Ibidem.* adv.

No. 537. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1712.

Τοῦ μὲν γὰρ γένος ἐσμέν.

ARAT.

For we are his offspring.

Acts xvii. 28.

'TO THE SPECTATOR.

'SIR,

'IT has been usual to remind persons of rank, on great occasions in life, of their race and quality, and to what expectations they were born; that by considering what is worthy of them, they may be withdrawn from mean pursuits, and encouraged to laudable undertakings. This is turning nobility into a principle of virtue, and making it productive of merit, as it is understood to have been originally a reward of it.

'It is for the like reason, I imagine, that you have

* By Addison, dated, it is supposed, from his office. See final note to No. 7.

in some of your speculations asserted to your readers the dignity of human nature. But you cannot be insensible that this is a controverted doctrine; there are authors who consider human nature in a very different view, and books of maxims have been written to show the falsity of all human virtues.[d] The reflections which are made on this subject usually take some tincture from the tempers and characters of those that made them. Politicians can resolve the most shining actions among men into artifice and design; others, who are soured by discontent, repulses, or ill-usage, are apt to mistake their spleen for philosophy; men of profligate lives, and such as find themselves incapable of rising to any distinction among their fellow-creatures, are for pulling down all appearances of merit which seem to upbraid them: and satirists describe nothing but deformity. From all these hands we have such draughts of mankind, as are represented in those burlesque pictures which the Italians call caricatures; where the art consists in preserving, amidst distorted proportions and aggravated features, some distinguishing likeness of the person, but in such a manner as to transform the most agreeable beauty into the most odious monster.

'It is very disingenuous to level the best of mankind with the worst, and for the faults of particulars to degrade the whole species. Such methods tend not only to remove a man's good opinion of others, but to destroy that reverence for himself, which is a great guard of innocence, and a spring of virtue.

[d] An allusion to the following book, Reflections et Maximes Morales de M. le Duc de la Rochefoucault. The edition open before this writer is par M. Manzon, avec des Commentaires. A Amst. 8vo. 1722. Mad. L'Enclos says of the writer of this book [Rochefoucault], that he had no more belief in virtues than he had in ghosts.

'It is true indeed that there are surprising mixtures of beauty and deformity, of wisdom and folly, virtue and vice, in the human make; such a disparity is found among numbers of the same kind, and every individual, in some instances or at some times, is so unequal to himself, that man seems to be the most wavering and inconsistent being in the whole creation. So that the question in morality concerning the dignity of our nature, may at first sight appear like some difficult questions in natural philosophy, in which the arguments on both sides seem to be of equal strength. But, as I began with considering this point as it relates to action, I shall here borrow an admirable reflection from monsieur Paschal, which I think sets it in its proper light.

"It is of dangerous consequence," says he, "to represent to man how near he is to the level of beasts, without showing him at the same time his greatness. It is likewise dangerous to let him see his greatness without his meanness. It is more dangerous yet to leave him ignorant of either; but very beneficial that he should be made sensible of both." Whatever imperfections we may have in our nature, it is the business of religion and virtue to rectify them, as far as is consistent with our present state. In the mean time, it is no small encouragement to generous minds to consider, that we shall put them all off with our mortality. That sublime manner of salutation with which the Jews approach their kings,

"O king, live for ever!"

may be addressed to the lowest and most despised mortal among us, under all the infirmities and distresses with which we see him surrounded. And

whoever believes the immortality of the soul, will not need a better argument for the dignity of his nature, nor a stronger incitement to actions suitable to it."

'I am naturally led by this reflection to a subject I have already touched upon in a former letter, and cannot without pleasure call to mind the thoughts of Cicero to this purpose, in the close of his book concerning old age. Every one who is acquainted with his writings will remember that the elder Cato is introduced in that discourse as the speaker, and Scipio and Lelius as his auditors. This venerable person is represented looking forward as it were from the verge of extreme old age into a future state and rising into a contemplation on the unperishable part of his nature, and its existence after death. I shall collect part of his discourse. And as you have formerly offered some arguments for the soul's immortality, agreeable both to reason and the Christian doctrine, I believe your readers will not be displeased to see how the same great truth shines in the pomp of Roman eloquence.

"This," says Cato,* "is my firm persuasion, that since the human soul exerts itself with so great activity; since it has such a remembrance of the past, such a concern for the future; since it is enriched with so many arts, sciences, and discoveries; it is impossible but the Being which contains all these must be immortal.

"The elder Cyrus, just before his death, is represented by Xenophon speaking after this manner: 'Think not, my dearest children, that when I depart from you I shall be no more; but remem-

* See Guardian, No. 98, and notes.

ber that my soul, even while I lived among you, was invisible to you; yet by my actions you were sensible it existed in this body. Believe it therefore existing still, though it be still unseen. How quickly would the honours of illustrious men perish after death, if their souls performed nothing to preserve their fame! For my own part, I never could think that the soul, while in a mortal body, lives, but when departed out of it dies: or that its consciousness is lost when it is discharged out of an unconscious habitation. But when it is freed from all corporeal alliance, then it truly exists. Farther, since the human frame is broken by death, tell us what becomes of its parts? It is visible whither the materials of other beings are translated, namely, to the source from whence they had their birth. The soul alone, neither present nor departed, is the object of our eyes.'

"Thus Cyrus. But to proceed. No one shall persuade me, Scipio, that your worthy father, or your grandfathers Paulus and Africanus, or Africanus his father or uncle, or many other excellent men whom I need not name, performed so many actions to be remembered by posterity, without being sensible that futurity was their right. And, if I may be allowed an old man's privilege to speak of myself, do you think I would have endured the fatigue of so many wearisome days and nights, both at home and abroad, if I imagined that the same boundary which is set to my life must terminate my glory? Were it not more desirable to have worn out my days in ease and tranquillity, free from labour, and without emulation? But, I know not how, my soul has always raised itself, and looked forward on futurity, in this view and expectation,

that when it shall depart out of life it shall then live for ever; and if this were not true, that the mind is immortal, the soul of the most worthy would not above all others, have the strongest impulse to glory.

"What besides this is the cause that the wisest men die with the greatest equanimity, the ignorant with the greatest concern? Does it not seem that those minds which have the most extensive views foresee they are removing to a happier condition, which those of a narrower sight do not perceive? I, for my part, am transported with the hope of seeing your ancestors whom I have honoured and loved, and am earnestly desirous of meeting not only those excellent persons whom I have known, but those too of whom I have heard and read, and of whom I myself have written; nor would I be detained from so pleasing a journey. O happy day, when I shall escape from this crowd, this heap of pollution, and be admitted to that divine assembly of exalted spirits! When I shall go not only to those great persons I have named, but to my Cato, my son, than whom a better man was never born, and whose funeral rites I myself performed, whereas he ought rather to have attended mine. Yet has not his soul deserted me, but, seeming to cast back a look on me, is gone before to those habitations to which it was sensible I should follow him. And though I might appear to have borne my loss with courage, I was not unaffected with it; but I comforted myself in the assurance, that it would not be long before we should meet again, and be divorced no more."

'I am, Sir, &c.'*

* I question not but my reader will be very much pleased to hear that the gentleman who has obliged the world with the foregoing letter, and

†‡† Notitia Academiæ Oxon Vetus et Nova. Or the Ancient and Modern State of the University of Oxford. Ready for the press, and to be printed by subscription. By John Ayliffe, L. L. D., fellow of New College, Oxford. Price to subscribers 10*s*. 2 vols. in sheets, about 70 sheets.—Spect. in folio, No. 538.

*** Memoirs for the Curious, from Jan. 1707 to Dec. 1708. Accounts of events in that time. Lives of P. Lewis of Baden, D. of Devonshire, L. Cutts, Dr. Sherlock, Dr. Drake, Dr. Brown, Mr. White, M. De Hanel, &c. With Discourses, &c. By several hands. Price 6*s*. *Ibidem*.

N. B. The communication of this last book, or any part of it, to Mr. deputy Nichols, in Red-lion passage, Fleet-street, would be esteemed a favour. The history of it is requested, from any person who is able to give it, through the channel of the Gentleman's Magazine.

No. 538. MONDAY, November 17, 1712.

Ultra
Finem tendere opus. Hor. 2. Sat. i. 1.

To launch beyond all bounds.

Surprise is so much the life of stories, that every one aims at it who endeavours to please by telling them. Smooth delivery, an elegant choice of words and a sweet arrangement, are all beautifying graces, but not the particulars in this point of conversation which either long command the attention, or strike with the violence of a sudden passion, or occasion the burst of laughter which accompanies

who was the author of the 210th speculation on the immortality of the soul, (the 375th (on virtue in distress) the 595th on conjugal love, and two or three other very fine ones amongst those which are not lettered at the end, will soon publish a noble poem, intitled An ode to the Creator of the World, occasioned by the fragments of Orpheus.

The author of the letter in this paper, No. 537, and of the Nos. 210, 375, 595, &c., mentioned in the note in italics, from Spect. in folio, was Mr. John Hughes, the writer of the Ode to the Creator of the World. See Hughes's Correspondence, vol. i. p. 213.

† The words enclosed within the parenthesis relative to No. 375, are not in the advertisement annexed in the Spect. in folio to this No. 537, but they were added by Steele in the first edition in 8vo. of 1712. See Hughes's Correspondence, *ut supra*.

humour. I have sometimes fancied that the mind is in this case like a traveller who sees a fine seat in haste; he acknowledges the delightfulness of a walk set with regularity, but would be uneasy if he were obliged to pace it over, when the first view had let him into all its beauties from one end to the other.

However, a knowledge of the success which stories will have when they are attended with a turn of surprise, as it has happily made the characters of some, so has it also been the ruin of the characters of others. There is a set of men who outrage truth, instead of affecting us with a manner in telling it; who overleap the line of probability, that they may be seen to move out of the common road; and endeavour only to make their hearers stare by imposing upon them with a kind of nonsense against the philosophy of nature, or such a heap of wonders told upon their own knowledge, as it is not likely one man should have ever met with.

I have been led to this observation by a company into which I fell accidentally. The subject of antipathies was a proper field wherein such false surprises might expatiate, and there were those present who appeared very fond to show it in its full extent of traditional history. Some of them, in a learned manner, offered to our consideration the miraculous powers which the effluviums of cheese have over bodies whose pores are disposed to receive them in a noxious manner; others gave an account of such who could indeed bear the sight of cheese, but not the taste; for which they brought a reason from the milk of their nurses. Others again discoursed, without endeavouring at reasons, concerning an unconquerable aversion which some stomachs have against a joint of meat when it is whole, and the eager in-

clination they have for it when by its being cut up the shape which had affected them is altered. From hence, they passed to eels, then to parsnips, and so from one aversion to another, till we had worked up ourselves to such a pitch of complaisance, that when the dinner was to come in we inquired the name of every dish, and hoped it would be no offence to any in company before it was admitted. When we had sat down, this civility amongst us turned the discourse from eatables to other sorts of aversions; and the eternal cat, which plagues every conversation of this nature, began then to engross the subject. One had sweated at the sight of it, another had smelled it out as it lay concealed in a very distant cupboard; and he who crowned the whole set of these stories reckoned up the number of times in which it had occasioned him to swoon away. 'At last,' says he, 'that you may all be satisfied of my invicible aversion to a cat, I shall give an unanswerable instance. As I was going through a street of London, where I never had been until then, I felt a general damp and faintness all over me, which I could not tell how to account for, until I chanced to cast my eyes upwards, and found that I was passing under a sign-post on which the picture of a cat was hung.'

The extravagance of this turn in the way of surprise, gave a stop to the talk we had been carrying on. Some were silent because they doubted, and others because they were conquered in their own way; so that the gentleman had opportunity to press the belief of it upon us, and let us see that he was rather exposing himself than ridiculing others.

I must freely own that I did not all this while disbelieve every thing that was said; but yet I thought some in the company had been endeavouring

who should pitch the bar farthest; that it had for some time been a measuring cast, and at last my friend of the cat and sign-post had thrown beyond them all.

I then considered the manner in which this story had been received, and the possibility that it might have passed for a jest upon others, if he had not laboured against himself. From hence, thought I, there are two ways which the well-bred world generally takes to correct such a practice, when they do not think fit to contradict it flatly.

The first of these is a general silence, which I would not advise any one to interpret in his own behalf. It is often the effect of prudence in avoiding a quarrel, when they see another drive so fast that there is no stopping him without being run against; and but very seldom the effect of weakness in believing suddenly. The generality of mankind are not so grossly ignorant, as some overbearing spirits would persuade themselves; and if the authority of a character or a caution against danger make us suppress our opinions, yet neither of these are of force enough to suppress our thoughts of them. If a man who has endeavoured to amuse his company with improbabilities could but look into their minds, he would find that they imagine he lightly esteems of their sense when he thinks to impose upon them, and that he is less esteemed by them for his attempt in doing so. His endeavour to glory at their expense becomes a ground of quarrel, and the scorn and indifference with which they entertain it begins the immediate punishment: and indeed (if we should even go no farther) silence, or a negligent indifference, has a deeper way of wounding than opposition, because opposition proceeds from an anger

that has a sort of generous sentiment for the adversary mingling along with it, while it shows that there is some esteem in your mind for him; in short, that you think him worth while to contest with. But silence, or a negligent indifference, proceeds from anger, mixed with a scorn that shows another he is thought by you too contemptible to be regarded.

The other method which the world has taken for correcting this practice of false surprise, is to overshoot such talkers in their own bow, or to raise the story with farther degrees of impossibility, and set up for a voucher to them in such a manner as must let them see they stand detected. Thus I have heard a discourse was once managed upon the effects of fear. One of the company had given an account how it had turned his friend's hair gray in the night, while the terrors of a shipwreck encompassed him. Another, taking the hint from hence, began upon his own knowledge to enlarge his instances of the like nature to such a number, that it was not probable he could ever have met with them: and as he still grounded these upon different causes for the sake of variety, it might seem at last, from his share of the conversation, almost impossible that any one who can feel the passion of fear should all his life escape so common an effect of it. By this time some of the company grew negligent, or desirous to contradict him; but one rebuked the rest with an appearance of severity, and, with the known old story in his head, assured them he did not scruple to believe that the fear of any thing can make a man's hair gray, since he knew one whose periwig had suffered so by it. Thus he stopped the talk, and made them easy. Thus is the same method taken to bring us to shame, which we fondly take to in-

crease our character. It is indeed a kind of mimicry, by which another puts on our air of conversation to show us to ourselves. He seems to look ridiculous before you, that you may remember how near a resemblance you bear to him, or that you may know that he will not lie under the imputation of believing you. Then it is that you are struck dumb immediately with a conscientious shame for what you have been saying. Then it is that you are inwardly grieved at the sentiments which you cannot but perceive others entertain concerning you. In short, you are against yourself; the laugh of the company runs against you; the censuring world is obliged to you for that triumph which you have allowed them at your own expense; and truth, which you have injured, has a near way of being revenged on you, when by the bare repetition of your story you become a frequent diversion for the public.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THE other day walking in Pancras churchyard, I thought of your paper wherein you mention epitaphs,[g] and am of opinion this has a thought in it worth being communicated to your readers.

"Here innocence and beauty lies, whose breath
Was snatch'd by early, not untimely death.
Hence did she go, just as she did begin
Sorrow to know, before she knew to sin.
Death, that does sin and sorrow thus prevent,
Is the next blessing to a life well spent."

'I am, SIR, your servant.'[h]

[g] See Nos. 26, 33, 177, 323, and 539.

[h] No. 528, the two following numbers, and No. 541, are not lettered in the Spect. in folio, nor in the editions in 8vo. and 12mo. of 1712; but this paper is ascribed to Addison by Mr. Tickell, and reprinted in his edition of Addison's Works, in 4to.

No. 539. TUESDAY, November 18, 1712.

Heteroclita sunto.
Quæ Genus.
Be they heteroclites.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I am a young widow of a good fortune and family, and just come to town; where I find I have clusters of pretty fellows come already to visit me, some dying with hopes, others with fears, though they never saw me. Now, what I would beg of you would be to know whether I may venture to use these pert fellows with the same freedom as I did my country acquaintance. I desire your leave to use them as to me shall seem meet, without imputation of a jilt; for since I make declaration that not one of them shall have me, I think I ought to be allowed the liberty of insulting those who have the vanity to believe it is in their power to make me break that resolution. There are schools for learning to use foils, frequented by those who never design to fight; and this useless way of aiming at the heart without design to wound it on either side, is the play with which I am resolved to divert myself. The man who pretends to win, I shall use like him who comes into a fencing-school to pick a quarrel. I hope upon this foundation you will give me the free use of the natural and artificial force of my eyes, looks, and gestures. As for verbal promises, I will make none, but shall have no mercy on the conceited interpreters of glances and motions. I am particularly skilled in the downcast eye, and the recovery into a sudden full aspect and away again, as you may have seen sometimes practised by us country beauties beyond all that you have observed in courts and cities.

Add to this, Sir, that I have a ruddy heedless look, which covers artifice the best of any thing. Though I can dance very well, I affect a tottering untaught way of walking, by which I appear an easy prey; and never exert my instructed charms, till I find I have engaged a pursuer. Be pleased, Sir, to print this letter, which will certainly begin the chase of a rich widow. The many foldings, escapes, returns, and doublings, which I make, I shall from time to time communicate to you, for the better instruction of all females, who set up, like me, for reducing the present exorbitant power and insolence of man.

'I am, SIR, your faithful correspondent,

'RELICTA LOVELY.'

'DEAR MR. SPECTATOR,

'I DEPEND upon your professed respect for virtuous love, for your immediate answering the design of this letter; which is no other than to lay before the world the severity of certain parents, who desire to suspend the marriage of a discreet young woman of eighteen, three years longer, for no other reason but that of her being too young to enter into that state. As to the consideration of riches, my circumstances are such, that I cannot be suspected to make my addresses to her on such low motives as avarice or ambition. If ever innocence, wit, and beauty, united their utmost charms, they have in her. I wish you would expatiate a little on this subject, and admonish her parents that it may be from the very imperfection of human nature itself, and not any personal frailty of her or me, that our inclinations baffled at present may alter; and while we are arguing with ourselves to put off the enjoyment of our present passions, our affections may change their

objects in the operation. It is a very delicate subject to talk upon; but if it were but hinted, I am in hopes it would give the parties concerned some reflection that might expedite our happiness. There is a possibility, and I hope I may say it without imputation of immodesty to her I love with the highest honour; I say there is a possibility this delay may be as painful to her as it is to me; if it be as much, it must be more, by reason of the severe rules the sex are under, it being denied even the relief of complaint. If you oblige me in this, and I succeed, I promise you a place at my wedding, and a treatment suitable to your spectatorial dignity.

'Your most humble servant,

'EUSTACE.'[i]

'SIR,

'I YESTERDAY heard a young gentleman, that looked as if he was just come to the gown and a scarf, upon evil speaking; which subject you know archbishop Tillotson has so nobly handled in a sermon in his folio. As soon as ever he had named his text, and had opened a little the drift of his discourse, I was in great hopes he had been one of sir Roger's chaplains.[k] I have conceived so great an idea of the charming discourse above, that I should have thought one part of my sabbath very well spent in hearing a repetition of it. But, alas! Mr. Spectator, this reverend divine gave us his grace's sermon, and yet I don't know how; even I, that I am sure have read it at least twenty times, could not tell what to make of it, and was at a loss sometimes to guess what

[i] This letter is supposed to be written by Mr. E. Budgell, and the following by Mr. John Hughes.

[k] See Spect. No. 106.

the man aimed at. He was so just indeed, as to give us all the heads and the sub-divisions of the sermon; and farther, I think there was not one beautiful thought in it but what we had. But then, Sir, this gentleman made so many pretty additions; and he could never give us a paragraph of the sermon, but he introduced it with something which methought looked more like a design to show his own ingenuity, than to instruct the people. In short, he added and curtailed in such a manner, that he vexed me; insomuch that I could not forbear thinking, (what I confess I ought not to have thought of in so holy a place,) that this young spark was as justly blameable as Bullock or Pinkethman, when they mend a noble play of Shakspeare or Jonson. Pray, Sir, take this into your consideration; and, if we must be entertained with the works of any of those great men, desire these gentlemen to give them us as they find them, that so when we read them to our families at home, they may the better remember they have heard them at church.

[1] 'SIR, your humble servant.'

[1] This paper, No. 539, and the three preceding papers, No. 536, 537, and 538, are not lettered in the Spect. in folio. No. 536, is lettered with an O in the 8vo. and 12mo. of 1712. No. 537, which has no letter in the folio, in the 8vo. or 12mo. of 1712, was written by Mr. John Hughes. No. 538, not lettered in the folio, 8vo. or 12mo. of 1712, was written by Addison, as appears from its being reprinted by Mr. T. Tickell in his 4to. ed. of Addison's Works. No. 539, is not lettered in the folio, 8vo. or 12mo. of 1712, but probably it was written by Mr. E. Budgell, and Mr. John Hughes.

No. 540. WEDNESDAY, November 19, 1712.

—Non deficit alter.
Virg. Æn. vi. 143.
A second is not wanting.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'There is no part of your writings which I have in more esteem than your criticism upon Milton. It is an honourable and candid endeavour to set the works of our noble writers in the graceful light which they deserve. You will lose much of my kind inclination towards you, if you do not attempt the encomium of Spenser also, or at least indulge my passion for that charming author so far as to print the loose hints I now give you on that subject.

'Spenser's general plan is the representation of six virtues, holiness, temperance, chastity, friendship, justice, and courtesy, in six legends by six persons. The six personages are supposed, under proper allegories suitable to their respective characters, to do all that is necessary for the full manifestation of the respective virtues which they are to exert.

'These one might undertake to show under the several heads are admirably drawn; no images improper, and most surprisingly beautiful. The Red-cross Knight runs through the whole steps of the Christian life; Guyon does all that temperance can possibly require; Britomartis (a woman) observes the true rules of unaffected chastity; Arthegal is in every respect of life strictly and wisely just; Calidore is rightly courteous.

'In short, in Fairy-land, where knights-errant have a full scope to range, and do even what

Ariostos or Orlandos could not do in the world without breaking into credibility, Spenser's knights have under those six heads, given a full and truly poetical system of Christian, public, and low life.

His legend of friendship is more diffuse, and yet even there the allegory is finely drawn, only the heads various; one knight could not there support all the parts.

'To do honour to his country, prince Arthur is an universal hero; in holiness, temperance, chastity, and justice, superexcellent. For the same reason, and to compliment queen Elizabeth, Gloriana, queen of fairies, whose court was the asylum of the oppressed, represents that glorious queen. At her commands all these knights set forth, and only at hers the Redcross Knight destroys the dragon, Guyon overturns the Bower of Bliss, Arthegal (i. e. Justice) beats down Geryonco (i. e. Philip II. king of Spain) to rescue Belge (i. e. Holland), and he beats the Grantorto (the same Philip in another light) to restore Irena (i. e. Peace to Europe).

'Chastity being the first female virtue, Britomartis is a Briton; her part is fine, though it requires explication. His style is very poetical; no puns, affectations of wit, forced antitheses, or any of that low tribe.

'His old words are all true English, and numbers exquisite; and since of words there is the *multa renascentur*, since they are all proper, such a poem should not (any more than Milton's) consist all of it of common ordinary words. See instances of descriptions.

Causeless jealousy in Britomartis, v. 6. 14. *in its restlessness.*

"Like as a wayward child, whose sounder sleep
Is broken with some fearful dream's affright,
With froward will doth set himself to weep,
Ne can be still'd for all his nurse's might,
But kicks and squalls, and shrieks for fell despite;
Now scratching her, and her loose locks misusing,
Now seeking darkness, and now seeking light;
Then craving suck, and then the suck refusing:
Such was this lady's loves in her love's fond accusing."

Curiosity occasioned by jealousy, upon occasion of her lover's absence. Ibid. *Stan.* 8, 9.

"Then as she looked long, at last she spy'd
One coming towards her with hasty speed,
Well ween'd she then, ere him she plain descry'd,
That it was one sent from her love indeed:
Whereat her heart was fill'd with hope and dread,
Ne would she stay till he in place could come,
But ran to meet him forth to know his tidings soomme;
Even in the door him meeting, she begun,
'And where is he, thy lord, and how far hence?
Declare at once; and hath he lost or won?"

Care and his house are described thus: iv. 6, 33, 34. 35.

"Not far away, nor meet for any guest,
They spy'd a little cottage, like some poor man's nest.

34.

"There entering in, they found the good man's self,
Full busily unto his work ybent,
Who was so weel a wretched wearish elf,
With hollow eyes and raw-bone cheeks far spent,
As if he had in prison long been pent.
Full black and griesly did his face appear,
Besmear'd with smoke that nigh his eye-sight blent,
With rugged beard and hoary shaggy heare,
The which he never wont to comb, or comely shear.

35.

"Rude was his garment and to rags all rent,
Ne better had he ne for better cared;
His blistred hands amongst the cinders brent,
And fingers filthy with long nails prepared,
Right fit to rend the food on which he fared.
His name was Care; a blacksmith by his trade,
That neither day nor night from working spared,
But to small purpose iron wedges made,
These be unquiet thoughts that careful minds invade."

'Homer's epithets were much admired by antiquity: see what great justness and variety there are in these epithets of the trees in the forest, where the Red-cross Knight lost Truth. B. i. Cant. i. Stan. 8, 9.

"The sailing pine, the cedar proud and tall,
The vine-prop elm, the poplar never dry,
The builder-oak, sole king of forests all,
The aspine good for staves, the cypress funeral.

9.

"The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors,
And poets sage; the fir that weepeth still,
The willow worn of forlorn paramours,
The yew obedient to the bender's will,
The birch for shafts, the sallow for the mill;
The myrrhe sweet, bleeding in the bitter wound,
The war-like beech, the ash, for nothing ill,
The fruitful olive, and the plantane round,
The carver holm, the maple seldom inward sound."

'I shall trouble you no more, but desire you to let me conclude with these verses, though I think they have already been quoted by you. They are directions to young ladies oppressed with calumny: vi. 6, 14.

"The best (said he) that I can you advise,
Is to avoid the occasion of the ill;
For when the cause whence evil doth arise
Removed is, the effect surceaseth still.

Abstain from pleasure and restrain your will,
Subdue desire and bridle loose delight,
Use scanted diet, and forbear your fill,
Shun secrecy, and talk in open sight;
So shall you soon repair your present evil plight."

T.[m]

*** In a few days will be published, An Ode to the Creator, occasioned by the fragments of Orpheus. By Mr. John Hughes, author of the next paper; and perhaps of this No. 340, though transcribed by Steele, and marked here with his editorial signature T, which seems to have been likewise used at times by Mr. Thomas Tickell. See final notes to Nos. 324, and 410.

††† At Drury-lane, Nov. 18, The Mourning Bride. Nov. 19, The Rover, or the Banished Cavaliers. Nov. 20, The Hist. and Fall of C. Marius. Nov. 21, The Tempest. Nov. 22, Macbeth. And on Monday, Nov. 24, The Busy Body.—Spect. in folio. The casts not mentioned.

No. 541. THURSDAY, November 20, 1712.

Format enim natura prius nos intus ad omnem
Fortunarum habitum: juvat, aut impellit ad iram,
Aut ad humum mœrore gravi deducit, et angit:
Post effert animi motus interprete linguâ.
Hor. Ars Poet. v. 108.

For nature forms and softens us within,
And writes our fortune's changes in our face:
Pleasure enchants, impetuous rage transports,
And grief dejects, and wrings the tortur'd soul:
And these are all interpreted by speech.
Roscommon.

My friend the Templar, whom I have so often mentioned in these writings, having determined to lay aside his poetical studies, in order to a closer pursuit of the law, has put together, as a farewell essay, some thoughts concerning pronunciation and action, which he has given me leave to communicate to the public. They are chiefly collected from his favour-

[m] By Steele; as the signature T seems to intimate that it was transcribed. It was probably communicated by Mr. John Hughes, whose edition of Spenser's Works in 6 vols. 8vo. in 1715, attracted the attention, and gratified the expectation of the public.

ite author Cicero, who is known to have been an intimate friend of Roscius the actor, and a good judge of dramatic performances, as well as the most eloquent pleader of the time in which he lived.

Cicero concludes his celebrated books De Oratore with some precepts for pronunciation and action, without which part he affirms that the best orator in the world can never succeed; and an indifferent one, who is master of this, shall gain much greater applause. 'What could make a stronger impression,' says he, 'than those exclamations of Gracchus?—"Whither shall I turn? Wretch that I am! to what place betake myself? Shall I go to the capitol? Alas! it is overflow'd with my brother's blood. Or shall I retire to my house? Yet there I behold my mother plunged in misery, weeping and despairing!" These breaks and turns of passion, it seems, were so enforced by the eyes, voice, and gesture of the speaker, that his very enemies could not refrain from tears. 'I insist,' says Tully, 'upon this the rather, because our orators, who were as it were actors of the truth itself, have quitted this manner of speaking; and the players, who are but the imitators of truth, have taken it up.'

I shall therefore pursue the hint he has here given me, and for the service of the British stage I shall copy some of the rules which this great Roman master has laid down; yet without confining myself wholly to his thoughts or words: and to adapt this essay the more to the purpose for which I intend it, instead of the examples he has inserted in this discourse out of the ancient tragedies, I shall make use of parallel passages out of the most celebrated of our own.

The design of art is to assist action as much as

possible in the representation of nature; for the appearance of reality is that which moves us in all representations, and these have always the greater force the nearer they approach to nature, and the less they show of imitation.

Nature herself has assigned to every motion of the soul its peculiar cast of the countenance, tone of voice, and manner of gesture, through the whole person; all the features of the face and tones of the voice answer, like strings upon musical instruments, to the impressions made on them by the mind. Thus the sounds of the voice, according to the various touches which raise them, form themselves into an acute or grave, quick or slow, loud or soft tone. These too may be subdivided into various kinds of tones, as the gentle, the rough, the contracted, the diffuse, the continued, the intermitted, the broken, abrupt, winding, softened, or elevated. Every one of these may be employed with art and judgment; and all supply the actor, as colours do the painter, with an expressive variety.

Anger exerts its peculiar voice in an acute, raised, and hurrying sound. The passionate character of king Lear, as it is admirably drawn by Shakspeare, abounds with the strongest instances of this kind.

—'Death! Confusion!
Fiery! what quality?—why Gloster! Gloster!
I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall and his wife.
Are they inform'd of this? my breath and blood!
Fiery! the fiery duke! &c.'———

Sorrow and complaint demand a voice quite different; flexible, slow, interrupted, and modulated in a mournful tone; as in that pathetical soliloquy of cardinal Wolsey on his fall.

'Farewell!—a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man!——to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls as I do.'

We have likewise a fine example of this in the whole part of Andromache in the Distrest Mother, particularly in these lines:

I'll go, and in the anguish of my heart
Weep o'er my child———If he must die, my life
Is wrapt in his, I shall not long survive:
'Tis for his sake that I have suffer'd life,
Groan'd in captivity, and out-lived Hector.
Yes, my Astynax, we'll go together!
Together to the realms of night we'll go;
There to thy ravish'd eyes thy sire I'll show,
And point him out among the shades below.'

Fear expresses itself in a low, hesitating, and abject sound. If the reader considers the following speech of lady Macbeth, while her husband is about the murder of Duncan and his grooms, he will imagine her even affrighted with the sound of her own voice while she is speaking it.

'Alas! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done; th' attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us—Hark!—I laid the daggers ready,
He could not miss them. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done it.'

Courage assumes a louder tone, as in that speech of Don Sebastian.

'Here satiate all your fury;
Let fortune empty her whole quiver on me;
I have a soul that like an ample shield
Can take in all, and verge enough for more.'

Pleasure dissolves into a luxurious, mild, tender, and joyous modulation; as in the following lines in Caius Marius:

'Lavinia! O there's music in the name,
That, softening me to infant tenderness,
Makes my heart spring like the first leaps of life.'

And perplexity is different from all these; grave, but not bemoaning, with an earnest uniform sound of voice; as in that celebrated speech of Hamlet:

'To be, or not to be!——that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them. To die, to sleep;
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache, and a thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd! To die, to sleep———
To sleep; perchance to dream! Ay, there's the rub.
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause—There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
Th' oppressor's wrongs, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardles bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life?
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather choose those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.'

As all these varieties of voice are to be directed by the sense, so the action is to be directed by the

voice, and with a beautiful propriety, as it were, to enforce it. The arm, which by a strong figure Tully calls the orator's weapon, is to be sometimes raised and extended, and the hand, by its motion, sometimes to lead, and sometimes to follow, the words as they are uttered. The stamping of the foot too has its proper expression in contention, anger, or absolute command. But the face is the epitome of the whole man, and the eyes are as it were the epitome of the face; for which reason, he says the best judges among the Romans were not extremely pleased even with Roscius himself in his mask. No part of the body, besides the face, is capable of as many changes as there are different emotions in the mind, and of expressing them all by those changes. Nor is this to be done without the freedom of the eyes; therefore Theophrastus called one, who barely rehearsed his speech with his eyes fixed, an 'absent actor.'

As the countenance admits of so great variety, it requires also great judgment to govern it. Not that the form of the face is to be shifted on every occasion, lest it turn to farce and buffoonery; but it is certain that the eyes have a wonderful power of marking the emotions of the mind, sometimes by a stedfast look, sometimes by a careless one, now by a sudden regard, then by a joyful sparkling, as the sense of the words is diversified: for action is, as it were, the speech of the features and limbs, and must therefore conform itself always to the sentiments of the soul. And it may be observed, that in all which relates to the gesture there is a wonderful force implanted by nature; since the vulgar, the unskilful, and even the most barbarous, are chiefly affected by this. None are moved by the

sound of words but those who understand the language; and the sense of many things is lost upon men of a dull apprehension: but action is a kind of universal tongue; all men are subject to the same passions, and consequently know the same marks of them in others, by which they themselves express them.

Perhaps some of my readers may be of opinion that the hints I have here made use of, out of Cicero, are somewhat too refined for the players in our theatre; in answer to which, I venture to lay it down as a maxim, that without good sense no one can be a good player, and that he is very unfit to personate the dignity of a Roman hero who cannot enter into the rules for pronunciation and gesture delivered by a Roman orator.

There is another thing which my author does not think too minute to insist on, though it is purely mechanical; and that is, the right pitching of the voice. On this occasion he tells the story of Gracchus, who employed a servant with a little ivory pipe to stand behind him and give him the right pitch, as often as he wandered too far from the proper modulation. 'Every voice,' says Tully, 'has its particular medium and compass; and the sweetness of speech consists in leading it through all the variety of tones naturally, and without touching any extreme. Therefore,' says he, 'leave the pipe at home, but carry the sense of this custom with you.'[n]

"*" At the Queen's theatre in the Hay-market will be presented on Saturday, Nov. 22, a new opera, never performed before, called The Faithful Shepherd, composed by Mr. Handel. The parts to be performed by signior cavaliero Valeriano Peregrini; signior Valentino Urbani; signiora

[n] By Mr. John Hughes. See No. 554, *ad initium.*

Pilotti Schiavonetti; signiora Margaretta de l'Epine; Mrs. Barbier, and Mr. Leveridge. See sir John Hawkins's History of Music, *passim*. Boxes 8*s*. Boxes on the stage, half-a-guinea; Pit, 5*s*. Gallery, 2*s*. 6*d*. No person to stand on the stage.—Spect. in folio.

No. 542. FRIDAY, November 21, 1712.

Et sibi præferri se gaudet—
Ovid. Met. ii. 430.

—He heard
Well pleas'd, himself before himself preferr'd.
Addison.

When I have been present in assemblies where my paper has been talked of, I have been very well pleased to hear those who would detract from the author of it observe, that the letters which are sent to the Spectator are as good, if not better, than any of his works. Upon this occasion many letters of mirth are usually mentioned, which some think the Spectator writ to himself, and which others commend because they fancy he received them from his correspondents. Such are those from the valetudinarian;[o] the inspector of the sign-posts;[p] the master of the fan-exercise;[q] with that to the hooped petticoat;[r] of Nicholas Hart the annual sleeper;[s] that from sir John Envil;[t] that upon the London Cries;[u] with multitudes of the same nature. As I love nothing more than to mortify the ill-natured, that I may do it effectually, I must acquaint them they have very often praised me when they did not design it, and that they have approved my writings when they thought they had derogated from them. I have heard several of these unhappy gentlemen proving, by undeni-

[o] See Spect. No. 25. [p] No. 28. [q] No. 102. [r] No. 109. No. 127. No. 140. [s] No. 184. [t] No. 298. [u] No. 251.

able arguments, that I was not able to pen a letter which I had written the day before. Nay, I have heard some of them throwing out ambiguous expressions, and giving the company reason to suspect that they themselves did me the honour to send me such and such a particular epistle, which happened to be talked of with the esteem or approbation of those who were present. These rigid critics are so afraid of allowing me any thing which does not belong to me, that they will not be positive whether the lion, the wild boar, and the flower-pots in the playhouse, did not actually write those letters which came to me in their names. I must therefore inform these gentlemen, that I often choose this way of casting my thoughts into a letter, for the following reasons. First, out of the policy of those who try their jest upon another, before they own it themselves. Secondly, because I would extort a little praise from such who will never applaud any thing whose author is known and certain. Thirdly, because it gave me an opportunity of introducing a great variety of characters into my work, which could not have been done had I always written in the person of the Spectator. Fourthly, because the dignity spectatorial would have suffered had I published as from myself those several ludicrous compositions which I have ascribed to fictitious names and characters. And lastly, because they often serve to bring in more naturally such additional reflections as have been placed at the end of them.

There are others who have likewise done me a very particular honour, though undesignedly. These are such who will needs have it that I have translated or borrowed many of my thoughts out of books

which are written in other languages. I have heard of a person, who is more famous for his library than his learning, that has asserted this more than once in his private conversation.* Were it true, I am sure he could not speak it from his own knowledge; but, had he read the books which he has collected, he would find this accusation to be wholly groundless. Those who are truly learned will acquit me in this point, in which I have been so far from offending, that I have been scrupulous, perhaps to a fault, in quoting the authors of several passages which I might have made my own. But, as this assertion is in reality an encomium on what I have publishsd, I ought rather to glory in it than endeavour to confute it.

Some are so very willing to alienate from me that small reputation that might accrue to me from any of these my speculations, that they attribute some of the best of them to those imaginary manuscripts with which I have introduced them. There are others I must confess, whose objections have given me a greater concern, as they seem to reflect, under this head, rather on my morality, than on my invention. These are they who say an author is guilty of falsehood, when he talks to the public of manuscripts which he never saw, or describes scenes of action or discourse in which he was never engaged. But these gentlemen would do well to consider, that there is not a fable or parable, which ever was made use of, that is not liable to this exception; since nothing, according to this notion, can be related innocently which was not once matter of

* The person here alluded to was most probably Mr. Thomas Rawlinson, ridiculed by Addison under the name of Tom Folio in the Tatler, No 158. See Tat. with notes, vol. iv. and note.

fact. Besides, I think the most ordinary reader may be able to discover, by my way of writing, what I deliver in these occurrences as truth, and what as fiction.

Since I am unawares engaged in answering the several objections which have been made against these my works, I must take notice that there are some who affirm a paper of this nature should always turn upon diverting subjects, and others who find fault with every one of them that hath not an immediate tendency to the advancement of religion or learning. I shall leave these gentlemen to dispute it out among themselves; since I see one half of my conduct patronized by each side. Were I serious on an improper subject, or trifling in a serious one, I should deservedly draw upon me the censure of my readers; or were I conscious of any thing in my writings that is not innocent at least, or that the greatest part of them were not sincerely designed to discountenance vice and ignorance, and support the interest of truth, wisdom and virtue, I should be more severe upon myself than the public is disposed to be. In the mean while I desire my reader to consider every particular paper or discourse as a distinct tract by itself, and independent of every thing that goes before or after it.

I shall end this paper with the following letter, which was really sent me, as some others have been which I have published, and for which I must own myself indebted to their respective writers.

'SIR,

'I was this morning in a company of your well-wishers, when we read over, with great satisfaction, Tully's observations on action adapted to

the British theatre; though, by the way, we were very sorry to find that you have disposed of another member of your club. Poor Sir Roger is dead, and the worthy clergyman dying; captain Sentry has taken possession of a fair estate; Will Honeycomb has married a farmer's daughter; and the Templar withdraws himself into the business of his own profession. What will all this end in? We are afraid it portends no good to the public. Unless you very speedily fix a day for the election of new members, we are under apprehensions of losing the British Spectator. I hear of a party of ladies who intend to address you on this subject; and I question not, if you do not give us the slip very suddenly, that you will receive addresses from all parts of the kingdom to continue so useful a work. Pray deliver us out of this perplexity; and, among the multitude of your readers, you will particularly oblige

'Your most sincere friend and servant,

O.[1] 'PHILO-SPEC.'

No. 543. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1712.

Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen—
OVID. Met. ii. 12.
Similar, tho' not the same—

THOSE who were skilful in anatomy among the ancients concluded, from the outward and inward make of an human body, that it was the work of a Being transcendently wise and powerful. As the

[1] By Addison, dated, it seems, from his office. See No. 7, *ad finem*.

world grew more enlightened in this art, their discoveries gave them fresh opportunities of admiring the conduct of Providence in the formation of an human body. Galen was converted by his dissections, and could not but own a Supreme Being upon a survey of this his handy-work. There were, indeed, many parts of which the old anatomists did not know the certain use; but, as they saw that most of those which they examined were adapted with admirable art to their several functions, they did not question but those, whose uses they could not determine, were contrived with the same wisdom for respective ends and purposes. Since the circulation of the blood has been found out, and many other great discoveries have been made by our modern anatomists, we see new wonders in the human frame, and discern several important uses for those parts, which uses the ancients knew nothing of. In short, the body of man is such a subject as stands the utmost test of examination. Though it appears formed with the nicest wisdom, upon the most superficial survey of it, it still mends upon the search, and produces our surprise and amazement in proportion as we pry into it. What I have here said of an human body may be applied to the body of every animal which has been the subject of anatomical observation.

The body of an animal is an object adequate to our senses. It is a particular system of Providence that lies in a narrow compass. The eye is able to command it, and by successive inquiries can search into all its parts. Could the body of the whole earth, or indeed the whole universe, be thus submitted to the examination of our senses, were it not too big and disproportioned for our inquiries, too

unwieldly for the managment of the eye and hand, there is no question but it would appear to us as curious and well contrived a frame as that of the human body. We should see the same concatenation and subserviency, the same necessity and usefulness, the same beauty and harmony, in all and every of its parts, as what we discover in the body of every single animal.

The more extended our reason is, and the more able to grapple with immense objects, the greater still are those discoveries which it makes of wisdom and providence in the work of the creation. A Sir Isaac Newton, who stands up as the miracle of the present age, can look through a whole planetary system; consider it in its weight, number and measure; and draw from it as many demonstrations of infinite power and wisdom, as a more confined understanding is able to deduce from the system of an human body.

But to return to our speculations on anatomy, I shall here consider the fabric and texture of the bodies of animals in one particular view; which, in my opinion, shows the hand of a thinking and all-wise Being in their formation, with the evidence of a thousand demonstrations. I think we may lay this down as an incontested principle, that chance never acts in a perpetual uniformity and consistence with itself. If one should always fling the same number with ten thousand dice, or see every throw just five times less, or five times more in number, than the throw which immediately preceded it, who would not imagine there is some invisible power which directs the cast? This is the proceeding which we find in the operations of nature. Every kind of animal is diversified by different magnitudes, each

of which gives rise to a different species. Let a man trace the dog or lion kind, and he will observe how many of the works of nature are published, if I may use the expression, in a variety of editions. If we look into the reptile world, or into those different kinds of animals that fill the element of water, we meet with the same repetition among several species, that differ very little from one another, but in size and bulk. You find the same creature that is drawn at large copied out in several proportions and ending in miniature. It would be tedious to produce instances of this regular conduct in Providence, as it would be superfluous to those who are versed in the natural history of animals. The magnificent harmony of the universe is such that we may observe innumerable divisions running upon the same ground. I might also extend this speculation to the dead parts of nature, in which we may find matter disposed into many similar systems, as well in our survey of stars and planets as of stones, vegetables, and other sublunary parts of the creation. In a word, Providence has shown the richness of its goodness and wisdom, not only in the production of many original species, but in the multiplicity of descants[a] which it has made on every original species in particular.

But to pursue this thought still farther. Every living creature considered in itself has many very complicated parts that are exact copies of some other parts which it possesses, and which are complicated in the same manner. One eye would have been sufficient for the subsistence and preservation of an

[a] Meant perhaps for descents, i. e. progress downwards. JOHNSON.

animal; but, in order to better his condition, we see another placed with a mathematical exactness in the same most advantageous situation, and in every particular of the same size and texture. Is it possible for chance to be thus delicate and uniform in her operations? Should a million of dice turn up together twice the same number, the wonder would be nothing in comparison with this. But when we see this similitude and resemblance in the arm, the hand, the fingers; when we see one half of the body entirely correspond with the other in all those minute strokes without which a man might have very well subsisted; nay, when we often see a single part repeated an hundred times in the same body, notwithstanding it consists of the most intricate weaving of numberless fibres, and these parts differing still in magnitude as the convenience of their particular situation requires: sure a man must have a strange cast of understanding, who does not discover the finger of God in so wonderful a work. These duplicates in those parts of the body, without which a man might have very well subsisted, though not so well as with them, are a plain demonstration of an all-wise Contriver; as those more numerous copyings which are found among the vessels of the same body are evident demonstrations that they could not be the work of chance. This argument receives additional strength, if we apply it to every animal and insect within our knowledge, as well as to those numberless living creatures that are objects too minute for an human eye; and if we consider how the several species in this whole world of life resemble one another in very many particulars, so far as is convenient for their respective states of existence, it is much more probable that an hundred

millions of dice should be casually thrown an hundred millions of times in the same number, than that the body of any single animal should be produced by the fortuitous concourse of matter. And that the like chance should arise in innumerable instances, requires a degree of credulity that is not under the direction of common sense. We may carry this consideration yet farther, if we reflect on the two sexes in every living species, with their resemblance to each other, and those particular distinctions that were necessary for the keeping up of this great world of life.

There are many more demonstrations of a Supreme Being, and of his transcendent wisdom, power, and goodness, in the formation of the body of a living creature, for which I refer my reader to other writings, particularly to the sixth book of the poem intitled Creation,[a] where the anatomy of the human body is described with great perspicuity and elegance. I have been particular on the thought which runs through this speculation, because I have not seen it enlarged upon by others. O.[b]

*** Mr. Taswell undertakes to accomplish persons of either sex, above the age of 14, in the Latin tongue, by their attendance only an hour a-day for three days in a week, in three months time from his first beginning to teach them, though they never learned the language before; by an easy pleasant method not requiring much study or pains, free from the tedious forms of schools, not in the least burthensome to the memory, tiresome to the patience, or incompatible with other business, &c.—Spect. in folio, No. 540.

[a] Creation. A poem by Sir Richard Blackmore. See Spect. No. 537, note; and No. 554.

[b] By Addison, dated, from his office. See final note to Nos. 7, and 221, and note on signatures.

No. 544. MONDAY, November 24, 1712.

Nunquam ita quisquam benè subductâ ratione ad vitam fuit,
Quin res, ætas, usus semper aliquid apportet novi,
Aliquid moneat: ut illa, quæ te scire credas, nescias:
Æt, quæ tibi putaris prima, in experiundo ut repudies.
Ter. Adelph. Act. v. Sc. 4.

No man was ever so completely skilled in the conduct of life, as not to receive new information from age and experience; insomuch that we find ourselves really ignorant of what we thought we understood, and see cause to reject what we fancied our truest interest.

There are, I think, sentiments in the following letter from my friend captain Sentry, which discover a rational and equal frame of mind, as well prepared for an advantageous as an unfortunate change of condition.

'SIR, 'Coverley-hall, Nov. 15, Worcestershire.

'I am come to the succession of the estate of my honoured kinsman, sir Roger de Coverley; and I assure you I find it no easy task to keep up the figure of master of the fortune which was so handsomely enjoyed by that honest plain man. I cannot (with respect to the great obligations I have, be it spoken) reflect upon his character, but I am confirmed in the truth which I have, I think, heard spoken at the club, to wit, that a man of a warm and well disposed heart, with a very small capacity, is highly superior in human society to him who with the greatest talents is cold and languid in his affections. But, alas! why do I make a difficulty in speaking of my worthy ancestor's failings? His little absurdities and incapacity for the conversation of the politest men are dead with him, and his greater qualities are even now useful to him. I know not whether by naming those disabilities I do not enhance his merit, since he has left behind him a repu-

tation in his country, which would be worth the pains of the wisest man's whole life to arrive at. By the way I must observe to you, that many of your readers have mistook that passage in your writings, wherein sir Roger is reported to have inquired into the private character of the young woman at the tavern.[c] I know you mentioned that circumstance as an instance of the simplicity and innocence of his mind, which made him imagine it a very easy thing to reclaim one of those criminals, and not as an inclination in him to be guilty with her. The less discerning of your readers cannot enter into that delicacy of description in the character: but indeed my chief business at this time is to represent to you my present state of mind, and the satisfaction I promise to myself in the possession of my new fortune. I have continued all sir Roger's servants, except such as it was a relief to dismiss into little beings within my manor. Those who are in a list of the good knight's own hand to be taken care of by me, I have quartered upon such as have taken new leases of me, and added so many advantages during the lives of the persons so quartered, that it is the interest of those whom they are joined with to cherish and befriend them upon all occasions. I find a considerable sum of ready money, which I am laying out among my dependents at the common interest, but with a design to lend it according to their merit rather than according to their ability. I shall lay a tax upon such as I have highly obliged, to become security to me for such of their own poor youth, whether male or female, as want help towards getting into

[c] See No. 410, written by Mr. Tickell, and signed with the ambiguous signature T. See final note. *Ibidem.*

some being in the world. I hope I shall be able to manage my affairs so as to improve my fortune every year by doing acts of kindness. I will lend my money to the use of none but indigent men, secured by such as have ceased to be indigent by the favour of my family or myself. What makes this the more practicable is, that if they will do any good with my money, they are welcome to it upon their own security: and I make no exceptions against it, because the persons who enter into the obligations do it for their own family. I have laid out four thousand pounds this way, and it is not to be imagined what a crowd of people are obliged by it. In cases where sir Roger has recommended, I have lent money to put out children, with a clause which makes void the obligation in case the infant dies before he is out of his apprenticeship; by which means the kindred and masters are extremely careful of breeding him to industry, that he may repay it himself by his labour, in three years journey-work after his time is out, for the use of his securities. Opportunities of this kind are all that have occurred since I came to my estate; but I assure you I will preserve a constant disposition to catch at all the occasions I can to promote the good and happiness of my neighbourhood.

'But give me leave to lay before you a little establishment which has grown out of my past life, that I doubt not will administer great satisfaction to me in that part of it, whatever that is, which is to come.

'There is a prejudice in favour of the way of life to which a man has been educated, which I know not whether it would not be faulty to overcome. It is like a partiality to the interest of one's own coun-

try before that of any other nation. It is from an habit of thinking, grown upon me from my youth spent in arms, that I have ever held gentlemen, who have preserved modesty, good-nature, justice and humanity in a soldier's life, to be the most valuable and worthy persons of the human race. To pass through imminent dangers, suffer painful watchings, frightful alarms, and laborious marches, for the greater part of a man's time, and pass the rest in sobriety conformable to the rules of the most virtuous civil life, is a merit too great to deserve the treatment it usually meets with among the other part of the world. But I assure you, Sir, were there not very many who have this worth, we could never have seen the glorious events which we have in our days. I need not say more to illustrate the character of a soldier, than to tell you he is the very contrary to him you observe loud, saucy, and over-bearing, in a red-coat about town. But I was going to tell you, that, in honour to the profession of arms, I have set apart a certain sum of money for a table for such gentlemen as have served their country in the army, and will please from time to time to sojourn all, or any part of the year, at Coverley. Such of them as will do me that honour shall find horses, servants, and all things necessary for their accommodation and enjoyment of all the conveniences of life in a pleasant various country. If colonel Camperfelt [d] be in town, and his abilities are not employed another way in the service, there is no man would be more welcome here. That gentleman's thorough

[d] Colonel Camperfelt. Spect. in folio. A fine compliment to the father of the late worthy admiral Kempenfelt who was drowned in the Royal George at Spithead, Aug. 29, 1782.

knowledge in his profession, together with the simplicity of his manners and goodness of his heart, would induce others like him to honour my abode; and I should be glad my acquaintance would take themselves to be invited or not, as their characters have an affinity to his.

'I would have all my friends know, that they need not fear (though I am become a country gentleman) I will trespass against their temperance and sobriety. No, Sir, I shall retain so much of the good sentiments for the conduct of life, which we cultivated in each other at our club, as to contemn all inordinate pleasures; but particularly remember, with our beloved Tully, that the delight in food consists in desire, not satiety. They who most passionately pursue pleasure seldomest arrive at it. Now I am writing to a philosopher, I cannot forbear mentioning the satisfaction I took in the passage I read yesterday in the same Tully. A nobleman of Athens made a compliment to Plato the morning after he had supped at his house. "Your entertainments do not only please when you give them, but also the day after."

'I am, my worthy friend,

'Your most obedient humble servant,

T.[c] 'WILLIAM SENTRY.'

*** At Drury-lane, on Tuesday, November 25, the Distrest Mother. Pyrrhus, by Mr. Booth; Orestes, by Mr. Powell; Pylades, by Mr. Mills. Andromache, by Mrs. Oldfield; Hermione, by Mrs. Porter: with the epilogue.—Spect. in folio.

[c] By Steele. See final note to No. 324, from which it appears that T was at times the signature likewise of Mr. T. Tickell.

No. 545. TUESDAY, November 25, 1712.

Quin potiùs pacem æternam pactosque hymenæos.
Exercemus—

Virg. Æn. iv. 99.

Let us in bonds of lasting peace unite,
And celebrate the hymeneal rite.

I cannot but think the following letter from the emperor of China to the pope of Rome, proposing a coalition of the Chinese and Roman churches, will be acceptable to the curious. I must confess, I myself being of opinion that the emperor has as much authority to be interpreter to him he pretends to expound, as the pope has to be a vicar of the sacred person he takes upon him to represent, I was not a little pleased with their treaty of alliance. What progress the negotiation between his majesty of Rome and his holiness of China makes (as we daily writers say upon subjects where we are at a loss), time will let us know. In the mean time, since they agree in the fundamentals of power and authority, and differ only in matters of faith, we may expect the matter will go on without difficulty.

Copia di Lettera del Re della China al Papa, interpretata dal Padre Segretario dell' India della Compagnia di Giesu.

'*A Voi Benedetto sopra i benedetti P. P. ed interpretatore grande de Pontifici e Pastore Xmo dispensatore del' oglio de i Ré d' Europe Clemente XI.*

'Il Favorito amico di Dio Gionata 7° Potentissimo sopra tutti i potentissimi della terra, altissimo so

pra tutti gl' Altissimi sotto il sole e la luna, che sude nel la sede di smeraldo della China sopra cento scalini d'oro, ad interpretare la lingua di Dio a tutti i descendenti fedeli d' Abramo, che de la vita e la morte a cento quindici regni, ed a cento settante isole, scrive con la penna dello Struzzo vergine, e manda salute ed accresimento di vecchiezza.

'Essendo arrivato il tempo in cui il fiore della reale nostro gioventu deve maturare i frutti della nostra vectuezza, e confortare con quell' i desiderii de i populi nostri divoti, e propagare il seme di quella pianta che deve proteggerli, habbiamo stabillito d'accompagnarci con una virgine eccelsa ed amorosa allatatta alla mamella della leonessa forte e dell' agnella mansueta. Percio essendo ci stato figurato sempre il vostro populo Europeo Romano per paese di donne invitte, i forte, e caste; allongiamo la nostra mano potente, a stringere una di loro, e questa sarà una vostra nipote, o nipote di qualche altrograri Sacerdote Latino, che sia quardata dall', occhio dritto di Dio, sara seminata in lei l'autorita di Sarra, la fedelta d' Esther, e la sapienza di Abba; la vogliamo con l' occhio che guarda il ciclo, e la terra, e con la bocca della Conchiglia che si pasce della ruggiada del matino. La sua eta non passi ducento corsi della luna, la sua statura si alta quanto la spicca dritta del grano verde, e la sua grossezza quanto unmanipolo di grano secco. Noi la mandaremmo a vestire per li nostri mandatici Ambasciadori, e chi la conduranno a noi, e noi incontraremmo alla riva del siume grande facendola salire sue nostro cocchio. Ella potra adorare appresso di noi il suo Dio, con venti quatro altre a suo ellezzione e potre cantare con loro come la Tottora alla primavera.

'Sodisfando noi Padre e amico nostro questa nostra bama, sarete caggione di unire in perpetua amicitia cotesti vostri Regni d'Europa al nostro dominante Imperio, e si abbracciranno le vostri leggi comme l'edera abbraccia la pianta e noi medesemi spargeremo del nostro seme reale in conteste Provincei, riscaldando i letti di vostri Principi con il fuoco amoroso delle nostre Amazoni, d'alcune delle quali i nostro mandatici Ambasciadori vi porteranno le somiglianza dipinte. Vi Confirmiamo di tenere in pace le due buone religiose famiglie delli Missionarii gli' figlioli d'Ignazio, e li bianchi e neri figlioli di Dominico il cui consiglio, degl' uni e degl' altri ci serve di scorta nel nostro regimento e di lume ad interpretare le divine Legge come appuncto fa lume l' oglio che si getta in mare. In tanto Alzandoci dal nostro Trono per abbracciarvi, vidi chiariamo nostro conguinto e confederato ed ordiniamo che questo foglio sia segnato col nostro Segno Imperiale dalla nostra Citta, Capo del Mondo, il quinto giorno della terza lunatione l'anno quarto del nostro imperio.

'Sigillo e un sole nelle cui faccia e anche quella della luna ed intorno tra i Raggi vi sono traposte alcune Spada.

'Dico il traduttore che secondo il ceremonial di questo lettere e recedentissimo specialmente Fessere scritto con la penna dello Struzzo-virgine con la quelle non sogliosi scrivere quei Re che le pregiere a Dio e scrivendo a qualche altro Principe del Mondo, la maggior Finezza che usino, e scrivergli con la penna del Pavone.'

A letter from the emperor of China to the pope, interpreted by a father Jesuit, secretary of the Indies.

'*To you blessed above the blessed, great emperor of bishops and pastor of Christians, dispenser of the oil of the kings of Europe, Clement XI.*

'The favourite friend of God, Gionatta the VIIth, the most powerful above the most powerful of the earth, highest above the highest under the sun and moon, who sits on a throne of emerald of China, above 100 steps of gold, to interpret the language of God to the faithful, and who gives life and death to 115 kingdoms and 170 islands; he writes with the quill of a virgin ostrich, and sends health and increase of old age.

'Being arrived at the time of our age, in which the flower of our royal youth ought to ripen into fruit towards old age, to comfort therewith the desire of our devoted people, and to propagate the seed of that plant which must protect them; we have determined to accompany ourselves with an high amorous virgin, suckled at the breast of a wild lioness, and a meek lamb; and, imagining with ourselves that your European Roman people is the father of many unconquerable and chaste ladies, we stretch out our powerful arm to embrace one of them, and she shall be one of your nieces, or the niece of some other great Latin priest, the darling of God's right eye. Let the authority of Sarah be sown in her, the fidelity of Esther, and the wisdom of Abba. We would have her eye like that of a dove, which may look upon heaven and earth, with the mouth of a shell-fish to feed upon the dew of the morning; her age must not exceed 200 courses of the moon; let

her stature be equal to that of an ear of green corn, and her girth a handful.

'We will send our mandarines ambassadors to clothe her, and to conduct her to us, and we will meet her on the bank of the great river, making her to leap up into our chariot. She may with us worship her own god, together with twenty-four virgins of her own choosing; and she may sing with them as the turtle in the spring. You, O father and friend, complying with this our desire, may be an occasion of uniting in perpetual friendship our high empire with your European kingdoms, and we may embrace your laws as the ivy embraces the tree; and we ourselves may scatter our royal blood into your provinces; warming the chief of your princes with the amorous fire of our Amazons, the resembling pictures of some of which our said mandarines ambassadors shall convey to you.

'We exhort you to keep in peace two good religious families of missionaries, the black[f] sons of Ignatius, and the white and black sons of Dominicus, that the counsel, both of the one and the other, may serve as a guide to us in our government, and a light to interpret the divine law, as the oil cast into the sea produces light.

'To conclude: we rising up in our throne to embrace you, we declare you our ally and confederate; and have ordered this leaf to be sealed with our imperial signet; in our royal city the head of the world. The eighth day of the third lunation, and the fourth year of our reign.'

Letters from Rome say, the whole conversation,

[f] Not in the Italian original, of the posterior editions, though in the Spect. in folio.

both among gentlemen and ladies, has turned upon the subject of this epistle, ever since it arrived. The jesuit who translated it says, it loses much of the majesty of the original in the Italian. It seems there was an offer of the same nature made by a predecessor of the present emperor to Lewis XIII. of France, but no lady of that court would take the voyage, that sex not being at that time so much used in politic negotiations. The manner of treating the pope is, according to the Chinese ceremonial, very respectful: for the emperor writes to him with the quill of a virgin ostrich, which was never used before but in writing prayers.[g] Instructions are preparing for the lady who shall have so much zeal as to undertake this pilgrimage, and be an empress for the sake of her religion. The principal of the Indian missionaries has given in a list of the reigning sins in China, in order to prepare the indulgencies necessary to this lady and her retinue, in advancing the interests of the Roman catholic religion in those kingdoms.[h]

'TO THE SPECTATOR GENERAL.

'May it please your Honour,

I HAVE of late seen French hats of a prodigious magnitude pass by my observatory.

T.[i] 'JOHN SLY.'

[g] To any other prince, it is said in the untranslated part of the letter, that the emperor would have written with the pen of a peacock.

[h] The whole paper is a banter on the most immoral practices of the jesuit missionaries in China, their impious abominable corruptions, profanations, denials, &c. of Christianity, of which the curious reader may see authentic instances and proofs in Paschal's eloquent Lettres Provinciales, and in the Hist. Gen. des Voyages, *passim*, 4to. xix tomes.

[i] By Steele. See No. 324, *ad fin.* and No. 526, and note.

*** At the Hay-market, Wednesday, Nov. 26, The Faithful Shepherd. an opera composed by Mr. Hendel. Performed by S. Cavaliero V. Pellegrini, S. Valent. Urbani, signora M. de L'Epine, Mrs. Barbier, and Mr. Leveridge. See sir J. Hawkin's Hist. of Music, *passim*.

No. 546. WEDNESDAY, November 26, 1712.

Omnia patefacienda, ut ne quid omnino quod venditor norit, emptor ignoret.
TULL.

Everything should be fairly told, that the buyer may not be ignorant of any thing which the seller knows.

It gives me very great scandal to observe, whereever I go, how much skill, in buying all manner of goods, there is necessary to defend yourself from being cheated in whatever you see exposed to sale. My reading makes such a strong impression upon me, that I should think myself a cheat in my way, if I should translate any thing from another tongue, and not acknowledge it to my readers. I understood from common report, that Mr. Cibber was introducing a French play upon our stage, and thought myself concerned to let the town know what was his and what was foreign.[k] When I came to the rehearsal, I found the house so partial to one of their own fraternity, that they gave every thing which was said such grace, emphasis, and force in their action, that it was no easy matter to make any judgment of the performance. Mrs. Oldfield,[l] who, it seems, is the heroic daughter, had so just a conception of her part, that her action made what she spoke appear decent, just, and noble. The passions of terror and compassion they made me believe were

[k] Ximena, or the Heroic Daughter; a tragedy taken from the Cid of Racine, by C. Cibber.

[l] See Tat. Nos. 212, 239, verses, &c.

very artfully raised, and the whole conduct of the play artful and surprising. We authors do not much relish the endeavours of players in this kind; but have the same disdain as physicians and lawyers have when attorneys and apothecaries give advice. Cibber himself took the liberty to tell me that he expected I would do him justice, and allow the play well prepared for his spectators, whatever it was for his readers. He added very many particulars not uncurious concerning the manner of taking an audience, and laying wait not only for their superficial applause, but also for insinuating into their affections and passions, by the artful management of the look, voice, and gesture of the speaker. I could not but consent that the Heroic Daughter appeared in the rehearsal a moving entertainment wrought out of a great and exemplary virtue.

The advantages of action, show, and dress, on these occasions, are allowable, because the merit consists in being capable of imposing upon us to our advantage and entertainment. All that I was going to say about the honesty of an author in the sale of his ware was, that he ought to own all that he had borrowed from others, and lay in a clear light all that he gives his spectators for their money, with an account of the first manufactures. But I intended to give the lecture of this day upon the common and prostituted behaviour of traders in ordinary commerce. The philosopher made it a rule of trade, that your profit ought to be the common profit; and it is unjust to make any step towards gain, wherein the gain of even those to whom you sell is not consulted. A man may deceive himself if he thinks fit, but he is no better than a cheat who sells any thing without telling the exceptions

against it, as well as what is to be said to its advantage. The scandalous abuse of language and hardening of conscience, which may be observed every day in going from one place to another, is what makes a whole city to an unprejudiced eye a den of thieves. It was no small pleasure to me for this reason to remark, as I passed by Cornhill, that the shop of that worthy, honest, though lately unfortunate citizen, Mr. John Morton,[m] so well known in the linen trade, is fitting up anew. Since a man has been in a distressed condition, it ought to be a great satisfaction to have passed through it in such a manner as not to have lost the friendship of those who suffered with him, but to receive an honourable acknowledgment of his honesty from those very persons to whom the law had consigned his estate.

The misfortune of this citizen is like to prove of a very general advantage to those who shall deal with him hereafter: for the stock with which he now sets up being the loan of his friends, he cannot expose that to the hazards of giving credit, but enters into a ready-money trade, by which means he will both buy and sell the best and cheapest. He imposes upon himself a rule of affixing the value of each piece he sells to the piece itself; so that the most ignorant servant or child will be as good a buyer at his shop as the most skilful in the trade. For all which, you have all his hopes and fortune for your security. To encourage dealing after this way, there is not only the avoiding the most infamous guilt in ordinary bartering; but this observation that he who buys with ready money saves as

[m] See Spect. No. 248, where the letter 'I have heard of the casualties &c.' was written by sir William Scawin. See also Spect. No. 346.

much to his family as the state exacts out of his land for the security and service of his country; that is to say, in plain English, sixteen will do as much as twenty shillings.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'My heart is so swelled with grateful sentiments on account of some favours which I have lately received, that I must beg leave to give them utterance amongst the crowd of other anonymous correspondents; and writing, I hope, will be as great a relief to my forced silence, as it is to your natural taciturnity. My generous benefactor will not suffer me to speak to him in any terms of acknowledgment, but ever treats me as if he had the greatest obligations, and uses me with a distinction that is not to be expected from one so much my superior in fortune, years, and understanding. He insinuates, as if I had a certain right to his favours from some merit, which his particular indulgence to me has discovered; but that is only a beautiful artifice to lessen the pain an honest mind feels in receiving obligations when there is no probability of returning them.

'A gift is doubled when accompanied with such a delicacy of address; but what to me gives it an inexpressible value, is its coming from the man I most esteem in the world. It pleases me indeed, as it is an advantage and addition to my fortune; but when I consider it as an instance of that good man's friendship, it overjoys, it transports me; I look on it with a lover's eye, and no longer regard the gift, but the hand that gave it. For my friendship is so entirely void of any gainful views, that it often gives me pain to think it should have been

chargeable to him; and I cannot at some melancholy hours help doing his generosity the injury of fearing it should cool on this account, and that the last favour might be a sort of legacy of a departing friendship.

'I confess these fears seem very groundless and unjust, but you must forgive them to the apprehension of one possessed of a great treasure, who is frighted at the most distant shadow of danger.

'Since I have thus far opened my heart to you, I will not conceal the secret satisfaction I feel there, of knowing the goodness of my friend will not be unrewarded. I am pleased with thinking the providence of the Almighty hath sufficient blessings in store for him, and will certainly discharge the debt, though I am not made the happy instrument of doing it.

'However, nothing in my power shall be wanting to show my gratitude; I will make it the business of my life to thank him, and shall esteem (next to him) those my best friends who give me the greatest assistance in this good work. Printing this letter would be some little instance of my gratitude; and your favour herein will very much oblige

Nov. 24. 'Your most humble servant, &c.

T.[n] 'W. C.'

**** At Punch's theatre, The Blind Beggar of Bednal Green. No persons to be admitted with masks or riding-hoods, ('then the distinction of women of the town.') No money to be returned after the curtain is drawn up.—Spect. in folio.

[n] By Steele. See final note to No. 324, on the signature T. This letter appears to have been most commonly Steele's editorial mark to the papers transcribed, or made up from the letter-box, and sometimes the distinguishing signature of Mr. Thomas Tickell.

No. 547. THURSDAY, November 27, 1712.

Si vulnus tibi, monstratâ radice vel herbâ,
Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herba
Proficiente nihil curarier.

Hor. 2 Ep. ii. 149.

Suppose you had a wound, and one that show'd
An herb, which you apply'd but found no good;
Wou'd you be fond of this, increase your pain,
And use the fruitless remedy again?

Creech.

It is very difficult to praise a man without putting him out of countenance. My following correspondent has found out this uncommon art, and, together with his friends, has celebrated some of my speculations after such a concealed but diverting manner, that if any of my readers think I am to blame in publishing my own commendations, they will allow I should have deserved their censure as much, had I suppressed the humour in which they are conveyed to me.

'SIR,

'I am often in a private assembly of wits of both sexes, where we generally descant upon your speculations, or upon the subjects on which you have treated. We were last Tuesday talking of those two volumes which you have lately published. Some were commending one of your papers, and some another; and there was scarce a single person in the company that had not a favourite speculation. Upon this a man of wit and learning told us, he thought it would not be amiss if we paid the Spectator the same compliment that is often made in our public prints to sir William Read, Dr.

Grant,[o] Mr. Moore the apothecary, and other eminent physicians, where it is usual for the patients to publish the cures which have been made upon them, and the several distempers under which they laboured. The proposal took, and the lady where we visited having the two last volumes[p] in large paper interleaved for her own private use, ordered them to be brought down, and laid in the window, whither every one in the company retired, and writ down a particular advertisement in the style and phrase of the like ingenious compositions which we frequently meet with at the end of our newspapers. When we had finished our work, we read them with a great deal of mirth at the fire side, and agreed, *nemine contradicente*, to get them transcribed and sent to the Spectator. The gentleman who made the proposal entered the following advertisement before the title page, after which the rest succeeded in order.

Remedium efficax et universum; or, an effectual remedy adapted to all capacities; showing how any person may cure himself of ill nature, pride, party-

[o] See Tatler with notes, Vol. vi. No. 224, p. 60, and note; p. 478, *et passim*, an account of sir William Read: Tat. Vol. ii. No. 55, and note on Dr. Grant, as he is here called, a noted oculist, who was an illiterate man, originally a cobbler, some say a tinker, and afterwards a preacher in a congregation of Baptists in the borough of Southwark, for which he is probably treated with additional acrimony by the author of a pamphlet, intitled 'A full and true account of a miraculous cure of a young man in Newington, who was born blind, and in five minutes brought to perfect sight, &c. 8vo. 1709. The relation contained in this pamphlet is altogether to the prejudice and disgrace of Grant, as the curious reader may see from the substance of it given faithfully in the Gent. Mag. for March 1787, p. 195, *et seq.* in a paper of additional notes to the Tat. signed Annotator. Moore was a vender of a worm-powder, that we are told in his advertisements brought off worms of incredible lengths.

[p] See Spect. No. 529, and note; and No. 537, *ad finem*.

spleen, or any other distemper incident to the human system, with an easy way to know when the infection is upon him. The panacea is as innocent as bread, agreeable to the taste, and requires no confinement. It has not its equal in the universe, as abundance of the nobility and gentry throughout the kingdom have experienced.

'N. B. No family ought to be without it.

Over the two Spectators on jealousy, being the two first in the third volume, Nos. 170, 171.

'I William Crazy, aged threescore and seven, having been for several years afflicted with uneasy doubts, fears, and vapours, occasioned by the youth and beauty of Mary my wife, aged twenty-five, do hereby, for the benefit of the public, give notice, that I have found great relief from the two following doses, having taken them two mornings together with a dish of chocolate. Witness my hand, &c.'

For the benefit of the Poor.

'In charity to such as are troubled with the disease of levee hunting, and are forced to seek their bread every morning at the chamber-doors of great men, I A. B. do testify, that for many years past I laboured under this fashionable distemper, but was cured of it by a remedy which I bought of Mrs. Baldwin, contained in a half sheet of paper marked No. 193, where any one may be provided with the same remedy at the price of a single penny.'

'An infallible cure for hypochondriac melancholy, Nos. 173, 184, 191, 203, 209, 221, 233, 235, 239, 245, 247, 251.

'*Probatum est.* CHARLES EASY.'

'I Christopher Query, having being troubled with a certain distemper in my tongue, which showed itself in impertinent and superfluous interrogatories, have not asked one unnecessary question since my perusal of the prescription marked No. 228.'

'The Britannic Beautifier,[q] being an essay on modesty, No. 231, which gives such a delightful blushing colour to the cheeks of those that are white or pale, that it is not to be distinguished from a natural fine complexion, nor perceived to be artificial by the nearest friend, is nothing of paint, or in the least hurtful. It renders the face delightfully handsome; is not subject to be rubbed off, and cannot be paralleled by either wash, powder, cosmetic, &c. It is certainly the best beautifier in the world.

'Martha Gloworm.'

'I Samuel Self, of the parish of St. James, having a constitution which naturally abounds with acids, made use of a paper of directions marked No. 177, recommending a healthful exercise called good-nature, and have found it a most excellent sweetener of the blood.'

'Whereas, I Elizabeth Rainbow was troubled with that distemper in my head, which about a year ago was pretty epidemical among the ladies, and discovered itself in the colour of their hoods, having made use of the doctor's cephalic tincture, which he exhibited to the public in one of his last year's papers. I recovered in a very few days.'

[q] Translated from the advertisement of the Red Bavarian Liquor — Spect. in folio No. 545.

'I George Gloom, having for a long time been troubled with the spleen, and being advised by my friends to put myself into a course of Steele, did for that end make use of remedies conveyed to me several mornings, in short letters, from the hands of the invisible doctor. They were marked at the bottom Nathaniel Henroost, Alice Threadneedle, Rebecca Nettletop, Tom Loveless, Mary Meanwell, Thomas Smoaky, Anthony Freeman, Tom Meggot, Rustick Sprightly, &c. which have had so good an effect upon me, that I now find myself cheerful, lightsome, and easy; and therefore do recommend them to all such as labour under the same distemper.'

Not having room to insert all the advertisements which were sent me, I have only picked out some few from the third volume, reserving the fourth for another opportunity.

O.[r]

*** At Drury-lane, Thursday, No. 27, Love for Love. Ben, by Mr. Dogget.

††† Loss of memory certainly cured by an electuary, that strikes at the prime cause, which few apprehend, of forgetfulness, &c.—Spect. in folio, No. 149.

[r] By Addison, dated, it seems, from his office. See final note to No. 5, and No. 221, on signatures.

No. 548. FRIDAY, November 28, 1712.

—Vitiis nemo sine nascitur; optimus ille
Qui minimis urgetur.—

Hor. 1 Sat. iii. 68.

There's none but has some fault, and he's the best,
Most virtuous he, that's spotted with the least.

Creech.

'MR. SPECTATOR, Nov. 27, 1712.

'I have read this day's paper with a great deal of pleasure, and could send you an account of several elixirs and antidotes in your third volume, which your correspondents have not taken notice of in their advertisements, and at the same time must own to you, that I have seldom seen a shop furnished with such a variety of medicaments, and in which there are fewer soporifics. The several vehicles you have invented for conveying your unacceptable truths to us, are what I most particularly admire, as I am afraid they are secrets which will die with you. I do not find that any of your critical essays are taken notice of in this paper, notwithstanding I look upon them to be excellent cleansers of the brain, and could venture to superscribe them with an advertisement which I have lately seen in one of our newspapers, wherein there is an account given of a sovereign remedy for restoring the taste to all such persons whose palates have been vitiated by distempers, unwholesome food, or any the like occasions. But to let fall the allusion, notwithstanding your criticisms, and particularly the candour which you have discovered in them, are not the least taking part of your works, I find your opinion concerning poetical justice, as it is expressed in the first part of your fortieth Spectator, is controverted by some

eminent critics; and as you now seem, to our great grief of heart, to be winding up your bottoms, I hoped you would have enlarged a little upon that subject. It is indeed but a single paragraph in your works, and I believe those who have read it with the same attention I have done, will think there is nothing to be objected against it. I have however drawn up some additional arguments to strengthen the opinion which you have there delivered, having endeavoured to go to the bottom of the matter, which you may either publish or suppress as you think fit.

'Horace in my motto says, that all men are vicious, and that they differ from one another only as they are more or less so. Boileau has given the same account of our wisdom, as Horace has of our virtue:

> "Tous les hommes sont fous et, malgré tous leurs soins,
> Ne diffèrent entre eux que de plus et du moins."

"All men," says he, "are fools, and in spite of their endeavours to the contrary, differ from one another only as they are more or less so."

'Two or three of the old Greek poets have given the same turn to a sentence which describes the happiness of man in this life;

> Τὸ ζῆν ἀλύπως, ἀνδρὸς ἐστὶν εὐτυχοῦ.

"That man is most happy who is the least miserable." It will not perhaps be unentertaining to the polite reader to observe how these three beautiful sentences are formed upon different subjects by the same way of thinking; but I shall return to the first of them.

"Our goodness being of a comparative and not

an absolute nature, there is none who in strictness can be called a virtuous man. Every one has in him a natural alloy, though one may be fuller of dross than another: for this reason I cannot think it right to introduce a perfect or a faultless man upon the stage; not only because such a character is improper to move compassion, but because there is no such a thing in nature. This might probably be one reason why the Spectator in one of his papers took notice of that late invented term called poetical justice, and the wrong notions into which it has led some tragic writers. The most perfect man has vices enough to draw down punishments upon his head, and to justify Providence in regard to any miseries that may befall him. For this reason I cannot think but that the instruction and moral are much finer, where a man who is virtuous in the main of his character falls into distress, and sinks under the blows of fortune at the end of a tragedy, than when he is represented as happy and triumphant. Such an example corrects the insolence of human nature, softens the mind of the beholder with sentiments of pity and compassion, comforts him under his own private affliction, and teaches him not to judge of men's virtues by their successes. I cannot think of one real hero in all antiquity so far raised above human infirmities, that he might not be very naturally represented in a tragedy as plunged in misfortunes and calamities. The poet may still find out some prevailing passion or indiscretion in his character, and show it in such a manner as will sufficiently acquit the gods of any injustice in his sufferings. For, as Horace observes in my text, the best man is faulty, though not in so great a degree as those whom we generally call vicious men.

'If such a strict poetical justice as some gentlemen insist upon was to be observed in this art, there is no manner of reason why it should not extend to heroic poetry as well as tragedy. But we find it so little observed in Homer, that his Achilles is placed in the greatest point of glory and success, though his character is morally vicious, and only poetically good, if I may use the phrase of our modern critics. The Æneid is filled with innocent, unhappy persons, Nisus and Euryalus, Lausus and Pallas, come all to unfortunate ends. The poet takes notice in particular, that, in the sacking of Troy, Ripheus fell, who was the most just man among the Trojans.

"— Cadit et Ripheus justissimus unus,
Qui fuit in Teucris, et servantissimus æqui:
Diis aliter visum est—"

Æn. ii. 426.

And that Pantheus could neither be preserved by his transcendent piety, nor by the holy fillets of Apollo, whose priest he was.

"— Nec te tua plurima, Pantheu,
Labentem pietas, nec Apollinis infula texit.

Ibid. ver. 429.

I might here mention the practice of ancient tragic poets, both Greek and Latin; but as this particular is touched upon in the paper above-mentioned, I shall pass it over in silence. I could produce passages out of Aristotle in favour of my opinion; and if in one place he says that an absolutely virtuous man should not be represented as unhappy, this does not justify any one who shall think fit to bring in an absolutely virtuous man upon the stage. Those who are acquainted with that author's way of writing

know very well, that, to take the whole extent of his subject into his divisions of it, he often makes use of such cases as are imaginary, and not reducible to practice. He himself declares that such tragedies as ended unhappily bore away the prize in theatrical contentions, from those which ended happily: and for the fortieth speculation, which I am now considering, as it has given reasons why these are more apt to please an audience, so it only proves that these are generally preferable to the other, though at the same time it affirms that many excellent tragedies have and may be written in both kinds.

'I shall conclude with observing, that though the Spectator above-mentioned is so far against the rule of poetical justice, as to affirm that good men may meet with an unhappy catastrophe in tragedy, it does not say that ill men may go off unpunished. The reason for this distinction is very plain; namely, because the best of men are vicious enough to justify Providence for any misfortunes and afflictions which may befall them; but there are many men so criminal that they can have no claim or pretence to happiness. The best of men may deserve punishment, but the worst of men cannot deserve happiness."[8]

"*** At Drury-lane, on Saturday, November 29, a new tragedy, never acted but once, called The Heroic Daughter.—Spect. in folio, No. 546, and note.

[8] No. 548, has no signature either in the Spect. in folio, or in the editions of 1712 in 8vo. and 12mo.

No. 549. TUESDAY, November 29, 1712.

Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici.
Laudo tamen.—

Juv. Sat. iii. 1.

Tho' griev'd at the departure of my friend,
His purpose of retiring I commend.

I believe most people begin the world with a resolution to withdraw from it into a serious kind of solitude or retirement when they have made themselves easy in it. Our happiness is, that we find out some excuse or other for deferring such our good resolutions until our intended retreat is cut off by death. But among all kinds of people there are none who are so hard to part with the world as those who are grown old in the heaping up of riches. Their minds are so warped with their constant attention to gain, that it is very difficult for them to give their souls another bent, and convert them towards those objects, which, though they are proper for every stage of life, are so more especially for the last. Horace describes an old usurer as so charmed with the pleasures of a country life, that in order to make a purchase he called in all his money; but what was the event of it? Why in a very few days after he put it out again. I am engaged in this series of thought by a discourse which I had last week with my worthy friend sir Andrew Freeport, a man of so much natural eloquence, good sense, and probity of mind, that I always hear him with a particular pleasure. As we were sitting together, being the sole remaining members of our club, sir Andrew gave me an account of the many busy scenes of life in which he had been engaged, and at the same time reckoned up to me abundance of those lucky hits, which at another time

he would have called pieces of good fortune; but in the temper of mind he was then he termed them mercies, favours of Providence, and blessings upon an honest industry. 'Now,' says he, 'you must know, my good friend, I am so used to consider myself as creditor and debtor, that I often state my accounts after the same manner with regard to heaven and my own soul. In this case, when I look upon the debtor side, I find such innumerable articles, that I want arithmetic to cast them up; but when I look upon the creditor side, I find little more than blank paper. Now, though I am very well satisfied that it is not in my power to balance accounts with my Maker, I am resolved however to turn all my future endeavours that way. You must not therefore be surprised, my friend, if you hear that I am betaking myself to a more thoughtful kind of life, and if I meet you no more in this place.'

I could not but approve so good a resolution, notwithstanding the loss I shall suffer by it. Sir Andrew has since explained himself to me more at large in the following letter, which is just come to my hands.

'GOOD MR. SPECTATOR,

'NOTWITHSTANDING my friends at the club have always rallied me when I have talked of retiring from business, and repeated to me one of my own sayings, that "a merchant has never enough until he has got a little more;" I can now inform you, that there is one in the world who thinks he has enough, and is determined to pass the remainder of his life in the enjoyment of what he has. You know me so well, that I need not tell you, I mean, by the enjoyment of my possessions, the making of

them useful to the public. As the greatest part of my estate has been hitherto of an unsteady and volatile nature, either tost upon seas or fluctuating in funds, it is now fixed and settled in substantial acres and tenements. I have removed it from the uncertainty of stocks, winds, and waves, and disposed of it in a considerable purchase. This will give me great opportunity of being charitable in my way, that is, in setting my poor neighbours to work, and giving them a comfortable subsistence out of their own industry. My gardens, my fish ponds, my arable and pasture grounds, shall be my several hospitals, or rather work-houses, in which I propose to maintain a great many indigent persons, who are now starving in my neighbourhood. I have got a fine spread of improveable lands, and in my own thoughts am already ploughing up some of them, fencing others, planting woods, and draining marshes. In fine, as I have my share in the surface of this island, I am resolved to make it as beautiful a spot as any in her majesty's dominions; at least there is not an inch of it which shall not be cultivated to the best advantage, and do its utmost for its owner. As in my mercantile employment I so disposed of my affairs, that, from whatever corner of the compass the wind blew, it was bringing home one or other of my ships; I hope as a husbandman to contrive it so, that not a shower of rain, or a glimpse of sunshine, shall fall upon my estate without bettering some part of it, and contributing to the products of the season. You know it has been hitherto my opinion of life, that it is thrown away when it is not some way useful to others. But when I am riding out by myself, in the fresh air on the open heath that lies by my house, I find several other thoughts growing up in me. I

am now of opinion, that a man of my age may find business enough on himself, by setting his mind in order, preparing it for another world, and reconciling it to the thoughts of death. I must therefore acquaint you, that besides those usual methods of charity, of which I have before spoken, I am at this very instant finding out a convenient place where I may build an alms-house, which I intend to endow very handsomely for a dozen superannuated husbandmen. It will be a great pleasure to me to say my prayers twice a-day with men of my own years, who all of them, as well as myself, may have their thoughts taken up how they shall die, rather than how they shall live. I remember an excellent saying that I learned at school, *finis coronat opus*. You know best whether it be in Virgil or in Horace; it is my business to apply it. If your affairs will permit you to take the country air with me sometimes, you shall find an apartment fitted up for you, and shall be every day entertained with beef or mutton of my own feeding, fish out of my own ponds, and fruit out of my own gardens. You shall have free egress and regress about my house, without having any questions asked you; and, in a word, such an hearty welcome as you may expect from

'Your most sincere friend and humble servant,

'ANDREW FREEPORT.'

The club of which I am a member being entirely dispersed, I shall consult my reader next week upon a project relating to the institution of a new one.

O.[1]

[1] By Addison, dated, it is supposed, from his office. See final note to No. 5, on Addison's signatures, C, L, I, O; and No. 221.

No. 550. MONDAY, December 1, 1712.

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?
Hor. Ars Poet. 138.
In what will all this ostentation end?
Roscommon.

Since the late dissolution of the club, whereof I have often declared myself a member, there are very many persons who by letters, petitions, and recommendations, put up for the next election. At the same time I must complain, that several indirect and underhand practices have been made use of upon this occasion. A certain country gentleman began to *tap* upon the first information he received of sir Roger's death: when he sent me up word that, if I would get him chosen in the place of the deceased, he would present me with a barrel of the best October I had ever drank in my life. The ladies are in great pain to know whom I intend to elect in the room of Will Honeycomb. Some of them indeed are of opinion that Mr. Honeycomb did not take sufficient care of their interest in the club, and are therefore desirous of having in it hereafter a representative of their own sex. A citizen who subscribes himself Y. Z. tells me that he has one-and-twenty shares in the African company, and offers to bribe me with the odd one in case he may succeed sir Andrew Freeport, which he thinks would raise the credit of that fund. I have several letters, dated from Jenny Man's, by gentlemen who are candidates for captain Sentry's place; and as many from a coffee-house in Paul's church-yard of such who would fill up the vacancy occasioned by the death of my worthy friend the clergyman, whom I can never mention but with a particular respect.

Having maturely weighed these several particulars, with the many remonstrances that have been made to me on this subject, and considering how invidious an office I shall take upon me if I make the whole election depend upon my single voice, and being unwilling to expose myself to those clamours, which on such an occasion will not fail to be raised against me for partiality, injustice, corruption, and other qualities, which my nature abhors, I have formed to myself the project of a club as follows.

I have thoughts of issuing out writs to all and every of the clubs that are established in the cities of London and Westminster, requiring them to choose out of their respective bodies a person of the greatest merit, and to return his name to me before Lady-day, at which time I intend to sit upon business.

By this means I may have reason to hope, that the club over which I shall preside will be the very flower and quintessence of all other clubs. I have communicated this my project to none but a particular friend of mine, whom I have celebrated twice or thrice for his happiness in that kind of wit which is commonly known by the name of a pun. The only objection he makes to it is, that I shall raise up enemies to myself if I act with so regal an air, and that my detractors, instead of giving me the usual title of Spectator, will be apt to call me the King of Clubs.

But to proceed on my intended project: it is very well known that I at first set forth in this work with the character of a silent man; and I think I have so well preserved my taciturnity, that I do not remember to have violated it with three sentences

in the space of almost two years. As a monosyllable is my delight, I have made very few excursions in the conversations which I have related, beyond a Yes or a No. By this means my readers have lost many good things which I have had in my heart, though I did not care for uttering them.

Now in order to diversify my character, and to show the world how well I can talk if I have a mind, I have thoughts of being very loquacious in the club which I have now under consideration. But that I may proceed the more regularly in this affair, I design, upon the first meeting of the said club, to have my mouth opened in form; intending to regulate myself in this particular by a certain ritual which I have by me, that contains all the ceremonies which are practised at the opening of the mouth of a cardinal. I have likewise examined the forms which were used of old by Pythagoras, when any of his scholars, after an apprenticeship of silence, was made free of his speech. In the mean time, as I have of late found my name in foreign gazettes upon less occasions, I question not but in their next articles from Great Britain they will inform the world, that 'the Spectator's mouth is to be opened on the twenty-fifth of March next.' I may perhaps publish a very useful paper at that time of the proceedings in that solemnity, and of the persons who shall assist at it. But of this more hereafter.

O.[u]

*** The third day, for the benefit of the author, at Drury-lane, on Monday, December 1, a new tragedy called The Heroic Daughter.—See No. 546.

††† At the Hay-market, for the fourth time, an opera called The Faithful Shepherd, composed by Mr. Hendel. The parts performed by S. Cava-

[u] By Addison, dated, it seems, from his office. See No. 7, *ad finem*.

liero V. Pellegrini, S. Valentino Urbani, signora Pilotti Schiavonetti, signora M. de L'Epine, Mrs. Barbier, and Mr. Leveridge —Spect. in folio. See Tat. No. 150, note on Margarita de L'Epine.

No. 551. TUESDAY, December 2, 1712.

Sic honor et nomen divinis vatibus atque
Carminibus venit.—
Hor. Ars Poet. 400.

So ancient is the pedigree of verse,
And so divine a poet's function.
Roscommon.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'When men of worthy and excelling geniuses have obliged the world with beautiful and instructive writings, it is in the nature of gratitude that praise should be returned them, as one proper consequent reward of their performances. Nor has mankind ever been so degenerately sunk but they have made this return, and even when they have not been wrought up by the generous endeavour so as to receive the advantages designed by it. This praise, which arises first in the mouth of particular persons, spreads and lasts according to the merit of authors; and when it thus meets with a full success, changes its denomination, and is called fame. They who have happily arrived at this, are, even while they live, inflamed by the acknowledgments of others, and spurred on to new undertakings for the benefit of mankind, notwithstanding the detraction which some abject tempers would cast upon them: but when they decease, their characters being free from the shadow which envy laid them under, begin to shine with the greater splendour; their spirits survive in their works; they are admitted into the high-

est companies, and they continue pleasing and instructing posterity from age to age. Some of the best gain a character by being able to show that they are no strangers to them; and others obtain a new warmth to labour for the happiness and ease of mankind, from a reflection upon those honours which are paid to their memories.

'The thought of this took me up as I turned over those epigrams which are the remains of several of the wits of Greece, and perceived many dedicated to the fame of those who had excelled in beautiful poetic performances. Wherefore, in pursuance to my thought, I concluded to do something along with them to bring their praises into a new light and language, for the encouragement of those whose modest tempers may be deterred by the fear of envy or detraction from fair attempts, to which their parts might render them equal. You will perceive them as they follow to be conceived in the form of epitaphs, a sort of writing which is wholly set apart for a short-pointed method of praise.

ON ORPHEUS, WRITTEN BY ANTIPATER.

No longer, Orpheus, shall thy sacred strains
Lead stones, and trees, and beasts along the plains:
No longer sooth the boisterous wind to sleep,
Or still the billows of the raging deep:
For thou art gone, the Muses mourn'd thy fall
In solemn strains, thy mother most of all.
Ye mortals, idly for your sons ye moan,
If thus a goddess could not save her own."

'Observe here, that if we take the fable for granted, as it was believed to be in that age when the epigram was written, the turn appears to have piety to the gods, and a resigning spirit in its application.

But if we consider the point, with respect to our present knowledge, it will be less esteemed; though the author himself, because he believed it, may still be more valued than any one who should now write with a point of the same nature.

ON HOMER, BY ALPHEUS OF MYTILENE.

"Still in our ears Andromache complains,
And still in sight the fate of Troy remains;
Still Ajax fights, still Hector's dragged along,
Such strange enchantment dwells in Homer's song;
Whose birth could more than one poor realm adorn,
For all the world is proud that he was born."

'The thought in the first part of this is natural, and depending upon the force of poesy; in the latter part it looks as if it would aim at the history of seven towns contending for the honour of Homer's birth-place; but when you expect to meet with that common story, the poet slides by, and raises the whole world for a kind of arbiter, which is to end the contention amongst its several parts.

ON ANACREON, BY ANTIPATER.

"This tomb be thine, Anacreon; all around
Let ivy wreath, let flow'rets deck the ground:
And from its earth, enrich'd with such a prize,
Let wells of milk and streams of wine arise:
So will thine ashes yet a pleasure know,
If any pleasure reach the shades below."

'The poet here written upon is an easy gay author, and he who writes upon him has filled his own head with the character of his subject. He seems to love his theme so much, that he thinks of nothing but pleasing him as if he were still alive, by entering

into his libertine spirit; so that the humour is easy and gay, resembling Anacreon in its air, raised by such images, and painted with such a turn as he might have used. I give it a place here, because the author may have designed it for his honour; and I take an opportunity from it to advise others, that when they would praise they cautiously avoid every lower qualification, and fix only where there is a real foundation in merit.

ON EURIPIDES, BY ION.

"Divine Euripides, this tomb, we see
So fair, is not a monument for thee
So much as thou for it, since all will own
Thy name and lasting praise adorn the stone."

'The thought here is fine, but its fault is, that it is general, that it may belong to any great man, because it points out no particular character. It would be better if, when we light upon such a turn, we join it with something that circumscribes and bounds it to the qualities of our subject. He who gives his praise in gross, will often appear either to have been a stranger to those he writes upon, or not to have found any thing in them which is praiseworthy.

ON SOPHOCLES, BY SIMONIDES.

"Winde, gentle evergreen, to form a shade
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid;
Sweet ivy winde thy boughs, and intertwine
With blushing roses and the clust'ring vine:
Thus will thy lasting leaves, with beauties hung,
Prove grateful emblems of the lay he sung,
Whose soul, exalted like a god of wit,
Among the Muses and the Graces writ."

'This epigram I have opened more than any of the former; the thought towards the latter end seemed closer couched, so as to require an explication. I fancied the poet aimed at the picture which is generally made of Apollo and the Muses, he sitting with his harp in the middle, and they around him. This looked beautiful to my thought, and because the image arose before me out of the words of the original as I was reading it, I ventured to explain them so.

ON MENANDER, THE AUTHOR UNNAMED.

"The very bees, O sweet Menander, hung
To taste the Muses' spring upon thy tongue;
The very Graces made the scenes you writ
Their happy point of fine expression hit,
Thus still you live, you make your Athens shine,
And raise its glory to the skies in thine."

'This epigram has a respect to the character of its subject; for Menander writ remarkably with a justness and purity of language. It has also told the country he was born in, without either a set or a hidden manner, while it twists together the glory of the poet and his nation, so as to make the nation depend upon his for an increase of its own.

'I will offer no more instances at present to show that they who deserve praise have it returned them from different ages: let these which have been laid down show men that envy will not always prevail. And to the end that writers may more successfully enliven the endeavors of one another, let them consider in some such manner as I have attempted, what may be the justest spirit and art of praise. It is indeed very hard to come up to it. Our praise is tri-

fling when it depends upon fable; it is false when it depends upon wrong qualifications; it means nothing when it is general; it is extremely difficult to hit when we propose to raise characters high, while we keep to them justly. I shall end this with transcribing that excellent epitaph of Mr. Cowley, wherein, with a kind of grave and philosophic humour, he very beautifully speaks of himself (withdrawn from the world, and dead to all the interests of it) as of a man really deceased. At the same time it is an instruction how to leave the public with a good grace.

EPITAPHIUM VIVI AUTHORIS.

"Hic, O viator, sub lare parvulo
Couleius hic est conditus, hic jacet
Defunctus humani laboris
Sorte, supervacuaque vita;
Non indecora pauperie nitens,
Et non inerti nobilis otio,
Vanoque dilectis popello
Divitiis animosus hostis.
Possus ut illum dicere mortuum,
En terra jam nunc quantula sufficit!
Exempta sit curis, viator,
Terra sit illa levis, precare.
Hic sparge flores, sparge breces rosas,
Nam vita gaudet mortua floribus,
Herbisque odoratis corona
Vatis adhuc cinerem calentem."

THE LIVING AUTHOR'S EPITAPH.

"From life's superfluous cares enlarg'd,
His debt of human toil discharg'd,
Here Cowley lies, beneath this shed,
To ev'ry worldly int'rest dead:
With decent poverty content;
His hours of ease not idly spent;

To fortune's goods a foe profess'd,
And, hating wealth, by all caress'd.
'Tis sure, he's dead! for lo! how small
A spot of earth is now his all!
O! wish that earth may lightly lay,
And ev'ry care be far away;
Bring flow'rs, the short liv'd roses bring,
To life deceas'd fit offering!
And sweets around the poet strow,
Whilst yet with life his ashes glow."

The publication of these criticisms having procured me the following letter from a very ingenious gentleman, I cannot forbear inserting it in the volume,[x] though it did not come soon enough to have a place in any of my single papers.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'HAVING read over in your paper, No. 551, some of the epigrams made by the Grecian wits in commendation of their celebrated poets, I could not forbear sending you another out of the same collection; which I take to be as great a compliment to Homer as any that has yet been paid him.

Τίς ποθ' τὴν Τροίης πόλεμον, &c.

"Who first transcrib'd the famous Trojan war,
And wise Ulysses' acts, O Jove, make known:
For since 'tis certain thine these poems are,
No more let Homer boast they are his own."

'If you think it worthy of a place in your speculations, for aught I know (by that means) it may in time be printed as often in English as it has already been in Greek. I am (like the rest of the world),

'SIR,

'Your great admirer,

'G. R.'

4th December.

[x] The translation of Cowley's epitaph, and all that follows, except the

The reader may observe that the beauty of this epigram is different from that of the foregoing. An irony is looked upon as the finest palliative of praise; and very often conveys the noblest panegyric under the appearance of satire. Homer is here seemingly accused and treated as a plagiary; but what is drawn up in the form of an accusation is certainly, as my correspondent observes, the greatest compliment that could have been paid to that divine poet.

'DEAR MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a gentleman of a pretty good fortune, and of a temper impatient of any thing which I think an injury; however I always quarrelled according to law, and, instead of attacking my adversary by the dangerous method of sword and pistol, I made my assaults by that more secure one of writ or warrant. I cannot help telling you that either by the justice of my causes or the superiority of my counsel, I have been generally successful; and, to my great satisfaction I can say it, that by three actions of slander and half a dozen trespasses, I have for several years enjoyed a perfect tranquillity in my reputation and estate: by these means also I have been made known to the judges; the serjeants of our circuit are my intimate friends; and the ornamental counsel pay a very profound respect to one who has made so great a figure in the law. Affairs of consequence having brought me to town, I had the curiosity the other day to visit Westminster-hall; and, having placed myself in one of the courts, expected to be most agreeably entertained. After the court

concluding letter signed Philonicus, was not printed in the Spect. in folio, but added in the 8vo. edition of 1712.

and counsel were with due ceremony seated, up stands a learned gentleman, and began, When this matter was last "stirred" before your lordships; the next humbly moved to "quash" an indictment; another complained that his adversary had "snapped" a judgment; the next informed the court that his client was "stripped" of his possessions; another begged leave to acquaint his lordship they had been "saddled" with costs. At last up got a grave serjeant, and told us his client had been "hung up a whole term by a writ of error." At this I could bear it no longer, but came hither, and resolved to apply myself to your honour to interpose with these gentlemen that they would leave off such low and unnatural expressions: for surely though the lawyers subscribe to hideous French and false Latin, yet they should let their clients have a little decent and proper English for their money. What man that has a value for a good name would like to have it said in a public court, that Mr. Such-a-one was stripped, saddled, or hung up? This being what has escaped your spectatorial observation, be pleased to correct such an illiberal cant among professed speakers, and you will infinitely oblige

'Your humble servant,

'PHILONICUS.'[y]

Joe's Coffee-house,
Nov. 28.

*** An entertainment by Mr. Clinch of Barnet, who imitates the flute, double curtel, the organ with three voices, the horn, huntsman and pack of hounds, the drunken man, the bells: all instruments are performed by his natural voice. To which is added, an Essex song by Mr. Clinch himself. To be seen this evening at seven o'clock at the Queen's Head tavern, Ludgate-hill. Price 1s.—Spect. in folio.

††† This day is published Posthumous Works of sir Thomas Browne, knt. late of Norwich, [author of Religio Medici, &c.] printed from his

[y] No. 551, is not lettered in the Spect. in folio, nor has it any signature in the 8vo. or 12mo. editions of 1712.

original MSS. To which is prefixed sir Thomas Browne's life. There is also added Antiquitates Capellæ D. Iohannis Evang., &c. Authore J. Burton, A. M. Printed for E. Curl, &c. price 6s.—Spect. in folio.

No. 552. WEDNESDAY, December 3, 1712.

—Qui prægravat artes
Infra se positas, extinctus amabitur idem.
Hor. 2 Ep. i. 13.

For those are hated that excel the rest,
Although, when dead, they are beloved and blest.
Creech.

As I was tumbling about the town the other day in a hackney-coach, and delighting myself with busy scenes in the shops of each side of me, it came into my head, with no small remorse, that I had not been frequent enough im the mention and recommendation of the industrious part of mankind. It very naturally upon this occasion touched my conscience in particular, that I had not acquitted myself to my friend Mr. Peter Motteux.[z] That industrious man of trade, and formerly brother of the quill, has dedicated to me a poem upon tea. It would injure him, as a man of business, if I did not let the world know that the author of so good verses writ them before he was concerned in traffic. In order to expiate my negligence towards him, I immediately resolved to make him a visit. I found his spacious warehouses filled and adorned with tea, China and Indian-ware. I could observe a beautiful ordonnance of the whole; and such different and considerable branches of trade carried on in the same house, I exulted in see-

[z] See Tatler with notes, vol. iii. No. 106, note; and Lond. Gaz. Nos. 2628, 2629, and 2630. He was found dead, Feb. 19, 1717–18, in a house of ill fame in Star-court, in Butcher-row, Temple-bar, and several circumstances made it strongly suspected that he was murdered.

ing disposed by a poetical head. In one place were exposed to view silks of various shades and colours, rich brocades, and the wealthiest product of foreign looms. Here you might see the finest laces held up by the fairest hands; and there, examined by the beauteous eyes of the buyers, the most delicate cambrics, muslins and linens. I could not but congratulate my friend on the humble, but I hoped beneficial, use he had made of his talents, and wished I could be a patron to his trade, as he had been pleased to make me of his poetry. The honest man has I know that modest desire of gain which is peculiar to those who understand better things than riches; and I dare say he would be contented with much less than what is called wealth at that quarter of the town which he inhabits, and will oblige all his customers with demands agreeable to the moderation of his desires.

Among other omissions of which I have been also guilty, with relation to men of industry of a superior order, I must acknowledge my silence towards a proposal frequently enclosed to me by Mr. Renatus Harris, organ builder.[a] The ambition of this artificer is to erect an organ in St. Paul's cathedral, over the West door, at the entrance into the body of the church, which in art and magnificence shall transcend any work of that kind ever before invented. The proposal in perspicuous language sets forth the honour and advantage such a performance would be to the British name, as well as that it would apply the power of sounds in a manner more amazingly forcible than perhaps has yet been known, and I am sure to an end much more worthy. Had the vast

[a] See sir John Hawkins's History of Music, vol. iv. p. 353, 354.

sums which have been laid out upon operas without skill or conduct, and to no other purpose but to suspend or vitiate our understandings, been disposed this way, we should now perhaps have had an engine so formed as to strike the minds of half a people at once in a place of worship with a forgetfulness of present care and calamity, and an hope of endless rapture and joy and hallelujah hereafter.

When I am doing this justice, I am not to forget the best mechanic of my acquaintance, that useful servant to science and knowledge, Mr. John Rowley;[b] but I think I lay a great obligation on the public by acquainting them with his proposals for a pair of new globes. After his preamble he promises in the said proposals that,

IN THE CELESTIAL GLOBE,

'Care shall be taken that the fixed stars be placed according to their true longitude and latitude, from the many and correct observations of Hevelius, Cassini, Mr. Flamstead, reg. astronomer; Dr. Hal-

[b] Master of mechanics to king George I. William Sounders, a fishmonger, and Joseph Moxon, hydrographer to Charles II. were before Mr. Rowley great improvers of maps, spheres, and globes, which Senex carried afterwards to a higher degree of perfection. Mr. George Graham, without competition, the most eminent clock and watch-maker of his time, the first mechanic, and perfectly instructed in practical astronomy, comprised the whole planetary system within the compass of a small cabinet, from which, as a model, all the instruments, afterwards called orreries, have been constructed. Mr. Rowley, a mathematical instrument maker, got an apparatus of this kind from Mr. Graham, the original inventor, to be carried with some of Rowley's own instruments to the emperor of Germany. Rowley, copying from it, made a similar instrument for the earl of Orrery; and Steele, who knew nothing of Graham's machine, thinking in his Englishman to do justice and honour to the first encourager, as well as to the inventor of so curious an instrument, called it an orrery, giving to Mr. Rowley the praise of the invention, which belonged solely to Mr. Graham.—See Guard. No. 1; and Englishman, No. 11.

ley, Savilian professor of geometry in Oxon; and from whatever else can be procured to render the globe more exact, instructive, and useful.

'That all the constellations be drawn in a curious, new, and particular manner; each star in so just, distinct, and conspicuous a proportion, that its true magnitude may be readily known by bare inspection, according to the different light and sizes of the stars. That the track or way of such comets as have been well observed, but not hitherto expressed in any globe, be carefully delineated in this.'

IN THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE,

'That by reason the descriptions formerly made, both in the English and Dutch great globes, are erroneous, Asia, Africa, and America, be drawn in a manner wholly new; by which means it is to be noted that the undertakers will be obliged to alter the latitude of some places in ten degrees, the longitude of others in twenty degrees; besides which great and necessary alterations, there be many remarkable countries, cities, towns, rivers and lakes, omitted in other globes, inserted here according to the best discoveries made by our late navigators. Lastly, That the course of the trade winds, the monsoons, and other winds periodically shifting between the tropics, be visibly expressed.

'Now, in regard that this undertaking is of so universal use, as the advancement of the most necessary parts of the mathematics, as well as tending to the honour of the British nation, and that the charge of carrying it on is very expensive, it is desired that all gentlemen who are willing to promote so great a work will be pleased to subscribe on the following conditions.

'I. The undertakers engage to furnish each subscriber with a celestial and terrestrial globe, each of thirty inches diameter, in all respects curiously adorned, the stars gilded, the capital cities plainly distinguished, the frames, meridians, horizons, hour-circles and indexes, so exactly finished up and accurately divided, that a pair of these globes will really appear, in the judgment of any disinterested and intelligent person, worth fifteen pounds more than will be demanded for them by the undertakers.

'II. Whosoever will be pleased to subscribe, and pay twenty-five pounds in the manner following for a pair of these globes, either for their own use, or to present them to any college in the universities, or any public library or school, shall have his coat of arms, name, title, seat, or place of residence, &c., inserted in some convenient place of the globe.

'III. That every subscriber do at first pay down the sum of ten pounds, and fifteen pounds more upon the delivery of each pair of globes perfectly fitted up. And that the said globe be delivered within twelve months after the number of thirty subscribers be completed; and that the subscribers be served with globes in the order in which they subscribed.

'IV. That a pair of these globes shall not hereafter be sold to any person but the subscribers under thirty pounds.

'V. That, if there be not thirty subscribers within four months after the first of December 1712, the money paid shall be returned on demand by Mr. John Warner, goldsmith, near Temple-bar, who shall receive and pay the same according to the above-mentioned articles. T.*

* By Steele. Transcribed. See final note to No. 321, on letter T, sup-

*** Just published, a poem entitled, "An Ode to the Creator of the World, occasioned by the Fragments of Orpheus.' Printed for J. Johnson, at Shakspeare's Head, over against Catherine-street in the Strand. See Nos. 537 and 554.

No. 553. THURSDAY, December 4, 1712.

Nec luisse pudet, sed non incidere ludum.
Hor. 1, Ep. xiv. 36.

Once to be wild is no such foul disgrace,
But 'tis so still to run the frantic race.
Creech.

The project which I published on Monday last has brought me in several packets of letters. Among the rest, I have received one from a certain projector, wherein, after having represented that in all probability the solemnity of opening my mouth will draw together a great confluence of beholders, he proposes to me the hiring of Stationers'-hall for the more convenient exhibiting of that public ceremony. He undertakes to be at the charge of it himself, provided he may have the erecting of galleries on every side, and the letting of them out upon that occasion. I have a letter also from a bookseller, petitioning me in a very humble manner that he may have the printing of the speech which I shall make to the assembly upon the first opening of my mouth. I am informed from all parts that there are great canvassings in the several clubs about town, upon the choosing of a proper person to sit with me on those arduous affairs to which I have summoned them. Three clubs have already proceeded to election, whereof one has made a double return. If I find that my enemies shall

posed to have been used likewise occasionally as a signature by Mr. T Tickell, &c.

take advantage of my silence to begin hostilities upon me, or if any other exigency of affairs may so require, since I see elections in so great a forwardness, we may possibly meet before the day appointed; or if matters go on to my satisfaction, I may perhaps put off the meeting to a further day; but of this public notice shall be given.

In the mean time I must confess that I am not a little gratified and obliged by that concern which appears in this great city upon my present design of laying down this paper. It is likewise with much satisfaction that I find some of the most outlying parts of the kingdom alarmed upon this occasion, having received letters to expostulate with me about it from several of my readers of the remotest boroughs of Great Britain. Among these I am very well pleased with a letter dated from Berwick-upon-Tweed, wherein my correspondent compares the office which I have for some time executed in these realms, to the weeding of a great garden; 'which,' says he, 'it is not sufficient to weed once for all, and afterwards to give over, but that the work must be continued daily, or the same spots of ground which are cleared for a while will in a little time be overrun as much as ever.' Another gentleman lays before me several enormities that are already sprouting, and which he believes will discover themselves in their full growth immediately after my disappearance. 'There is no doubt,' says he, 'but the ladies' heads will shoot up as soon as they know they are no longer under the Spectator's eye; and I have already seen such monstrous broad-brimmed hats under the arms of foreigners, that I question not but they will overshadow the island within a month or two after the dropping of your paper.' But,

among all the letters which are come to my hands, there is none so handsomely written as the following one, which I am the more pleased with as it is sent me from gentlemen who belong to a body which I shall always honour, and where (I cannot speak it without a secret pride) my speculations have met with a very kind reception. It is usual for poets, upon the publishing of their works, to print before them such copies of verses as have been made in their praise. Not that you must imagine they are pleased with their own commendations, but because the elegant compositions of their friends should not be lost. I must make the same apology for the publication of the ensuing letter, in which I have suppressed no part of those praises that are given my speculations with too lavish and good-natured an hand; though my correspondents can witness for me, that at other times I have generally blotted out those parts in the letters which I have received from them. O.[d]

'MR. SPECTATOR, Oxford, Nov. 25.

'In spite of your invincible silence you have found out a method of being the most agreeable companion in the world: that kind of conversation which you hold with the town has the good fortune of being always pleasing to the men of taste and leisure, and never offensive to those of hurry and business. You are never heard but at what Horace calls *dextro tempore*, and have the happiness to observe the polite rule, which the same discerning author gave his friend when he enjoined him to deliver his book to Augustus;

[d] By Addison. Dated, it is thought, from his office. See final note to No 7.

"Si validus, si lætus erit, si denique poscet."
1 Ep. xiii. 3.

"When vexing cares are fled,
When well, when merry, when he asks to read."
CREECH.

You never begin to talk but when people are desirous to hear you; and I defy any one to be out of humour until you leave off. But I am led unawares into reflections foreign to the original design of this epistle; which was to let you know, that some unfeigned admirers of your inimitable papers, who could, without any flattery, greet you with the salutation used to the eastern monarchs, viz. "O Spec, live for ever," have lately been under the same apprehensions with Mr. Philo-Spec; that the haste you have made to despatch your best friends portends no long duration to your own short visage. We could not, indeed, find any just grounds for complaint in the method you took to dissolve that venerable body; no, the world was not worthy of your Divine. Will Honeycomb could not, with any reputation, live single any longer. It was high time for the Templar to turn himself to Coke; and sir Roger's dying was the wisest thing he ever did in his life. It was, however, matter of great grief to us, to think that we were in danger of losing so elegant and valuable an entertainment. And we could not, without sorrow, reflect that we were likely to have nothing to interrupt our sips in the morning, and to suspend our coffee in mid-air, between our lips and right ear, but the ordinary trash of newspapers. We resolved, therefore, not to part with you so. But since, to make use of your own allusion, the cherries began now to crowd the market, and their season was almost over, we consulted our future enjoyments, and endeavoured to make

the exquisite pleasure that delicious fruit gave our taste as lasting as we could, and by drying them protract their stay beyond its natural date. We own that thus they have not a flavour equal to that of their juicy bloom; but yet under this disadvantage, they pique the palate, and become a salver better than any other fruit at its first appearance. To speak plain, there are a number of us who have begun your works afresh, and meet two nights in the week in order to give you a re-hearing. We never come together without drinking your health, and as seldom part without general expressions of thanks to you for our night's improvement. This we conceive to be a more useful institution than any other club whatever, not excepting even that of Ugly Faces. We have one manifest advantage over that renowned society, with respect to Mr. Spectator's company. For though they may brag that you sometimes make your personal appearance amongst them, it is impossible they should ever get a word from you, whereas you are with us the reverse of what Phædria would have his mistress be in his rival's company, "present in your absence." We make you talk as much and as long as we please; and, let me tell you, you seldom hold your tongue for the whole evening. I promise myself you will look with an eye of favour upon a meeting which owes its original to a mutual emulation among its members, who shall show the most profound respect for your paper; not but we have a very great value for your person: and I dare say you can no where find four more sincere admirers, and humble servants, than

'T. F. G. S. J. T. E. T.'*

* See Catalogue of Oxford Graduates, *ad literas.*

*** This day is published Lord Mohun's Vindications. Printed for A. Dodd, at the Peacock without Temple-bar. Pr. 2*d*.—Spect. in folio, No. 553.

†‡† At Drury-lane will be presented, on Friday, Dec. 5, a comedy, in three acts, called A Duke and No Duke; to which will be added a comedy of two acts, called The Comical Rivals; or, the School-boy, *Ibidem*.—N. B. by her majesty's command, no body to be admitted behind the scenes.

No. 554. FRIDAY, December 5, 1712.

— Tentanda via est, quâ me quoque possim
Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora.
Virg. Georg. iii. 9.

New ways I must attempt, my grovelling name
To raise aloft, and wing my flight to fame.
Dryden.

I am obliged for the following essay, as well as for that which lays down rules out of Tully for pronunciation and action,[f] to the ingenious author of a poem just published, entitled An Ode to the Creator of the World, occasioned by the Fragments of Orpheus.[g]

'It is a remark, made as I remember by a celebrated French author, that no man ever pushed his capacity as far as it was able to extend. I shall not inquire whether this assertion be strictly true. It may suffice to say, that men of the greatest application and acquirements can look back upon many vacant spaces, and neglected parts of time, which have slipped away from them unemployed; and there is hardly any one considering person in the world but is apt to fancy with himself, at some time or other, that if his life were to begin again he could fill it up better.

[f] No. 541, and note on the Templar.
[g] Mr. John Hughes.—See No. 537; and No. 555, adv.

'The mind is most provoked to cast on itself this ingenuous reproach, when the examples of such men are presented to it as have far outshot the generality of their species in learning, arts, or any valuable improvements.

One of the most extensive and improved geniuses we have had any instance of in our own nation, or in any other, was that of sir Francis Bacon lord Verulam. This great man, by an extraordinary force of nature, compass of thought, and indefatigable study, had amassed to himself such stores of knowledge as we cannot look upon without amazement. His capacity seems to have grasped all that was revealed in books before his time; and, not satisfied with that, he began to strike out new tracks of science, too many to be travelled over by any one man in the compass of the longest life. These, therefore, he could only mark down, like imperfect coastings on maps, or supposed points of land, to be farther discovered and ascertained by the industry of after-ages, who should proceed upon his notices or conjectures.

'The excellent Mr. Boyle was the person who seems to have been designed by nature to succeed to the labours and inquiries of that extraordinary genius I have just mentioned.[b] By innumerable experiments, he in a great measure filled up those plans and outlines of science, which his predecessor had sketched out. His life was spent in the pursuit of nature through a great variety of forms and changes, and in the most rational as well as devout adoration of its Divine Author.

'It would be impossible to name many persons

[b] See Guardian, No. 175; and Spect. No. 531.

who have extended their capacities as far as these two, in the studies they pursued; but my learned readers on this occasion will naturally turn their thoughts to a third,[i] who is yet living, and is likewise the glory of our own nation. The improvements which others had made in natural and mathematical knowledge have so vastly increased in his hands, as to afford at once a wonderful instance how great the capacity is of an human soul, and how inexhaustible the subject of its inquiries; so true is that remark in holy writ, that "though a wise man seek to find out the works of God from the beginning to the end, yet shall he not be able to do it."

'I cannot help mentioning here one character more of a different kind indeed from these, yet such an one as may serve to show the wonderful force of nature and of application, and is the most singular instance of an universal genius I have ever met with. The person I mean is Leonardo da Vinci, an Italian painter, descended from a noble family in Tuscany, about the beginning of the sixteenth[k] century. In his profession of history-painting he was so great a master, that some have affirmed he excelled all who went before him. It is certain that he raised the envy of Michael Angelo, who was his contemporary, and that from the study of his works Raphael himself learned his best manner of designing. He was a master too in sculpture and architecture, and skilful in anatomy, mathematics, and mechanics. The aqueduct from the river Adda to Milan is mentioned as a work of his contrivance. He had learned several languages, and was acquainted

[i] Sir Isaac Newton.

[k] He was born in 1445, and died in 1520.

with the studies of history, philosophy, poetry, and music. Though it is not necessary to my present purpose, I cannot but take notice, that all who have writ of him mention likewise his perfections of body. The instances of his strength are almost incredible. He is described to have been of a well formed person, and a master of all genteel exercises. And, lastly, we are told that his moral qualities were agreeable to his natural and intellectual endowments, and that he was of an honest and generous mind, adorned with great sweetness of manners. I might break off the account of him here, but I imagine it will be an entertainment to the curiosity of my readers, to find so remarkable a character distinguished by as remarkable a circumstance at his death. The fame of his works having gained him an universal esteem, he was invited to the court of France, where, after some time, he fell sick; and Francis the first coming to see him, he raised himself in his bed to acknowledge the honour which was done him by that visit. The king embraced him, and Leonardo, fainting at the same instant, expired in the arms of that great monarch.

'It is impossible to attend to such instances as these without being raised into a contemplation on the wonderful nature of an human mind, which is capable of such progressions in knowledge, and can contain such a variety of ideas without perplexity or confusion. How reasonable is it from hence to infer its divine original? And whilst we find unthinking matter endued with a natural power to last for ever, unless annihilated by Omnipotence, how absurd would it be to imagine that a Being so much superior to it should not have the same privilege?

'At the same time it is very surprising, when we remove our thoughts from such instances as I have mentioned, to consider those we so frequently meet with in the accounts of barbarous nations among the Indians; where we find numbers of people who scarce show the first glimmerings of reason, and seem to have few ideas above those of sense and appetite. These, methinks, appear like large wilds, or vast uncultivated tracts of human nature; and, when we compare them with men of the most exalted characters in arts and learning, we find it difficult to believe that they are creatures of the same species.

'Some are of opinion that the souls of men are all naturally equal, and that the great disparity, we so often observe, arises from the different organization or structure of the bodies to which they are united. But whatever constitutes this first disparity, the next great difference which we find between men in their several acquirements is owing to accidental differences in their education, fortunes, or course of life. The soul is a kind of rough diamond, which requires art, labour, and time, to polish it. For want of which many a good natural genius is lost, or unfashioned, like a jewel in the mine.

'One of the strongest incitements to excel in such arts and accomplishments as are in the highest esteem among men, is the natural passion which the mind of man has for glory; which, though it may be faulty in the excess of it, ought by no means to be discouraged. Perhaps some moralists are too severe in beating down this principle, which seems to be a spring implanted by nature to give motion to all the latent powers of the soul, and is always observed to exert itself with the greatest force in the

most generous dispositions. The men whose characters have shone the brightest among the ancient Romans, appear to have been strongly animated by this passion. Cicero, whose learning and services to his country are so well known, was inflamed by it to an extravagant degree, and warmly presses Lucceius, who was composing an history of those times, to be very particular and zealous in relating the story of his consulship; and to execute it speedily, that he might have the pleasure of enjoying in his lifetime some part of the honour which he foresaw would be paid to his memory. This was the ambition of a great mind; but he is faulty in the degree of it, and cannot refrain from soliciting the historian upon this occasion to neglect the strict laws of history, and, in praising him, even to exceed the bounds of truth. The younger Pliny appears to have had the same passion for fame, but accompanied with greater chasteness and modesty. His ingenuous manner of owning it to a friend, who had prompted him to undertake some great work, is exquisitely beautiful, and raises him to a certain grandeur above the imputation of vanity. "I must confess," says he, "that nothing employs my thoughts more than the desire I have of perpetuating my name; which in my opinion is a design worthy of a man, at least of such an one, who, being conscious of no guilt, is not afraid to be remembered by posterity."

'I think I ought not to conclude without interesting all my readers in the subject of this discourse: I shall therefore lay it down as a maxim, that though all are not capable of shining in learning or the politer arts, yet every one is capable of excelling in something. The soul has in this respect a certain

vegetative power which cannot lie wholly idle. If it is not laid out and cultivated into a regular and beautiful garden, it will of itself shoot up in weeds or flowers of a wilder growth.[1]

No. 555. SATURDAY, December 6, 1712.

Respue quod non es—

Pers. Sat. iv. 51.

Lay the fictitious character aside.

All the members of the imaginary society, which were described in my first papers, having disappeared one after another, it is high time for the Spectator himself to go off the stage. But now I am to take my leave, I am under much greater anxiety than I have known for the work of any day since I undertook this province. It is much more difficult to converse with the world in a real than a personated character. That might pass for humour in the Spectator, which would look like arrogance in a writer who sets his name to his work. The fictitious person might contemn those who disapproved him, and extol his own performances, without giving offence. He might assume a mock authority, without being looked upon as vain and conceited. The praises or censures of himself fall only upon the creature of his imagination; and if any one finds fault with him, the author may reply with the philosopher of old, 'Thou dost but beat the case of

[1] By Mr. John Hughes; two of whose papers, lettered Z, Nos. 224, and 467, where the character of Manilius is supposed to have been drawn for his illustrious patron and friend lord Cowper. Another paper, written by Mr. John Hughes, is said to have been inserted by Mr. Tickell through mistake, in his edition of Addison's Works in 4to. viz. No. 231, Spect.

Anaxarchus.' When I speak in my own private sentiments, I cannot but address myself to my readers in a more submissive manner, and with a just gratitude for the kind reception which they have given to these daily papers, that have been published for almost the space of two years last past.

I hope the apology I have made, as to the license allowable to a feigned character, may excuse any thing which has been said in these discourses of the Spectator and his works; but the imputation of the grossest vanity would still dwell upon me, if I did not give some account by what means I was enabled to keep up the spirit of so long and approved a performance. All the papers marked with a C, an L, an I, or an O, that is to say, all the papers which I have distinguished by any letter in the name of the muse Clio,[m] were given me by the gentleman of whose assistance I formerly boasted in the preface and concluding leaf of my Tatlers.[n] I am indeed much more proud of his long continued friendship, than I should be of the fame of being thought the author of any writings which he himself is capable of producing. I remember, when I finished The Tender Husband, I told him there was nothing I so ardently wished, as that we might some time or other publish a work, written by us both, which should bear the name of The Monument, in memory of our friendship. I heartily wish what I have done here was as honorary to that sacred name, as learning,

[m] The letters C, L, I, O, seem to have suggested the name of the muse to Steele *currente calamo;* but it does not appear that he had either the least intention or authority to explain the meaning of Addison's signatures. The explication given of them in this edition is given only as a conjecture, which the conjecturer will cheerfully relinquish for any other more probable.

[n] Addison. See preface to the Tatler and note.

wit, and humanity, render those pieces which I have taught the reader how to distinguish for his. When the play above mentioned was last acted, there was so many applauded strokes in it which I had from the same hand, that I thought very meanly of myself that I had never publicly acknowledged them. After I have put other friends upon importuning him to publish dramatic as well as other writings he has by him, I shall end what I think I am obliged to say on this head, by giving my reader this hint for the better judging of my productions—that the best comment upon them would be an account when the patron to The Tender Husband was in England or abroad.

The reader will also find some papers which are marked with the letter X, for which he is obliged to the ingenious gentleman who diverted the town with the epilogue to the Distressed Mother.° I might have owned these several papers with the free consent of these gentlemen, who did not write them with a design of being known for the authors. But, as a candid and sincere behaviour ought to be preferred to all other considerations, I would not let my heart reproach me with a consciousness of having acquired a praise which is not my right.

The other assistances which I have had have been conveyed by letter, sometimes by whole papers, and other times by short hints from unknown hands.

° See Spectator, No. 338. It was known in Tonson's family, and told to Mr. Garrick, that Addison was himself the author of this epilogue; and that, when it was actually printed with his name, he came early in the morning, before the copies were distributed, and ordered it to be given to Mr. E. Budgell, that it might add weight to the solicitation which Addison was then making for a place for Mr. Budgell, whom he used to denominate 'the man who calls me cousin,' and he really was Addison's first cousin.

I have not been able to trace favours of this kind with any certainty, but the following names, which I place in the order wherein I received the obligation, though the first I am going to name can hardly be mentioned in a list wherein he would not deserve the precedence. The persons to whom I am to make these acknowledgments are Mr. Henry Martyn,[p] Mr. Pope, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Carey of New-college in Oxford, Mr. Tickell of Queen's in the same university, Mr. Parnelle, and Mr. Eusden, of Trinity in Cambridge. Thus, to speak in the language of my late friend, sir Andrew Freeport, I have balanced my accounts with all my creditors for wit and learning. But as these excellent performances would not have seen the light without the means of this paper, I may still arrogate to myself the merit of their being communicated to the public.

I have nothing more to add, but, having swelled this work to five hundred and fifty-five papers, they

[p] See an account of this gentleman in Ward's Lives of the Gresham Professors, p. 330, and Spectator, No. 180, signed Philarithmus. Mr. H. Martyn was an excellent scholar and an able lawyer, but his infirm state of health would not permit him to attend the courts. He and Mr. John Hughes were probably the real persons alluded to in Spect. No. 143, under the fictitious name of Cotillus, &c. See also No. 146, *ad finem*. It is said he was the author of many ingenious papers in the Spectator that cannot now be distinguished and ascertained; what follows may lead to the discovery of them. Mr. H. Martyn was principally concerned in the paper called The British Merchant; or, Commerce Preserved, in answer to the Mercator; or, Commerce Retrieved, written by D. de Foe, with a view to the treaty of commerce made with France at the peace of Utrecht ratified by parliament. The rejection of that treaty was in a great measure owing to Mr. Martyn's paper, and proved an essential service to the nation at that time. Government rewarded him for it, by making him inspector-general of the imports and exports, &c. He died at Blackheath, March 25, 1721. Mr. H. Martyn was probably thought of, and alluded to, by his intimate friend Steele in all the papers of the Spectator, where sir Andrew Freeport is mentioned, or makes any figure; and in those papers especially Mr. Martyn himself might have had some hand. See Spect. No. 200, and note; and No. 195.

will be disposed into seven volumes, four of which are already published, and the three others in the press. It will not be demanded of me why I now leave off, though I must own myself obliged to give an account to the town of my time hereafter; since I retire when their partiality to me is so great, that an edition of the former volumes of Spectators, of above nine thousand each book, is already sold off, and the tax on each half-sheet has brought into the stamp-office, one week with another, above £20 a-week arising from the single paper, notwithstanding it at first reduced it to less than half the number that was usually printed before this tax was laid.

I humbly beseech the continuance of this inclination to favour what I may hereafter produce, and hope I have in many occurrences of life tasted so deeply of pain and sorrow, that I am proof against much more prosperous circumstances than any advantages to which my own industry can possibly exalt me.

I am, my good-natured reader,
Your most obedient,
Most obliged humble servant,
RICHARD STEELE.

Vos valete et plaudite.
TER.

The following letter regards an ingenious set of gentlemen who have done me the honour to make me of their society.

'MR. SPECTATOR, Dec. 4, 1712.

'THE academy of painting, lately established in London, having done you and themselves

the honour to choose you one of their directors; that noble and lovely art, which before was entitled to your regard as a Spectator, has an additional claim to you, and you seem to be under a double obligation to take some care of their interests.

'The honour of our country is also concerned in the matter I am going to lay before you. We (and perhaps other nations as well as we) have a national false humility as well as a national vain glory; and, though we boast ourselves to excel all the world in things wherein we are outdone abroad, in other things we attribute to others a superiority which we ourselves possess. This is what is done, particularly in the art of portrait or face-painting.

'Painting is an art of a vast extent, too great by much for any mortal man to be in full possession of in all its parts; it is enough if any one succeed in painting faces, history, battles, landscapes, sea pieces, fruits, flowers, or drolls, &c. Nay, no man ever was excellent in all the branches (though many in number) of these several arts; for a distinct art I take upon me to call every one of those several kinds of painting.

'And as one man may be a good landscape painter, but unable to paint a face or a history tolerably well, and so of the rest; one nation may excel in some kinds of painting, and other kinds may thrive better in other climates.

'Italy may have the preference of all other nations for history painting, Holland for drolls, and a neat finished manner of working; France for gay, janty, fluttering pictures; and England for portraits: but to give the honour of every one of these kinds of painting to any one of those nations on account of their excellence in any of these parts of it, is like

adjudging the prize of heroic, dramatic, lyric, or burlesque poetry to him who has done well in any one of them.

'Where there are the greatest geniuses, and most helps and encouragements, it is reasonable to suppose an art will arrive to the greatest perfection: by this rule let us consider our own country with respect to face-painting. No nation in the world delights so much in having their own or friends or relations' pictures; whether from their national good-nature, or having a love for painting, and not being encouraged in that great article of religious pictures, which the purity of our worship refuses the free use of, or from whatever other cause. Our helps are not inferior to those of any other people, but rather they are greater; for what the antique statues and bas-reliefs which Italy enjoys are to the history painters, the beautiful and noble faces with which England is confessed to abound are to face-painters; and, besides, we have the greatest number of the works of the best masters in that kind of any people, not without a competent number of those of the most excellent in every other part of painting. And for encouragement, the wealth and generosity of the English nation affords that in such a degree as artists have no reason to complain.

'And accordingly, in fact, face-painting is no where so well performed as in England: I know not whether it has lain in your way to observe it, but I have, and pretend to be a tolerable judge. I have seen what is done abroad; and can assure you that the honour of that branch of painting is justly due to us. I appeal to the judicious observers for the truth of what I assert. If foreigners have often-

times, or even for the most part, excelled our natives, it ought to be imputed to the advantages they have met with here, joined to their own ingenuity and industry; nor has any one nation distinguished themselves so as to raise an argument in favour of their country: but it is to be observed that neither French nor Italians, nor any one of either nation, notwithstanding all our prejudices in their favour, have, or ever had, for any considerable time, any character among us as face-painters.

'This honour is due to our own country, and has been so for near an age: so that, instead of going to Italy, or elsewhere, one that designs for portrait painting ought to study in England. Hither such should come from Holland, France, Italy, Germany, &c.[q] as he that intends to practise any other kind of painting should go to those parts where it is in greatest perfection. It is said the blessed virgin descended from heaven to sit to St. Luke. I dare venture to affirm, that, if she should desire another Madona to be painted by the life, she would come to England; and am of opinion that your present president, Sir Godfrey Kneller, from his improvement since he arrived in this kingdom, would perform that office better than any foreigner living. I am, with all possible respect,

'SIR, your most humble
and most obedient servant, &c.

[q] Antecedent to the period here spoken of, sir Anthony Vandyck certainly excelled in face-painting; whatever improvement he might make after his arrival in this kingdom. 'The portraits of this Fleming are so frequent in England that the generality of our people can scarce avoid thinking him their countryman, though he was born at Antwerp in 1598, and knighted here July 5, 1632; and died at Blackfriars, Dec. 9, 1641, about the age of 42.' See Anecdotes of Painting in England, by Mr. H Walpole, vol. ii. p. 150, *et seq.* 5 vols. 8vo. 1782.

*** The ingenious letter signed The Weather Glass, with several others, were received, but came too late.

POSTSCRIPT.

It had not come to my knowledge, when I left off the Spectator, that I owe several excellent sentiments and agreeable pieces in this work to Mr. Ince of Gray's Inn.[r] R. STEELE.

[r] This postscript is not in the Spectator in folio. The Guardian came out in the space of time between the publication of the 7th and 8th volume of the Spectator. Mr. Richard Ince died, it is said, student in Christ's church, Oxford, in 1758. The present writer cannot mention particularly and with certainty the several excellent sentiments and agreeable pieces which Mr. Ince contributed to the Spectator. He was accounted a polite scholar, and well skilled in Greek literature. By the patronage of lord Granville, whose school-fellow he was at Westminster, in December 1740, Mr. Ince was appointed secretary to the comptrollers of army accounts; he filled that honourable office with approbation for twelve years, and was particularly beloved by those of the office, as a man of tenderness, indulgence, and civility. He inherited a considerable fortune from a brother, which at his death, October 13, 1758, he divided very liberally among his friends and domestics. He left 1000*l.* to Mr. Clive, brother to judge Clive; Mr. Francis Clare and Mr. Liddel were his executors; his directions to them were to burn all his papers, and Mr. Clare could not positively say that he was acquainted with any one paper of his writing in the Spectator.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

*** Next week will be published Christus Patiens. Carmen Heroicum, ex officina. J. Tonson and J. Watts, pr. 6*d.*

N. B. The edition of this poem much finer than any of the old Elzivers.

†‡† By her majesty's company of comedians, at the theatre-royal in Drury-lane, this present Saturday will be presented a comedy called the Amorous Widow; or, The Wanton Wife. The part of Barnaby Brittle by Mr. Dogget; the Wanton Wife, by Mrs. Oldfield; and the other parts to the best advantage.

†‡† Never performed but thrice, at the Queen's theatre in the Haymarket, an opera called The Faithful Shepherd. Composed by Mr. Handel, &c.—Spect. in folio, No. 555, *ad finem.*

No. 556. FRIDAY, June 18, 1714.

Qualis, ubi in lucem coluber, mala gramina pastus
Frigida sub terrâ tumidum quem bruma tegebat,
Nunc positis novus exuviis, nitidúsque juventâ,
Lubrica convolvit sublato pectore terga
Arduus ad solem, et linguis micat ore trisculcis.
Virg. Æn. ii. 471.

So shines, renew'd in youth, the crested snake,
Who slept the winter in a thorny brake;
And, casting off his slough when spring returns,
Now looks aloft, and with new glory burns:
Restor'd with pois'nous herbs, his ardent sides
Reflect the sun, and rais'd on spires he rides;
High o'er the grass hissing he rolls along,
And brandishes by fits his forky tongue.
Dryden.

Upon laying down the office of Spectator, I acquainted the world with my design of electing a new club, and of opening my mouth in it after a most solemn manner. Both the election and the ceremony are now past; but not finding it so easy as I at first imagined, to break through a fifty years silence, I would not venture into the world under the character of a man who pretends to talk like other people, till I had arrived at a full freedom of speech.

I shall reserve for another time the history of such club or clubs of which I am now a talkative, but unworthy member; and shall here give an account of this surprising change which has been produced in me, and which I look upon to be as remarkable an accident as any recorded in history, since that which happened to the son of Crœsus, after having been many years as much tongue-tied as myself.

Upon the first opening of my mouth I made a speech, consisting of about half a dozen well-turned periods; but grew so very hoarse upon it, that for three days together, instead of finding the use of my

tongue, I was afraid that I had quite lost it. Besides, the unusual extension of my muscles on this occasion made my face ache on both sides to such a degree, that nothing but an invincible resolution and perseverance could have prevented me from falling back to my monosyllables.

I afterwards made several essays towards speaking; and that I might not be startled at my own voice, which has happened to me more than once, I used to read aloud in my chamber, and have often stood in the middle of the street to call a coach when I knew there was none within hearing.

When I was thus grown pretty well acquainted with my own voice, I laid hold of all oportunities to exert it. Not caring however to speak much by myself, and to draw upon me the whole attention of those I conversed with, I used for some time to walk every morning in the Mall, and talk in chorus with a parcel of Frenchmen. I found my modesty greatly relieved by the communicative temper of this nation, who are so very sociable as to think they are never better company than when they are all opening at the same time.

I then fancied I might receive great benefit from female conversation, and that I should have a convenience of talking with the greater freedom when I was not under any impediment of thinking: I therefore threw myself into an assembly of ladies, but could not for my life get in a word among them: and found that if I did not change my company I was in danger of being reduced to my primitive taciturnity.

The coffee-houses have ever since been my chief places of resort, where I have made the greatest improvements; in order to which I have taken a

particular care never to be of the same opinion with the man I conversed with. I was a tory at Button's, and a whig at Child's, a friend to the Englishman, or an advocate for the Examiner, as it best served my turn: some fancy me a great enemy to the French king, though in reality I only make use of him for a help to discourse. In short, I wrangle and dispute for exercise; and have carried this point so far, that I was once like to have been run through the body for making a little too free with my betters.

In a word, I am quite another man to what I was.

— 'Nil fuit unquam
Tam dispar sibi' —

Hor. 1 Sat. iii. 18.

'Nothing was ever so unlike itself.'

My old acquaintance scarce know me; nay, I was asked the other day, by a jew at Jonathan's, whether I was not related to a dumb gentleman, who used to come to that coffee-house? But I think I never was better pleased in my life than about a week ago, when as I was battling it across the table with a young Templar, his companion gave him a pull by the sleeve, begging him to come away, for that the old prig would talk him to death.

Being now a very good proficient in discourse, I shall appear in the world with this addition to my character, that my countrymen may reap the fruits of my new-acquired loquacity.

Those who have been present at public disputes in the university, know that it is usual to maintain heresies for argument-sake. I have heard a man a most impudent Socinian for half an hour, who has

been an orthodox divine all his life after. I have taken the same method to accomplish myself in the gift of utterance, having talked above a twelvemonth, not so much for the benefit of my hearers as of myself. But, since I have now gained the faculty I have been so long endeavouring after, I intend to make a right use of it, and shall think myself obliged for the future to speak always in truth and sincerity of heart. While a man is learning to fence, he practises both on friend and foe; but when he is a master in the art, he never exerts it but on what he thinks the right side.

That this last allusion may not give my reader a wrong idea of my design in this paper, I must here inform him, that the author of it is of no faction; that he is a friend to no interests but those of truth and virtue; nor a foe to any but those of vice and folly. Though I make more noise in the world than I used to do, I am still resolved to act in it as an indifferent Spectator. It is not my ambition to increase the number either of whigs or tories, but of wise and good men; and I could heartily wish there were not faults common to both parties, which afford me sufficient matter to work upon, without descending to those which are peculiar to either.

If in a multitude of counsellors there is safety, we ought to think ourselves the securest nation in the world. Most of our garrets are inhabited by statesmen, who watch over the liberties of their country, and make a shift to keep themselves from starving by taking into their care the properties of all their fellow-subjects.

As these politicians of both sides have already worked the nation into a most unnatural ferment, I shall be so far from endeavouring to raise it to a

greater height, that, on the contrary, it shall be the chief tendency of my papers to inspire my countrymen with a mutual good-will and benevolence. Whatever faults either party may be guilty of, they are rather inflamed than cured by those reproaches which they cast upon one another. The most likely method of rectifying any man's conduct, is by recommending to him the principles of truth and honour, religion and virtue; and so long as he acts with an eye to these principles, whatever party he is of, he cannot fail of being a good Englishman, and a lover of his country.

As for the persons concerned in this work, the names of all of them, or at least of such as desire it, shall be published hereafter; till which time I must entreat the courteous reader to suspend his curiosity, and rather to consider what is written than who they are that write it.

Having thus adjusted all necessary preliminaries with my reader, I shall not trouble him with any more prefatory discourses, but proceed in my old method, and entertain him with speculations on every useful subject that falls in my way.[d]

No. 557. MONDAY, JUNE 21, 1714.

Quippe domum timet ambiguam, and Tyriosque bilingues.
VIRG. Æn. i. 665.
He fears th' ambiguous race, and Tyrians double-tongu'd.

'THERE is nothing,' says Plato, 'so delightful as the hearing or the speaking of truth.' For this reason there is no conversation so agreeable as that

[d] By Addison.

of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive.

Among all the accounts which are given of Cato, I do not remember one that more redounds to his honour than the following passage related by Plutarch. As an advocate was pleading the cause of his client before one of the prætors, he could only produce a single witness in a point where the law required the testimony of two persons; upon which the advocate insisted on the integrity of that person whom he had produced; but the prætor told him, that where the law required two witnesses he would not accept of one, though it were Cato himself. Such a speech from a person who sat at the head of a court of justice, while Cato was still living, shows us, more than a thousand examples, the high reputation this great man had gained among his contemporaries upon the account of his sincerity.

When such an inflexible integrity is a little softened and qualified by the rules of conversation and good-breeding, there is not a more shining virtue in the whole catalogue of social duties. A man however ought to take great care not to polish himself out of his veracity, nor to refine his behaviour to the prejudice of his virtue.

This subject is exquisitely treated in the most elegant sermon of the great British preacher. I shall beg leave to transcribe out of it two or three sentences, as a proper introduction to a very curious letter, which I shall make the chief entertainment of this speculation.

'The old English plainness and sincerity, that

* Archbishop Tillotson, vol. ii. sermon i. p. 7, edit. in folio.

generous integrity of nature, and honesty of disposition, which always argues true greatness of mind, and is usually accompanied with undaunted courage and resolution, is in a great measure lost among us.

'The dialect of conversation is now-a-days so swelled with vanity and compliment, and so surfeited (as I may say) of expressions of kindness and respect, that if a man that lived an age or two ago should return into the world again, he would really want a dictionary to help him to understand his own language, and to know the true intrinsic value of the phrase in fashion; and would hardly at first believe at what a low rate the highest strains and expressions of kindness imaginable do commonly pass in current payment; and when he should come to understand it, it would be a great while before he could bring himself with a good countenance and a good conscience to converse with men upon equal terms and in their own way.'

I have by me a letter which I look upon as a great curiosity, and which may serve as an exemplification to the foregoing passage, cited out of this most excellent prelate. It is said to have been written in king Charles the Second's reign by the ambassador of Bantam,[f] a little after his arrival in England.

'MASTER,

'THE people, where I now am, have tongues farther from their hearts than from London to Bantam, and thou knowest the inhabitants of one of these places do not know what is done in the other. They call thee and thy subjects barbarians, because

[f] In 1682.

we speak what we mean: and account themselves a civilized people, because they speak one thing and mean another: truth they call barbarity, and falsehood politeness. Upon my first landing, one who was sent from the king of this place to meet me, told me, that he was extremely sorry for the storm I had met with just before my arrival. I was troubled to hear him grieve and afflict himself upon my account; but in less than a quarter of an hour he smiled, and was as merry as if nothing had happened. Another who came with him told me by my interpreter, he should be glad to do me any service that lay in his power. Upon which I desired him to carry one of my portmanteaus for me; but instead of serving me according to his promise, he laughed, and bid another do it. I lodged the first week at the house of one who desired me to think myself at home, and to consider his house as my own. Accordingly, I the next morning began to knock down one of the walls of it, in order to let in the fresh air, and had packed up some of the household goods, of which I intended to have made thee a present: but the false varlet no sooner saw me falling to work, but he sent word to desire me to give over, for that he would have no such doings in his house. I had not been long in this nation before I was told by one, for whom I had asked a certain favour from the chief of the king's servants, whom they here call the lord-treasurer, that I had eternally obliged him. I was so surprised at his gratitude, that I could not forbear saying, "What service is there which one man can do for another, that can oblige him to all eternity?" However, I only asked him for my reward, that he would lend me his eldest daughter, during my stay in this coun-

try; but I quickly found that he was as treacherous as the rest of his countrymen.

'At my first going to court, one of the great men almost put me out of countenance, by asking ten thousand pardons of me for only treading by accident upon my toe. They call this kind of lie a compliment; for, when they are civil to a great man, they tell him untruths, for which thou wouldest order any of thy officers of state to receive a hundred blows upon his foot. I do not know how I shall negotiate any thing with this people, since there is so little credit to be given to them. When I go to see the king's scribe, I am generally told that he is not at home, though perhaps I saw him go into his house almost the very moment before. Thou wouldest fancy that the whole nation are physicians, for the first question they always ask me is, how I do: I have this question put to me above an hundred times a-day. Nay, they are not only thus inquisitive after my health, but wish it in a more solemn manner, with a full glass in their hands, every time I sit with them at table, though at the same time they would persuade me to drink their liquors in such quantities as I have found by experience will make me sick. They often pretend to pray for thy health also in the same manner; but I have more reason to expect it from the goodness of thy constitution than the sincerity of their wishes. May thy slave escape in safety from this double-tongued race of men, and live to lay himself once more at thy feet in the royal city of Bantam.'*

* By Addison.

No. 558. WEDNESDAY, June 23, 1714.

Qui fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem
Seu ratio dederit, seu fors objecerit, illâ
Contentus vivat? laudet diversa sequentes?
O fortunati mercatores, gravis annis
Miles ait, multo jam fractus membra labore.
Contrà mercator, navim jactantibus austris,
Militia est potior: quid enim? concurritur: horæ
Momento cita mors venit, aut victoria læta.
Agricolam laudat juris legumque peritus,
Sub galli cantum consultor ubi ostia pulsat.
Ille datis vadibus, qui rure extractus in urbem est,
Solos felices viventes clamat in urbe.
Cætera de genere hoc (adeo sunt multa) loquacem
Delassare valent Fabium: ne te morer, audi
Quò rem deducam. Si quis Deus, en ego, dicat,
Jam faciam quod vultis: eris tu, qui modò miles.
Mercator: tu consultus modò, rusticus: hinc vos,
Vos hinc mutatis discedite partibus. Eja,
Quid statis? Nolint. Atqui licet esse beatis.

Hor. 1 Sat. 1. 1.

Whence is't, Mæcenas, that so few approve
The state they're plac'd in, and incline to rove;
Whether against their will by fate impos'd,
Or by consent and prudent choice espous'd?
Happy the merchant! the old soldier cries,
Broke with fatigues and warlike enterprise.
The merchant, when the dreaded hurricane
Tosses his wealthy cargo on the main,
Applauds the wars and toils of a campaign:
There an engagement soon decides your doom,
Bravely to die, or come victorious home.
The lawyer vows the farmer's life is best,
When at the dawn the clients break his rest.
The farmer having put in bail t'appear,
And forc'd to town, cries, they are happiest there:
With thousands more of this inconstant race,
Would tire e'en Fabius to relate each case.
Not to detain you longer, pray attend
The issue of all this; should Jove descend,
And grant to every man his rash demand,
To run his lengths with a neglectful hand:
First, grant the harass'd warrior a release,
Bid him to trade, and try the faithless seas,
To purchase treasure and declining ease:
Next, call the pleader from his learned strife,
To the calm blessings of a country life:
And, with these separate demands dismiss
Each suppliant to enjoy the promis'd bliss:
Don't you believe they'd run? Not one will move,
Tho' proffer'd to be happy from above.

Horneck.

It is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock,

in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the share they are already possessed of before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal farther in the motto of my paper, which implies, that the hardships or misfortunes we lie under, are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we could change conditions with him.

As I was ruminating upon these two remarks, and seated in my elbow chair, I insensibly fell asleep; when on a sudden methought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the centre of it, and saw with a great deal of pleasure the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain lady of a thin airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and spectres, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes as her garment hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was Fancy. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective bur-

dens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were however several persons who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a fardel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be Poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were multitudes of lovers saddled with very whimsical burdens composed of darts and flames; but, what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap when they came up to it; but, after a few faint efforts, shook their heads, and marched away as heavy loaden as they came. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greatest part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing towards the heap with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found upon his near approach that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of with great joy of heart among this collection of human miseries. There were likewise distempers of all sorts; though I could not but observe, that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was

in the hand of a great many fine people; this was called the spleen. But what most of all surprised me, was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap; at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who I did not question came loaden with his crimes: but upon searching into his bundle I found that, instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle Spectator of what passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when of a sudden she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, but was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humour with my own countenance, upon which I threw it from me like a mask. It happened very luckily that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which it seems was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a most shameful length; I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face. We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourselves; and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfor-

tunes for those of another person. But as there arose new incidents in the sequel of my vision, I shall reserve them for the subject of my next paper.

[f]

No. 559. FRIDAY, June 25, 1714.

Quid causæ est, meritò quin illis Jupiter ambas
Iratas buccas inflet: neque se fore posthac
Tam facilem dicat, votis ut præbeat aurem?
Hor. 1 Sat. 1. 20.

Were it not just that Jove, provok'd to heat,
Should drive these triflers from the hallow'd seat,
And unrelenting stand when they intreat?
Horneck.

In my last paper I gave my reader a sight of that mountain of miseries which was made up of those several calamities that afflict the minds of men. I saw with unspeakable pleasure the whole species thus delivered from its sorrows; though at the same time, as we stood round the heap, and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarce a mortal in this vast multitude, who did not discover what he thought pleasures and blessings of life, and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, the chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a second proclamation, that every one

[f] By Addison. There were no signatures to distinguish the papers after No. 555. It does not appear with any certainty that Steele was at all concerned in it. Mr. Tickell, who lived familiarly with Addison, must have known undoubtedly the papers which that gentleman contributed. He represented them accordingly in his 4to edition of Addison's Works. They are assigned here to Mr. Tickell's authority, and No. 558, is one of them, as was also the sequel of this vision, in the following paper, No 559.

was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation with any such other bundle as should be delivered to him.

Upon this Fancy began again to bestir herself, and, parcelling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet. The hurry and confusion at this time was not to be expressed. Some observations which I made upon the occasion I shall communicate to the public. A venerable gray-headed man, who had laid down the colic, and who I found wanted an heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son that had been thrown into the heap by his angry father. The graceless youth, in less than a quarter of an hour, pulled the old gentleman by the beard, and had like to have knocked his brains out; so that meeting the true father, who came towards him with a fit of the gripes, he begged him to take his son again, and give him back his colic; but they were incapable either of them to recede from the choice they had made. A poor galley-slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout in their stead, but made such wry faces, that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made, for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain.

The female world were very busy among themselves in bartering for features: one was trucking a lock of gray hairs for a carbuncle, another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders, and a third cheapening a bad face for a lost reputation: but on all these occasions there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish,

as soon as she had got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same observation on every other misfortune or calamity which every one in the assembly brought upon himself in lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be that all the evils which befal us are in some measure suited and proportioned to our strength, or that every evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I could not from my heart forbear pitying the poor hump-backed gentleman mentioned in the former paper, who went off a very well shaped person with a stone in his bladder; nor the fine gentleman who had struck up this bargain with him, that limped through a whole assembly of ladies, who used to admire him, with a pair of shoulders peeping over his head.

I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with a long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made such a grotesque figure in it, that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done: on the other side, I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my forehead, I missed the place and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceeding prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it. I saw two other gentlemen by me who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish swap between a couple of thick bandy

legs and two long trapsticks that had no calves to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up into the air, above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it; while the other made such awkward circles, as he attempted to walk, that he scarcely knew how to move forward upon his new supporters. Observing him to be a pleasant kind of fellow, I stuck my cane in the ground, and told him I would lay him a bottle of wine that he did not march up to it on a line that I drew for him in a quarter of an hour.

The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter at length taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure; after which, the phantom who had led them into such gross delusions was commanded to disappear. There was sent in her stead a goddess of a quite different figure: her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious but cheerful. She every now and then cast her eyes towards heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter. Her name was Patience. She had no sooner placed herself by the mount of Sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree, that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity, and teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been

left to his own choice as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learnt from it never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbor's sufferings; for which reason also I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion. [g].

No. 560. MONDAY, JUNE 28, 1714.

—Verba intermissa retentat.
OVID. Met. i. 746.
He tries his tongue, his silence softly breaks.
DRYDEN.

EVERY one has heard of the famous conjurer,[h] who, according to the opinion of the vulgar, has studied himself dumb; for which reason, as it is believed, he delivers out all his oracles in writing. Be that as it will, the blind Teresias was not more famous in Greece than this dumb artist has been for some years

[g] By Addison. 'The Spectator, from its commencement to No. 555, was published only three times a week, and no discriminative marks were added to the papers. Mr. Tickell has ascribed No. 32, to Addison, Nos. 556, 557, 558, 559, 561, 562, 565, 567, 568, 569, 571, 574, 575, 579, 580, 582, 583, 584, 585, 590, 591, 598, and 600. Addison therefore produced more than a fourth part of this volume.' Dr. Johnson's Lives of Eng. Poets, art. Addison. It is said that Addison and Mr. C. Budgell were the sole conductors of the papers after No. 555, in which it does not appear that Steele was concerned.

[h] See Tat. No. 14, and note; and Spect. No. 474, Duncan Campbell

last past in the cities of London and Westminster. Thus much for the profound gentleman who honours me with the following epistle:

'SIR, 'From my Cell, June 24, 1714.

'BEING informed that you have lately got the use of your tongue, I have some thoughts of following your example, that I may be a fortune-teller properly speaking. I am grown weary of my taciturnity, and having served my country many years under the title of "the dumb doctor," I shall now prophesy by word of mouth, and (as Mr. Lee says of the magpie, who you know was a great fortune-teller among the ancients) chatter futurity. I have hitherto chosen to receive questions and return answers in writing, that I might avoid the tediousness and trouble of debates, my querists being generally of a humour to think that they have never predictions enough for their money. In short, Sir, my case has been something like that of those discreet animals the monkeys, who, as the Indians tell us, can speak if they would, but purposely avoid it that they may not be made to work. I have hitherto gained a livelihood by holding my tongue, but shall now open my mouth in order to fill it. If I appear a little word-bound in my first solutions and responses, I hope it will not be imputed to any want of foresight, but to the long disuse of speech. I doubt not by this invention to have all my former customers over again; for, if I have promised any of them lovers or husbands, riches or good luck, it is my design to confirm to them, *viva-voce*, what I have already given them under my hand. If you will honour me with a visit, I will compliment you with

the first opening of my mouth; and if you please, you may make an entertaining dialogue out of the conversation of two dumb men. Excuse this trouble, worthy Sir, from one who has been a long time

'Your silent admirer,

'CORNELIUS AGRIPPA.'

I have received the following letter, or rather billet-doux, from a pert young baggage, who congratulates with me upon the same occasion:

'DEAR MR. PRATE-APACE, 'June 23, 1714.

'I AM a member of a female society who call ourselves the Chit-chat club, and am ordered by the whole sisterhood to congratulate you upon the use of your tongue. We have all of us a mighty mind to hear you talk, and if you will take your place among us for an evening, we have unanimously agreed to allow you one minute in ten, without interruption.

'I am, SIR, Your humble servant, S. T.'

'P. S. You may find us at my lady Betty Clack's, who will leave orders with her porter, that if an elderly gentleman, with a short face, inquires for her, he shall be admitted, and no questions asked.'

As this particular paper shall consist wholly of what I have received from my correspondents, I shall fill up the remaining part of it with other congratulatory letters of the same nature.

'SIR, Oxford, June 25, 1714.

'WE are here wonderfully pleased with the opening of your mouth, and very frequently open

ours in approbation of your design; especially since we find you are resolved to preserve your taciturnity as to all party-matters. We do not question but you are as great an orator as sir Hudibras, of whom the poet sweetly sings,

> ——— "He could not ope
> His mouth, but out there flew a trope."

If you will send us down the half dozen well turned periods that produced such dismal effects in your muscles, we will deposit them near an old manuscript of Tully's Orations, among the archives of the university; for we all agree with you, that there is not a more remarkable accident recorded in history, since that which happened to the son of Crœsus; nay, I believe you might have gone higher, and have added Balaam's ass. We are impatient to see more of your productions, and expect what words will next fall from you, with as much attention as those who were set to watch the speaking head which friar Bacon formerly erected in this place.

'We are, worthy SIR,

'Your most humble servants,

'B.R. T.D. &c.'

'HONEST SPEC, 'Middle-Temple, June 24.

'I AM very glad to hear that thou beginnest to prate; and find by thy yesterday's vision, thou art so used to it that thou canst not forbear talking in thy sleep. Let me only advise thee to speak like other men, for I am afraid thou wilt be very queer if thou dost not intend to use the phrases in fashion, as thou callest them in thy second paper. Hast thou

a mind to pass for a Bantamite,[1] or to make us all Quakers? I do assure thee, dear Spec, I am not polished out of my veracity, when I subscribe myself

'Thy constant admirer,

'And humble servant,

'FRANK TOWNLY.'

No. 561. WEDNESDAY, JUNE, 30, 1714.

—Paulatim abolere Sichæum
Incipit, et vivo tentat prævertere amore
Jampridem resides animos desuetaque corda.
VIRG. Æn. i. 720.

But he———
Works in the pliant bosom of the fair,
And moulds her heart anew, and blots her former care.
The dead is to the living love resign'd,
And all Æneas enters in her mind.
DRYDEN.

'SIR,

'I AM a tall, broad-shouldered, impudent, black fellow, and, as I thought, every way qualified for a rich widow: but after having tried my fortune for above three years together, I have not been able to get one single relict in the mind. My first attacks were generally successful, but always broke off as soon as they came to the word settlement. Though I have not improved my fortune this way, I have my experience, and have learnt several secrets which may be of use to those unhappy gentlemen, who are commonly distinguished by the name of widow-hunters, and who do not know that this tribe of women are, generally speaking, as much upon the catch as themselves. I shall here communicate to you the mysteries of a certain female cabal of this order, who call themselves the Widow-club. This

[1] See No. 557.

club consists of nine experienced dames, who take their places once a week round a large oval table.

'I. Mrs. President is a person who has disposed of six husbands, and is now determined to take a seventh; being of opinion that there is as much virtue in the touch of a seventh husband as of a seventh son. Her comrades are as follows:

'II. Mrs. Snap, who has four jointures, by four different bedfellows, of four different shires. She is at present upon the point of marriage with a Middlesex man, and is said to have an ambition of extending her possessions through all the counties in England on this side the Trent.

'III. Mrs. Medlar, who, after two husbands and a gallant, is now wedded to an old gentleman of sixty. Upon her making her report to the club after a week's cohabitation, she is still allowed to sit as a widow, and accordingly takes her place at the board.

'IV. The widow Quick, married within a fortnight after the death of her last husband. Her weeds have served her thrice, and are still as good as new.

'V. Lady Catharine Swallow. She was a widow at eighteen, and has since buried a second husband and two coachmen.

'VI. The lady Waddle. She was married in the fifteenth year of her age to sir Simon Waddle knight, aged threescore and twelve, by whom she had twins nine months after his decease. In the 55th year of her age she was married to James Spindle, Esq., a youth of one-and-twenty, who did not outlive the honeymoon.

'VII. Deborah Conquest. The case of this lady is something particular. She is the relict of sir

Sampson, some time justice of the quorum; sir Sampson was seven foot high, and two foot in breadth from the tip of one shoulder to the other. He had married three wives, who all of them died in childbed. This terrified the whole sex, who none of them durst venture on sir Sampson. At length Mrs. Deborah undertook him, and gave so good an account of him, that in three years time she very fairly laid him out, and measured his length upon the ground. This exploit has gained her so great a reputation in the club, that they have added Sampson's three victories to hers, and give her the merit of a fourth widowhood; and she takes her place accordingly.

'VIII. The widow Wildfire, relict of Mr. John Wildfire, fox-hunter, who broke his neck over a six-bar gate. She took his death so much at heart, that it was thought it would have put an end to her life, had she not diverted her sorrows by receiving the addresses of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who made love to her in the second month of her widowhood. This gentleman was discarded in a fortnight for the sake of a young Templar, who had the possession of her for six weeks after, till he was beaten out by a broken officer, who likewise gave up his place to a gentleman at court. The courtier was as short-lived a favourite as his predecessors, but had the pleasure to see himself succeeded by a long series of lovers, who followed the widow Wildfire to the 37th year of her age, at which time there ensued a cessation of ten years, when John Felt, haberdasher, took it into his head to be in love with her, and it is thought will very suddenly carry her off.

'IX. The last is pretty Mrs. Runnet, who broke her

first husband's heart before she was sixteen, at which time she was entered of the club, but soon after left it upon account of a second, whom she made so quick a despatch of, that she returned to her seat in less than a twelvemonth. This young matron is looked upon as the most rising member of the society, and will probably be in the president's chair before she dies.

'These ladies, upon their first institution, resolved to give the pictures of their deceased husbands to the club-room, but two of them bringing in their dead at full length, they covered all the walls. Upon which they came to a second resolution, that every matron should give her own picture, and set it round with her husband's in miniature.

'As they have most of them the misfortune to be troubled with the colic, they have a noble cellar of cordials and strong waters. When they grow maudlin, they are very apt to commemorate their former partners with a tear. But ask them which of their husbands they condole, they are not able to tell you; and discover plainly that they do not weep so much for the loss of a husband as for the want of one.

'The principal rule by which the whole society are to govern themselves, is this, to cry up the pleasures of a single life upon all occasions, in order to deter the rest of their sex from marriage, and engross the whole male world to themselves.

'They are obliged, when any one makes love to a member of the society, to communicate his name, at which time the whole assembly sit upon his reputation, person, fortune, and good humour; and if they find him qualified for a sister of the club, they

lay their heads together how to make him sure. By this means they are acquainted with all the widow-hunters about town, who often afford them great diversion. There is an honest Irish gentleman, it seems, who knows nothing of this society, but at different times has made love to the whole club.

'Their conversation often turns upon their former husbands, and it is very diverting to hear them relate their several arts and stratagems, with which they amused the jealous, pacified the choleric, or wheedled the good-natured man, till at last, to use the club phrase, "they sent him out of the house with his heels foremost."

'The politics which are most cultivated by this society of She-Machiavels relate chiefly to these two points, how to treat a lover, and how to manage a husband. As for the first set of artifices, they are too numerous to come within the compass of your paper, and shall therefore be reserved for a second letter.

'The management of a husband is built upon the following doctrines, which are universally assented to by the whole club. Not to give him his head at first. Not to allow him too great freedoms and familiarities. Not to be treated by him like a raw girl, but as a woman that knows the world. Not to lessen any thing of her former figure. To celebrate the generosity, or any other virtue, of a deceased husband, which she would recommend to his successor. To turn away all his old friends and servants, that she may have the dear man to herself. To make him disinherit the undutiful children of any former wife. Never to be thoroughly convinced of his affection until he has made over to her all his goods and chattels.

'After so long a letter, I am, without more ceremony,

'Your humble servant, &c.'

No. 562. FRIDAY, July 2, 1714.

—Præsens, absens ut sies.
Ter. Eun. Act. i. Sc. 2.
Be present as if absent.

'It is a hard and nice subject for a man to speak of himself,' says Cowley;[m] 'it grates his own heart to say any thing of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear any thing of praise from him.' Let the tenour of his discourse be what it will upon this subject, it generally proceeds from vanity. An ostentatious man will rather relate a blunder or an absurdity he has committed, than be debarred from talking of his own dear person.

Some very great writers have been guilty of this fault. It is observed of Tully in particular, that his works run very much in the first person, and that he takes all occasions of doing himself justice. 'Does he think,' says Brutus, 'that his consulship deserves more applause than my putting Cæsar to death, because I am not perpetually talking of the ides of March, as he is of the nones of December?' I need not acquaint my learned reader, that in the ides of March Brutus destroyed Cæsar, and that Cicero quashed the conspiracy of Catiline in the calends of December. How shocking soever this great man's

[l] By Addison; on the authority of Mr. Tickell.
[m] Cowley's Works, fol. Lond. 1669, ess. ii. p. 143.

talking of himself might have been to his contemporaries, I must confess I am never better pleased than when he is on this subject. Such openings of the heart give a man a thorough insight into his personal character, and illustrate several passages in the history of his life: besides, that there is some little pleasure in discovering the infirmity of a great man, and seeing how the opinion he has of himself agrees with what the world entertains of him.

The gentlemen of Port Royal, who were more eminent for their learning and their humility than any other in France, banished the way of speaking in the first person out of all their works, as arising from vain-glory and self-conceit. To show their particular aversion to it, they branded this form of writing with the name of an egotism; a figure not to be found among the ancient rhetoricians.

The most violent egotism which I have met with in the course of my reading, is that of cardinal Wolsey, *ego et rex meus*, 'I and my king;' as perhaps the most eminent egotist that ever appeared in the world was Montaigne, the author of the celebrated Essays. This lively old Gascon has woven all his bodily infirmities into his works; and, after having spoken of the faults or virtues of any other men, immediately publishes to the world how it stands with himself in that particular. Had he kept his own counsel, he might have passed for a much better man, though perhaps he would not have been so diverting an author. The title of an Essay promises perhaps a discourse upon Virgil or Julius Cæsar; but, when you look into it, you are sure to meet with more upon monsieur Montaigne than of either of them. The younger Scaliger, who seems to have been no great friend to this author, after having ac-

quainted the world that his father sold herrings, adds these words: *La grande fadaisse de Montaigne, qui a ecrit qu'il aimoit mieux le vin blanc——que diable a ton à faire de sçavoir ce qu'il aime?* 'For my part,' says Montaigne, 'I am a great lover of your white wines.'—'What the devil signifies it to the public,' says Scaliger, 'whether he is a lover of white wines or of red wines?'

I cannot here forbear mentioning a tribe of egotists, for whom I have always had a mortal aversion; I mean the authors of memoirs, who are never mentioned in any works but their own, and who raise all their productions out of this single figure of speech.

Most of our modern prefaces savour very strongly of the egotism. Every insignificant author fancies it of importance to the world to know that he writ his book in the country, that he did it to pass away some of his idle hours, that it was published at the importunity of friends, or that his natural temper, studies, or conversations, directed him to the choice of his subject.

—'Id populus curat scilicet.'

Such informations cannot but be highly improving to the reader.

In works of humour especially, when a man writes under a fictitious personage, the talking of oneself may give some diversion to the public; but I would advise every other writer never to speak of himself, unless there be something very considerable in his character; though I am sensible this rule will be of little use in the world, because there is no

man who fancies his thoughts worth publishing, that does not look upon himself as a considerable person.

I shall close this paper with a remark upon such as are egotists in conversation: these are generally the vain or shallow part of mankind, people being naturally full of themselves when they have nothing else in them. There is one kind of egotists which is very common in the world, though I do not remember that any writer has taken notice of them; I mean those empty conceited fellows who repeat, as sayings of their own, or some of their particular friends, several jests which were made before they were born, and which every one who has conversed in the world has heard a hundred times over. A forward young fellow of my acquaintance was very guilty of this absurdity: he would be always laying a new scene for some old piece of wit, and telling us that, as he and Jack Such-a-one were together, one or t'other of them had such a conceit on such an occasion; upon which he would laugh very heartily, and wonder the company did not join with him. When this mirth was over, I have often reprehended him out of Terence, *Tuumne, obsecro te, hoc dictum erat? vetus credidi.* But finding him still incorrigible, and having a kindness for the young coxcomb, who was otherwise a good-natured fellow, I recommended to his perusal the Oxford and Cambridge jests, with several little pieces of pleasantry of the same nature. Upon the reading of them he was under no small confusion to find that all his jokes had passed through several editions, and that what he thought was a new conceit, and had appropriated to his own use, had appeared in print before he or his ingenious friends were ever heard of. This had so good an effect upon him, that he is content at

present to pass for a man of plain sense in his ordinary conversation, and is never facetious but when he knows his company. "

No. 563. MONDAY, July 5, 1714.

— Magni nominis umbra.
Lucan. i. 133.
The shadow of a mighty name.

I shall entertain my reader with two very curious letters. The first of them comes from a chimerical person, who I believe never writ to any body before.

" Sir,

" I am descended from the ancient family of the Blanks, a name well known among all men of business. It is always read in those little white spaces of writing which want to be filled up, and which for that reason are called blank spaces, as of right appertaining to our family: for I consider myself as the lord of a manor, who lays his claim to all wastes or spots of ground that are unappropriated. I am a near kinsman to John a Styles and John a Noakes; and they, I am told, came in with the Conqueror. I am mentioned oftener in both houses of parliament than any other person in Great Britain.

" By Addison. The papers subsequent to No. 555, were not originally distinguished, as in the preceding volumes, by signatures or capital letters at the ends of them. The assignments of all Addison's papers in this edition rest entirely on the authority of Mr T. Tickell, who lived familiarly with that gentleman, and had no doubt satisfactory reasons for republishing them in his edition of Addison's Works, 4to. 4 vols. In the preceding numbers, up to No. 556, Mr. Tickell was guided by Steele's list.

My name is written, or, more properly speaking, not written thus

I am one that can turn my hand to every thing, and appear under any shape whatsoever. I can make myself man, woman, or child. I am sometimes metamorphosed into a year of our Lord, a day of the month, or an hour of the day. I very often represent a sum of money, and am generally the first subsidy that is granted to the crown. I have now and then supplied the place of several thousands of land soldiers, and have as frequently been employed in the sea-service.

'Now, Sir, my complaint is this, that I am only made use of to serve a turn, being always discarded as soon as a proper person is found out to fill up my place.

'If you have ever been in the play-house before the curtain rises, you see most of the front boxes filled with men of my family, who forthwith turn out and resign their stations upon the appearance of those for whom they are retained.

'But the most illustrious branch of the Blanks are those who are planted in high posts, till such time as persons of greater consequence can be found out to supply them. One of these Blanks is equally qualified for all offices; he can serve in time of need for a soldier, a politician, a lawyer, or what you please. I have known in my time many a brother Blank that has been born under a lucky planet, heap up great riches, and swell into a man of figure and importance, before the grandees of his party could agree among themselves which of them should step into his place. Nay, I have known a Blank continue so long in one of these vacant posts, (for such it is to be reckoned all the time a Blank is in it,) that he

has grown too formidable and dangerous to be removed.

But to return to myself. Since I am so very commodious a person, and so very necessary in all well-regulated governments, I desire you will take my case into consideration, that I may be no longer made a tool of, and only employed to stop a gap. Such usage, without a pun, makes me look very blank. For all which reasons I humbly recommend myself to your protection, and am

'Your most obedient servant,

'BLANK.

'P. S. I herewith send you a paper drawn up by a country-attorney, employed by two gentlemen, whose names he was not acquainted with, and who did not think fit to let him into the secret which they were transacting. I heard him call it "a blank instrument," and read it after the following manner. You may see by this single instance of what use I am to the busy world.

"I, T. Blank, esquire, of Blank town, in the county of Blank, do own myself indebted in the sum of Blank to Goodman Blank, for the service he did me in procuring me the goods following, Blank: and I do hereby promise the said Blank to pay unto him the said sum of Blank, on the Blank day of the month of Blank next ensuing, under the penalty and forfeiture of Blank."

I shall take time to consider the case of this my imaginary correspondent, and in the mean while shall present my reader with a letter which seems to come from a person that is made up of flesh and blood.

'GOOD MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM married to a very honest gentleman, that is exceedingly good-natured, and at the same time very choleric. There is no standing before him when he is in a passion: but as soon as it is over, he is the best humoured creature in the world. When he is angry he breaks all my china-ware that chances to lie in his way, and the next morning sends me in twice as much as he broke the day before. I may positively say that he has broke me a child's fortune since we were first married together.

'As soon as he begins to fret, down goes every thing that is within reach of his cane. I once prevailed upon him never to carry a stick in his hand, but this saved me nothing; for, upon seeing me do something that did not please him, he kicked down a great jar that cost him above ten pounds but the week before. I then laid the fragments together in a heap, and gave him his cane again, desiring him, that, if he chanced to be in anger, he would spend his passion upon the china that was broke to his hand; but the very next day, upon my giving a wrong message to one of the servants, he flew into such a rage, that he swept down a dozen tea-dishes, which, to my misfortune, stood very convenient for a side-blow.

'I then removed all my china into a room which he never frequents; but I got nothing by this neither, for my looking-glasses immediately went to rack.

'In short, Sir, whenever he is in a passion he is angry at every thing that is brittle; and if on such occasions he hath nothing to vent his rage upon, I do not know whether my bones would be in safety. Let me beg of you, Sir, to let me know whether

there be any cure for this unaccountable distemper; or, if not, that you will be pleased to publish this letter: for my husband, having a great veneration for your writings, will by that means know you do not approve of his conduct.

'I am, your most humble servant, &c.'

*** Just published, The Romish Ecclesiastical History of late years, by Richard Steele, esq. Printed for R. Tonson. 'Suis et ipsa Roma viribus ruit.' Hor.

Reprinted for J. Roberts, near the Oxford Arms in Warwick-lane, 1714, and dedicated to lord Finch. In 1715, or 1716, Steele published in 8vo. The State of the Roman Catholic Religion throughout the World, written for the use of Pope Innocent XI, by M. Cervic, &c. with a large dedication to the [then] present pope, &c. The translation was by Michael de la Roche, author of the Memoirs of Literature; and the dedication by bishop Hoadly. V. Biogr. Brit. art. Steele, p. 3830, note. Dr. John Hoadly, in a letter before the annotator, says, that Swift bore the bishop a grudge for the grave irony of this dedication, which the dean considered as an invasion on his province; but Dr. Hoadly well knew that Swift's dislike to the bishop sprang from principles still more honourable to his father's character. Adv. from the Spect. in folio, No. 563.

No. 564. WEDNESDAY, July 7, 1714.

— Adsit
Regula, peccatis quæ pœnas irroget æquas.
Ne scutica dignum horribili sectère flagello.
Hor. 1 Sat. iii. 117.

Let rules be fix'd that may our rage contain,
And punish faults with a proportion'd pain;
And do not flay him who deserves alone
A whipping for the fault that he hath done.
Creech.

It is the work of a philosopher to be every day subduing his passions, and laying aside his prejudices. I endeavour at least to look upon men and their actions only as an impartial Spectator, without any regard to them as they happen to advance or cross my own private interest. But while I am thus

employed myself, I cannot help observing how those about me suffer themselves to be blinded by prejudice and inclination, how readily they pronounce on every man's character, which they can give in two words, and make him either good for nothing, or qualified for every thing. On the contrary, those who search thoroughly into human nature will find it much more difficult to determine the value of their fellow-creatures, and that men's characters are not thus to be given in general words. There is indeed no such thing as a person entirely good or bad; virtue and vice are blended and mixed together, in a greater or less proportion, in every one; and if you would search for some particular good quality in its most eminent degree of perfection, you will often find it in a mind where it is darkened and eclipsed by an hundred other irregular passions.

Men have either no character at all, says a celebrated author, or it is that of being inconsistent with themselves. They find it easier to join extremities than to be uniform and of a piece. This is finally illustrated in Xenophon's life of Cyrus the Great. That author tells us, that Cyrus having taken a most beautiful lady, named Panthea, the wife of Abradatas, committed her to the custody of Araspas, a young Persian nobleman, who had a little before maintained in discourse that a mind truly virtuous was incapable of entertaining an unlawful passion. The young gentleman had not long been in possession of his fair captive, when a complaint was made to Cyrus, that he not only solicited the lady Panthea to receive him in the room of her absent husband; but that, finding his entreaties had no effect, he was preparing to make

use of force. Cyrus, who loved the young man, immediately sent for him, and in a gentle manner representing to him his fault, and putting him in mind of his former assertion, the unhappy youth, confounded with a quick sense of his guilt and shame, burst out into a flood of tears, and spoke as follows:[o]

'Oh, Cyrus, I am convinced that I have two souls. Love has taught me this piece of philosophy. If I had but one soul, it could not at the same time pant after virtue and vice, wish and abhor the same thing. It is certain therefore we have two souls: when the good soul rules, I undertake noble and virtuous actions; but when the bad soul predominates, I am forced to do evil. All I can say at present is, that I find my good soul, encouraged by your presence, has got the better of my bad.'

I know not whether my readers will allow of this piece of philosophy; but if they will not, they must confess we meet with as different passions in one and the same soul as can be supposed in two. We can hardly read the life of a great man who lived in former ages, or converse with any who is eminent among our contemporaries, that is not an instance of what I am saying.

But as I have hitherto only argued against the partiality and injustice of giving our judgment upon men in gross, who are such a composition of virtues and vices, of good and evil, I might carry this reflection still farther, and make it extend to most of their actions. If on the one hand we fairly weighed every circumstance, we should frequently find them obliged to do that action we at first sight condemn,

[o] Xenoph. Opera, ed. Leuenclav. 1625, fol. p. 117 and 153.

in order to avoid another we should have been much more displeased with. If on the other hand we nicely examined such actions as appear most dazzling to the eye, we should find most of them either deficient and lame in several parts, produced by a bad ambition, or directed to an ill end. The very same action may sometimes be so oddly circumstanced, that it is difficult to determine whether it ought to be rewarded or punished. Those who compiled the laws of England were so sensible of this, that they have laid it down as one of their first maxims, 'It is better suffering a mischief than an inconvenience;' which is as much as to say in other words, that, since no law can take in or provide for all cases, it is better private men should have some injustice done them than that a public grievance should not be redressed. This is usually pleaded in defence of all those hardships which fall on particular persons in particular occasions, which could not be foreseen when a law was made. To remedy this however as much as possible, the court of chancery was erected, which frequently mitigates and breaks the teeth of the common law, in cases of men's properties, while in criminal cases there is a power of pardoning still lodged in the crown.

Notwithstanding this, it is perhaps impossible in a large government to distribute rewards and punishments strictly proportioned to the merits of every action. The Spartan commonwealth was indeed wonderfully exact in this particular; and I do not remember in all my reading to have met with so nice an example of justice as that recorded by Plutarch, with which I shall close my paper for this day.

The city of Sparta being unexpectedly attacked

by a powerful army of Thebans, was in very great danger of falling into the hands of their enemies. The citizens, suddenly gathering themselves into a body, fought with a resolution equal to the necessity of their affairs, yet no one so remarkably distinguished himself on this occasion, to the amazement of both armies, as Isidas the son of Phœbidas, who was at that time in the bloom of his youth, and very remarkable for the comeliness of his person. He was coming out of the bath when the alarm was given, so that he had not time to put on his clothes, much less his armour: however, transported with a desire to serve his country in so great an exigency, snatching up a spear in one hand and a sword in the other, he flung himself into the thickest ranks of his enemies. Nothing could withstand his fury: in what part soever he fought he put the enemies to flight without receiving a single wound. Whether, says Plutarch, he was the particular care of some god, who rewarded his valour that day with an extraordinary protection, or that his enemies, struck with the unusualness of his dress, and beauty of his shape, supposed him something more than man, I shall not determine.

The gallantry of this action was judged so great by the Spartans, that the ephori, or chief magistrates, decreed he should be presented with a garland; but, as soon as they had done so, fined him a thousand drachmas for going out to the battle unarmed.

No. 565. FRIDAY, July 9, 1714.

— Deum namque ire per omnes
Terrasque, tractusque maris, cœlumque profundum.
Virg. Georg. iv. 221.

For God the whole created mass inspires,
Thro' heav'n and earth, and ocean's depths he throws
His influence round, and kindles as he goes.
Dryden.

I was yesterday about sun-set walking in the open fields, till the night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the richness and variety of colours which appeared in the western parts of heaven; in proportion as they faded away and went out, several stars and planets appeared one after another, until the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueness of the ether was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the season of the year, and by the rays of all those luminaries that passed through it. The galaxy appeared in its most beautiful white. To complete the scene, the full moon rose at length in that clouded majesty which Milton takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely shaded and disposed among softer lights, than that which the sun had before discovered to us.

As I was surveying the moon walking in her brightness, and taking her progress among the constellations, a thought rose in me which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs men of serious and contemplative natures. David himself fell into it in that reflection, 'When I consider the heavens the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou regardest him!' In the same manner, when I considered that infinite host

of stars, or, to speak more philosophically, of suns which were then shining upon me, with those innumerable sets of planets or worlds which were moving round their respective suns; when I still enlarged the idea, and supposed another heaven of suns and worlds rising still above this which we discovered, and these still enlightened by a superior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at so great a distance, that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the stars do to us: in short, whilst I pursued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little insignificant figure which I myself bore amidst the immensity of God's works.

Were the sun, which enlightens this part of the creation, with all the host of planetary worlds that move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not be missed more than a grain of sand upon the sea shore. The space they possess is so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, that it would scarce make a blank in the creation. The chasm would be imperceptible to an eye that could take in the whole compass of nature, and pass from one end of the creation to the other; as it is possible there may be such a sense in ourselves hereafter, or in creatures which are at present more exalted than ourselves. We see many stars by the help of glasses, which we do not discover with our naked eyes; and the finer our telescopes are the more still are our discoveries. Huygenius carries this thought so far, that he does not think it impossible there may be stars whose light is not yet travelled down to us, since their first creation.[P] There is no question but the universe has certain bounds set to it; but when we

[P] See Tat. with notes, vol. v. addit. notes, p. 421, and No. 119.

consider that it is the work of infinite power, prompted by infinite goodness, with an infinite space to exert itself in, how can our imagination set any bounds to it?

To return therefore to my first thought. I could not but look upon myself with secret horror, as a being that was not worth the smallest regard of one who had so great a work under his care and superintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidst the immensity of nature, and lost among that infinite variety of creatures, which in all probability swarm through all these immeasurable regions of matter.

In order to recover myself from this mortifying thought, I considered that it took its rise from those narrow conceptions which we are apt to entertain of the divine nature. We ourselves cannot attend to many different objects at the same time. If we are careful to inspect some things, we must of course neglect others. This imperfection, which we observe in ourselves, is an imperfection that cleaves in some degree to creatures of the highest capacities, as they are creatures, that is, beings of finite and limited natures. The presence of every created being is confined to a certain measure of space, and consequently his observation is stinted to a certain number of objects. The sphere in which we move, and act, and understand, is of a wider circumference to one creature than another, according as we rise one above another in the scale of existence. But the widest of these our spheres has its circumference. When therefore we reflect on the divine nature, we are so used and accustomed to this imperfection in ourselves, that we cannot forbear in some measure ascribing it to Him in whom there is no shadow of imperfection. Our reason indeed assures us that his attributes are

infinite, but the poorness of our conceptions is such that it cannot forbear setting bounds to every thing it contemplates, till our reason comes again to our succour, and throws down all those little prejudices which rise in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

We shall therefore utterly extinguish this melancholy thought, of our being overlooked by our Maker in the multiplicity of his works, and the infinity of those objects among which he seems to be incessantly employed, if we consider, in the first place, that he is omnipresent; and, in the second, that he is omniscient.

If we consider him in his omnipresence: his being passes through, actuates, and supports the whole frame of nature. His creation, and every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made that is either so distant, so little, or so inconsiderable, which he does not essentially inhabit. His substance is within the substance of every being whether material or immaterial, and as intimately present to it as that being is to itself. It would be an imperfection in him, were he able to remove out of one place into another, or to withdraw himself from any thing he has created, or from any part of that space which is diffused and spread abroad to infinity. In short, to speak of him in the language of the old philosopher, he is a Being whose centre is every where, and his circumference no where.

In the second place, he is omniscient as well as omnipresent. His omniscience indeed necessarily and naturally flows from his omnipresence; he cannot but be conscious of every motion that arises in the whole material world, which he thus essentially pervades, and of every thought that is stirring

in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Several moralists have considered the creation as the temple of God, which he has built with his own hands, and which is filled with his presence. Others have considered infinite space as the receptacle, or rather the habitation of the Almighty; but the noblest and most exalted way of considering this infinite space is that of sir Isaac Newton, who calls it the sensorium of the Godhead. Brutes and men have their sensoriola, or little sensoriums, by which they apprehend the presence and perceive the actions of a few objects that lie contiguous to them. Their knowledge and observation turn within a very narrow circle. But as God Almighty cannot but perceive and know every thing in which he resides, infinite space gives room to infinite knowledge, and is, as it were, an organ to omniscience.

Were the soul separate from the body, and with one glance of thought should start beyond the bounds of the creation, should it for millions of years continue its progress through infinite space with the same activity, it would still find itself within the embrace of its Creator, and encompassed round with the immensity of the Godhead. Whilst we are in the body, he is not less present with us because he is concealed from us. 'O that I knew where I might find him!' says Job. 'Behold I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him: on the left hand, where he does work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himself on the right hand that I cannot see him.' [q] In short, reason as well as revelation assures us

[q] Job xxiii. 8, &c.

that he cannot be absent from us, notwithstanding he is undiscovered by us.

In this consideration of God Almighty's omnipresence and omniscience, every uncomfortable thought vanishes. He cannot but regard every thing that has being, especially such of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular which is apt to trouble them on this occasion: for, as it is impossible he should overlook any of his creatures, so we may be confident that he regards, with an eye of mercy, those who endeavour to recommend themselves to his notice, and in an unfeigned humility of heart think themselves unworthy that he should be mindful of them.[r]

No. 566. MONDAY, July 12, 1714.

Militiæ species amor est.
Ovid. Ars Am. ii. 233.
Love is a kind of warfare.

As my correspondents begin to grow pretty numerous, I think myself obliged to take some notice of them, and shall therefore make this paper a miscellany of letters. I have, since my re-assuming the office of Spectator, received abundance of epistles from gentlemen of the blade, who I find have been so used to action that they know not how to lie still. They seem generally to be of opinion that the fair at home ought to reward them for their

[r] By Addison. See Spect. Nos. 571, 580, 590, and 628.

services abroad; and that, till the cause of their country calls them again into the field, they have a sort of right to quarter themselves upon the ladies. In order to favour their approaches, I am desired by some to enlarge upon the accomplishments of their profession, and by others to give them my advice in the carrying on of their attacks. But let us hear what the gentlemen say for themselves.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THOUGH it may look somewhat perverse amidst the arts of peace to talk too much of war, it is but gratitude to pay the last office to its manes, since even peace itself is, in some measure, obliged to it for its being.

'You have, in your former papers, always recommended the accomplished to the favour of the fair; and I hope you will allow me to represent some part of a military life not altogether unnecessary to the forming a gentleman. I need not tell you that in France, whose fashions we have been formerly so fond of, almost every one derives his pretences to merit from the sword; and that a man has scarce the face to make his court to a lady, without some credentials from the service to recommend him. As the profession is very ancient, we have reason to think some of the greatest men among the old Romans derived many of their virtues from it, their commanders being frequently in other respects some of the most shining characters of the age.

'The army not only gives a man opportunities of exercising those two great virtues, patience and courage, but often produces them in minds where they had scarce any footing before. I must add, that it is one of the best schools in the world to re-

ceive a general notion of mankind in, and a certain freedom of behaviour, which is not so easily acquired in any other place. At the same time I must own, that some military airs are pretty extraordinary, and that a man who goes into the army a coxcomb, will come out of it a sort of public nuisance: but a man of sense, or one who before had not been sufficiently used to a mixed conversation, generally takes the true turn. The court has in all ages been allowed to be the standard of good-breeding; and I believe there is not a juster observation in monsieur Rochefoucault, than that "a man who has been bred up wholly to business can never get the air of a courtier at court, but will immediately catch it in the camp." The reason of this most certainly is, that the very essence of good-breeding and politeness consists in several niceties, which are so minute that they escape his observation, and he falls short of the original he would copy after; but when he sees the same things charged and aggravated to a fault, he no sooner endeavours to come up to the pattern which is set before him, than, though he stops somewhat short of that, he naturally rests where in reality he ought. I was, two or three days ago, mightily pleased with the observation of an humorous gentleman upon one of his friends, who was in other respects every way an accomplished person, that he wanted nothing but a dash of the coxcomb in him; by which he understood a little of that alertness and unconcern in the common actions of life, which is usually so visible among gentlemen of the army, and which a campaign or two would infallibly have given him.

'You will easily guess, Sir, by this my panegyric upon a military education, that I am myself a

soldier; and indeed I am so. I remember, within three years after I had been in the army, I was ordered into the country a recruiting. I had very particular success in this part of the service, and was over and above assured, at my going away, that I might have taken a young lady, who was the most considerable fortune in the country, along with me. I preferred the pursuit of fame at that time to all other considerations; and, though I was not absolutely bent on a wooden leg, resolved at least to get a scar or two for the good of Europe. I have at present as much as I desire of this sort of honour; and if you could recommend me effectually, should be well enough contented to pass the remainder of my days in the arms of some dear kind creature, and upon a pretty estate in the country. This, as I take it, would be following the example of Lucius Cincinnatus, the old Roman dictator, who, at the end of a war, left the camp to follow the plough. I am, SIR, with all imaginable respect,

'Your most obedient, humble servant,

'WILL WARLEY.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM an half-pay officer, and am at present with a friend in the country. Here is a rich widow in the neighbourhood, who has made fools of all the fox-hunters within fifty miles of her. She declares she intends to marry, but has not yet been asked by the man she could like. She usually admits her humble admirers to an audience or two; but, after she has once given them denial, will never see them more. I am assured by a female relation, that I shall have fair play at her; but as my whole success depends on my first approaches, I desire

your advice, whether I had best storm, or proceed by way of sap.

'I am, SIR, yours, &c.

'P. S. I had forgot to tell you that I have already carried one of her outworks, that is, secured her maid.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE assisted in several sieges in the Low Countries, and being still willing to employ my talents as a soldier and engineer, lay down this morning at seven o'clock before the door of an obstinate female, who had for some time refused me admittance. I made a lodgment in an outer parlour about twelve: the enemy retired to her bed-chamber, yet I still pursued, and about two o'clock this afternoon she thought fit to capitulate. Her demands are indeed somewhat high, in relation to the settlement of her fortune. But, being in possession of the house, I intend to insist upon carte blanche, and am in hopes, by keeping off all other pretenders for the space of twenty-four hours, to starve her into a compliance. I beg your speedy advice, and am,

'SIR, yours,

'PETER PUSH.

'From my camp in Red-lion-square, Saturday, four in the afternoon.'[a]

[a] See Spect. No. 152.

No. 567. WEDNESDAY, July 14, 1714.

——Inceptus clamor frustratur hiantes.
VIRG. Æn. vi.493.
——The weak voice deceives their gasping throats.
DRYDEN.

I HAVE received private advice from some of my correspondents, that if I would give my paper a general run I should take care to season it with scandal. I have indeed observed of late that few writings sell which are not filled with great names and illustrious titles. The reader generally casts his eye upon a new book, and, if he finds several letters separated from one another by a dash, he buys it up and peruses it with great satisfaction. An *M* and an *h*, a *T* and an *r*,[1] with a short line between them, has sold many an insipid pamphlet. Nay, I have known a whole edition go off by virtue of two or three well-written, *&c*——*s*.

A sprinkling of the words 'faction, Frenchman, papist, plunderer,' and the like significant terms, in an Italic character, have also a very good effect upon the eye of the purchaser; not to mention 'scribbler, liar, rogue, rascal, knave, and villain,' without which it is impossible to carry on a modern controversy.

Our party-writers are so sensible of the secret virtue of an innuendo to recommend their productions, that of late they never mention the Q——n or P——t at length, though they speak of them with honour, and with that deference which is due to them from every private person. It gives a secret satisfaction to a peruser of these mysterious works,

[1] *M* and an *h* means Marlborough, and a *T* and an *r* means Treasurer.

that he is able to decipher them without help, and, by the strength of his own natural parts, to fill up a blank space, or make out a word that has only the first or last letter to it.

Some of our authors indeed, when they would be more satirical than ordinary, omit only the vowels of a great man's name, and fall most unmercifully upon all the consonants. This way of writing was first of all introduced by T-m Br-wn [a] of facetious memory, who, after having gutted a proper name of all its intermediate vowels, used to plant it in his works, and make as free with it as he pleased, without any danger of the statute.

That I may imitate these celebrated authors, and publish a paper which shall be more taking than ordinary, I have here drawn up a very curious libel, in which a reader of penetration will find a great deal of concealed satire, and, if he be acquainted with the present posture of affairs, will easily discover the meaning of it.

If there are four persons in the nation who endeavour to bring all things into confusion, and ruin their native country, I think every honest Engl-sh-m-n ought to be upon his guard. That there are such every one will agree with me, who hears me name *** with his first friend and favourite *** not to mention *** nor ***. These people may cry ch-rch, ch-rch, as long as they please; but, to make use of a homely proverb, "The proof of the p-dd-ng is in the eating." This I am sure of, that if a certain prince should concur with a certain prelate, (and we have monsieur Z——n's word for it) our posterity would be in a sweet p-ckle. Must

[a] Tom Brown.

the British nation suffer, forsooth, because my lady Q-p-t-s has been disobliged? Or is it reasonable that our English fleet, which used to be the terror of the ocean, should lie wind-bound for the sake of a——? I love to speak out, and declare my mind clearly, when I am talking for the good of my country. I will not make my court to an ill-man, though he were a B——y or a T——t. Nay, I would not stick to call so wretched a politician a traitor, an enemy to his country, and a Bl-nd-rb-ss, &c., &c.'

The remaining part of this political treatise, which is written after the manner of the most celebrated authors in Great Britain, I may communicate to the public at a more convenient season. In the mean while I shall leave this with my curious reader, as some ingenious writers do their enigmas; and if any sagacious person can fairly unriddle it, I will print his explanation, and, if he pleases, acquaint the world with his name.

I hope this short essay will convince my readers it is not for want of abilities that I avoid state tracts, and that, if I would apply my mind to it, I might in a little time be as great a master of the political scratch as any the most eminent writer of the age. I shall only add, that in order to outshine all this modern race of syncopists, and thoroughly content my English readers, I intend shortly to publish a Spectator that shall not have a single vowel in it. [x]

[x] By Addison. See final note to No. 7, and 221. From No. 555, there were no signatures, and Addison's papers, among the subsequent numbers, are given on the authority of Mr. Thomas Tickell.

No. 568. FRIDAY, July 16, 1714.

—Dum recitas, incipit esse tuus.
Mart. Epig. i. 39.
Reciting makes it thine.

I was yesterday in a coffee-house not far from the Royal Exchange, where I observed three persons in close conference over a pipe of tobacco; upon which, having filled one for my own use, I lighted it at the little wax candle that stood before them; and, after having thrown in two or three whiffs amongst them, sat down and made one of the company. I need not tell my reader, that lighting a man's pipe at the same candle is looked upon among brother smokers as an overture to conversation and friendship. As we here laid our heads together in a very amicable manner, being entrenched under a cloud of our own raising, I took up the last Spectator, and casting my eye over it, 'The Spectator,' says I, 'is very witty to-day;' upon which a lusty lethargic old gentleman, who sat at the upper end of the table, having gradually blown out of his mouth a great deal of smoke, which had been collecting for some time before, 'Ay,' says he, 'more witty than wise, I am afraid.' His neighbour, who sat at his right hand, immediately coloured, and being an angry politician, laid down his pipe with so much wrath that he broke it in the middle, and by that means furnished me with a tobacco-stopper. I took it up very sedately, and looking him full in the face, made use of it from time to time all the while he was speaking: 'This fellow,' says he, 'cannot for his life keep out of politics. Do you see how he abuses four great men here?' I fixed my eye very attent-

ively on the paper, and asked him if he meant those who were represented by asterisks. 'Asterisks,' says he, 'do you call them? they are all of them stars—he might as well have put garters to them. Then pray do but mind the two or three next lines. Ch-ch and p-dd-ng in the same sentence! Our clergy are very much beholden to him!' Upon this the third gentleman, who was of a mild disposition, and, as I found, a whig in his heart, desired him not to be too severe upon the Spectator neither; 'for,' says he, 'you find he is very cautious of giving offence, and has therefore put two dashes into his pudding.' 'A fig for his dash,' says the angry politician; 'in his next sentence he gives a plain innuendo that our posterity will be in a sweet pickle. What does the fool mean by his pickle? Why does he not write it at length, if he means honestly?' 'I have read over the whole sentence,' says I, 'but I look upon the parenthesis in the belly of it to be the most dangerous part, and as full of insinuations as it can hold. But who,' says I, 'is my lady Q-p-t-s?' 'Ay, answer that if you can, Sir,' says the furious statesman to the poor whig that sat over against him. But without giving him time to reply, 'I do assure you,' says he, 'were I my lady Q-p-t-s, I would sue him for *scandalum magnatum*. What is the world come to? Must every body be allowed to—?' He had by this time filled a new pipe, and applying it to his lips, when we expected the last word of his sentence, put us off with a whiff of tobacco; which he redoubled with so much rage and trepidation that he almost stifled the whole company. After a short pause, I owned that I thought the Spectator had gone too far in writing so many letters of my lady Q-p-t-s's name; 'but, however,' says I, 'he has

made a little amends for it in his next sentence, where he leaves a blank space without so much as a consonant to direct us. I mean,' says I, 'after those words, "the fleet that used to be the terror of the ocean, should be wind-bound for the sake of a——;" after which ensues a chasm, that in my opinion looks modest enough.' 'Sir,' says my antagonist, 'you may easily know his meaning by his gaping; I suppose he designs his chasm, as you call it, for an hole to creep out at, but I believe it will hardly serve his turn. Who can endure to see the great officers of state, the B—y's and T—t's, treated after so scurrilous a manner?' 'I can't for my life,' says I, 'imagine who they are the Spectator means.' 'No!' says he! 'Your humble servant, Sir!' Upon which he flung himself back in his chair after a contemptuous manner, and smiled upon the old lethargic gentleman on his left hand, who I found was his great admirer. The whig however had begun to conceive a good-will towards me, and, seeing my pipe out, very generously offered me the use of his box, but I declined it with great civility, being obliged to meet a friend about that time in another quarter of the city.

At my leaving the coffee-house, I could not forbear reflecting with myself upon that gross tribe of fools who may be termed the over-wise, and upon the difficulty of writing any thing in this censorious age, which a weak head may not construe into private satire and personal reflection.

A man who has a good nose at an innuendo, smells treason and sedition in the most innocent words that can be put together, and never sees a vice or folly stigmatized, but finds out one or other of his acquaintance pointed at by the writer. I remember

an empty pragmatical fellow in the country, who, upon reading over the Whole Duty of Man, had written the names of several persons in the village at the side of every sin which is mentioned by that excellent author; so that he had converted one of the best books in the world into a libel against the squire, churchwardens, overseers of the poor, and all other the most considerable persons in the parish. This book, with these extraordinary marginal notes, fell accidentally into the hands of one who had never seen it before; upon which there arose a current report that somebody had written a book against the squire and the whole parish. The minister of the place, having at that time a controversy with some of his congregation upon the account of his tithes, was under some suspicion of being the author, until the good man set his people right, by showing them that the satirical passages might be applied to several others of two or three neighbouring villages, and that the book was writ against all the sinners in England. y

*** Just published, Verses at the Public Commencement at Cambridge written and spoken by Mr. L. Eusden.—Spect. in folio.

y By Addison.

No. 569. MONDAY, July 19, 1714.

Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis
Et torquere mero, quem perspexisse laborant,
An sit amicitiâ dignus —

Hor. Ars Poet. 434.

Wise were the kings who never chose a friend
Till with full cups they had unmask'd his soul,
And seen the bottom of his deepest thoughts.

Roscommon.

No vices are so incurable as those which men are apt to glory in. One would wonder how drunkenness should have the good luck to be of this number. Anacharsis being invited to a match of drinking at Corinth, demanded the prize very humourously, because he was drunk before any of the rest of the company; 'for,' says he, 'when we run a race, he who arrives at the goal first is entitled to the reward:' on the contrary, in this thirsty generation, the honour falls upon him who carries off the greatest quantity of liquor, and knocks down the rest of the company. I was the other day with honest Will Funnel, the West Saxon, who was reckoning up how much liquor had passed through him in the last twenty years of his life, which, according to his computation, amounted to twenty-three hogsheads of October, four ton of port, half a kilderkin of small beer, nineteen barrels of cyder, and three glasses of champaigne; besides which he had assisted at four hundred bowls of punch, not to mention sips, drams, and whets without number. I question not but every reader's memory will suggest to him several ambitious young men who are as vain in this particular as Will Funnel, and can boast of as glorious exploits.

Our modern philosophers observe, that there is a general decay of moisture in the globe of the earth.

This they chiefly ascribe to the growth of vegetables, which incorporate into their own substance many fluid bodies that never return again to their former nature: but, with submission, they ought to throw into their account those innumerable rational beings which fetch their nourishment chiefly out of liquids; especially when we consider that men, compared with their fellow-creatures, drink much more than comes to their share.

But, however highly this tribe of people may think of themselves, a drunken man is a greater monster than any that is to be found among all the creatures which God has made; as indeed there is no character which appears more despicable and deformed, in the eyes of all reasonable persons, than that of a drunkard. Bonosus, one of our own countrymen, who was addicted to this vice, having set up for a share in the Roman empire, and being defeated in a great battle, hanged himself. When he was seen by the army in this melancholy situation, notwithstanding he had behaved himself very bravely, the common jest was, that the thing they saw hanging upon the tree before them was not a man, but a bottle.

This vice has very fatal effects on the mind, the body, and fortune of the person who is devoted to it.

In regard to the mind, it first of all discovers every flaw in it. The sober man, by the strength of reason, may keep under and subdue every vice or folly to which he is most inclined; but wine makes every latent seed sprout up in the soul, and show itself; it gives fury to the passions, and force to those objects which are apt to produce them. When a young fellow complained to an old philosopher that his wife was not handsome, 'Put less water in your

wine,' says the philosopher, 'and you will quickly make her so.' Wine heightens indifference into love, love into jealousy, and jealousy into madness. It often turns the good-natured man into an idiot, and the choleric into an assassin. It gives bitterness to resentment, it makes vanity insupportable, and displays every little spot of the soul in its utmost deformity.

Nor does this vice only betray the hidden faults of a man, and show them in the most odious colours, but often occasions faults to which he is not naturally subject. There is more of turn than of truth in a saying of Seneca, that drunkenness does not produce but discover faults. Common experience teaches us the contrary. Wine throws a man out of himself, and infuses qualities into the mind which she is a stranger to in her sober moments. The person you converse with, after the third bottle, is not the same man who at first sat down at table with you. Upon this maxim is founded one of the prettiest sayings I ever met with, which is ascribed to Publius Syrus, '*Qui ebrium ludificat, lædit absentem:*' 'He who jests upon a man that is drunk injures the absent.'

Thus does drunkenness act in a direct contradiction to reason, whose business it is to clear the mind of every vice which is crept into it, and to guard it against all the approaches of any that endeavours to make its entrance. But besides these ill effects which this vice produces in the person who is actually under its dominion, it has also a bad influence on the mind even in its sober moments, as it insensibly weakens the understanding, impairs the memory, and makes those faults habitual which are produced by frequent excesses.

I should now proceed to show the ill effects which

this vice has on the bodies and fortunes of men; but these I shall reserve for the subject of some future paper.

*** For the information of gentlemen, and promotion of trade among booksellers, there is this day published The Monthly Catalogue of all books, sermons, and pamphlets, which were published in the months of May and June last, the name of the printer and price being to each book. Printed for B. Lintot, price 3*d.* each month; to be continued monthly. Spect. in folio.

No. 570. WEDNESDAY, July 21, 1714.

—Nugæque canoræ.
Hor. Ars Poet. 322.
Chiming trifles.
Roscommon.

There is scarcely a man living who is not actuated by ambition. When this principle meets with an honest mind and great abilities, it does infinite service to the world; on the contrary, when a man only thinks of distinguishing himself without being thus qualified for it, he becomes a very pernicious or a very ridiculous creature. I shall here confine myself to that petty kind of ambition, by which some men grow eminent for odd accomplishments and trivial performances. How many are there whose whole reputation depends upon a pun or a quibble? You may often see an artist in the streets gain a circle of admirers, by carrying a long pole upon his chin or forehead in a perpendicular posture. Ambition has taught some to write with their feet, and others to walk upon their hands. Some tumble into

* By Addison. See Tat. Nos. 152, 205, 241; Spect. Nos. 189, 195; and Guard. No. 56.

fame, others grow immortal, by throwing themselves through a hoop.

> 'Cætera de genere hoc adeo sunt multa, loquacem
> Delassare valent Fabium.—
>
> Hor. 1 Sat. i. 13.
>
> 'With thousands more of this ambitious race
> Would tire ev'n Fabius to relate each case.'
>
> Horneck.

I am led into this train of thought by an adventure I lately met with.

I was the other day at a tavern, where the master of the house[a] accommodating us himself with every thing we wanted, I accidentally fell into a discourse with him; and talking of a certain great man, who shall be nameless, he told me that he had sometimes the honour to treat him with a whistle; adding (by the way of parenthesis), 'for you must know, gentlemen, that I whistle the best of any man in Europe.' This naturally put me upon desiring him to give us a sample of his art; upon which he called for a case-knife, and, applying the edge of it to his mouth, converted it into a musical instrument, and entertained me with an Italian solo. Upon laying down the knife, he took up a pair of clean tobacco-pipes; and, after having slid the small end of them over the table in a most melodious trill, he fetched a tune out of them, whistling to them at the same time in concert. In short, the tobacco-pipes became musical pipes in the hands of our virtuoso, who confessed to me ingenuously he had broke such quantities of them, that he had almost broke

[a] This man's name was Daintry. He was in the trained bands, and commonly known by the name of captain Daintry. The annotator received this information from old Mr. Heywood. See Guard. in 8vo. No. 94, and note on Mr. J. Heywood.

himself before he had brought this piece of music to any tolerable perfection. I then told him I would bring a company of friends to dine with him the next week, as an encouragement to his ingenuity; upon which he thanked me, saying that he would provide himself with a new frying-pan against that day. I replied, that it was no matter; roast and boiled would serve our turn. He smiled at my simplicity, and told me that it was his design to give us a tune upon it. As I was surprised at such a promise, he sent for an old frying-pan, and, grating it upon the board, whistled to it in such a melodious manner, that you could scarce distinguish it from a bass-viol. He then took his seat with us at the table, and, hearing my friend that was with me hum over a tune to himself, he told him if he would sing out he would accompany his voice with a tobacco-pipe. As my friend has an agreeable bass, he chose rather to sing to the frying-pan, and indeed between them they made up a most extraordinary concert. Finding our landlord so great a proficient in kitchen music, I asked him if he was master of the tongs and key. He told me that he had laid it down some years since as a little unfashionable; but that, if I pleased, he would give me a lesson upon the gridiron. He then informed me that he had added two bars to the gridiron, in order to give it a greater compass of sound; and I perceived was as well pleased with the invention as Sappho could have been upon adding two strings to the lute. To be short, I found that his whole kitchen was furnished with musical instruments; and could not but look upon this artist as a kind of burlesque musician.

He afterwards of his own accord fell into the imitation of several singing birds. My friend and I

toasted our mistresses to the nightingale, when all of a sudden we were surprised with the music of the thrush. He next proceeded to the sky-lark, mounting up by a proper scale of notes, and afterwards falling to the ground with a very easy and regular descent. He then contracted his whistle to the voice of several birds of the smallest size. As he is a man of a larger bulk and higher stature than ordinary, you would fancy him a giant when you looked upon him, and a tom-tit when you shut your eyes. I must not omit acquainting my reader that this accomplished person was formerly the master of a toyshop near Temple-bar; and that the famous Charles Mathers was bred up under him. I am told that the misfortunes which he has met with in the world are chiefly owing to his great application to his music; and therefore cannot but recommend him to my readers as one who deserves their favour, and may afford them great diversion over a bottle of wine, which he sells at the Queen's arms, near the end of the little piazza in Covent-garden. [b]

*** Just published, the second edition of Verses at the Public Commencement at Cambridge. Written and spoken by Mr. Eusden. Printed for J. Tonson, at Shakspeare's Head, against Catherine-street in the Strand. —Spect. in folio.

[b] Mr. James Heywood likewise informed the editor, that the tavern here mentioned was much frequented by Steele and Addison —See Spect. No. 268, note on Mr. Heywood; and Guard. 8vo. No. 84, and note.

No. 571. FRIDAY, July 23, 1714.

—Cœlum quid quærimus ultra?
Luc.
What seek we beyond heaven?

As the work I have engaged in will not only consist of papers of humour and learning, but of several essays moral and divine, I shall publish the following one, which is founded on a former Spectator,[c] and sent me by a particular friend, not questioning but it will please such of my readers as think it no disparagement to their understandings to give way sometimes to a serious thought.

'SIR,

'In your paper of Friday the 9th instant, you had occasion to consider the ubiquity of the Godhead, and at the same time to show that, as he is present to every thing, he cannot but be attentive to every thing, and privy to all the modes and parts of its existence: or, in other words, that his Omniscience and Omnipresence are co-existent, and run together through the whole infinitude of space. This consideration might furnish us with many incentives to devotion and motives to morality; but, as this subject has been handled by several excellent writers, I shall consider it in a light wherein I have not seen it placed by others.

'First, How disconsolate is the condition of an intellectual being, who is thus present with his Maker, but at the same time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his presence!

[c] See Spect. Nos. 565, 580, 590, and 628.

'Secondly, How deplorable is the condition of an intellectual being, who feels no other effects from this his presence but such as proceed from divine wrath and indignation!

'Thirdly, How happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is sensible of his Maker's presence, from the secret effects of his mercy and loving-kindness!

'First, How disconsolate is the condition of an intellectual being who is thus present with his Maker, but at the same time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his presence! Every particle of matter is actuated by this Almighty Being, which passes through it. The heavens and the earth, the stars and planets, move and gravitate by virtue of this great principle within them. All the dead parts of nature are invigorated by the presence of their Creator, and made capable of exerting their respective qualities. The several instincts in the brute creation do likewise operate and work towards the several ends which are agreeable to them by this divine energy. Man only, who does not co-operate with this Holy Spirit, and is unattentive to his presence, receives none of those advantages from it which are perfective of his nature and necessary to his well-being. The Divinity is with him, and in him, and every where about him, but of no advantage to him. It is the same thing to a man without religion, as if there were no God in the world. It is indeed impossible for an Infinite Being to remove himself from any of his creatures; but though he cannot withdraw his essence from us, which would argue an imperfection in him, he can withdraw from us all the joys and consolations of it. His presence may perhaps be necessary to support us in our ex

istence; but he may leave this our existence to itself, with regard to its happiness or misery. For in this sense he may cast us away from his presence, and take his Holy Spirit from us. This single consideration one would think sufficient to make us open our hearts to all those infusions of joy and gladness which are so near at hand, and ready to be poured in upon us; especially when we consider, secondly, the deplorable condition of an intellectual being, who feels no other effects from his Maker's presence but such as proceed from divine wrath and indignation.

'We may assure ourselves that the great Author of nature will not always be as one who is indifferent to any of his creatures. Those who will not feel him in his love will be sure at length to feel him in his displeasure. And how dreadful is the condition of that creature who is only sensible of the being of his Creator by what he suffers from him! He is as essentially present in hell as in heaven; but the inhabitants of the former behold him only in his wrath, and shrink within their flames to conceal themselves from him. It is not in the power of imagination to conceive the fearful effects of Omnipotence incensed.

'But I shall only consider the wretchedness of an intellectual being, who in this life lies under the displeasure of him, that at all times and in all places is intimately united with him. He is able to disquiet the soul, and vex it in all its faculties. He can hinder any of the greatest comforts of life from refreshing us, and give an edge to every one of its slightest calamities. Who then can bear the thought of being an outcast from his presence, that is, from the comforts of it; or of feeling it only in its terrors! How pathetic is that expostulation of Job, when for

the trial of his patience he was made to look upon himself in this deplorable condition! "Why hast thou set me as a mark against thee, so that I am become a burden to myself?" But, thirdly, how happy is the condition of that intellectual being who is sensible of his Maker's presence from the secret effects of his mercy and loving-kindness!

'The blessed in heaven behold him face to face, that is, are as sensible of his presence as we are of the presence of any person whom we look upon with our eyes. There is, doubtless, a faculty in spirits by which they apprehend one another as our senses do material objects; and there is no question but our souls, when they are disembodied, or placed in glorified bodies, will, by this faculty, in whatever part of space they reside, be always sensible of the Divine Presence. We, who have this veil of flesh standing between us and the world of spirits, must be content to know that the Spirit of God is present with us by the effects which he produceth in us. Our outward senses are too gross to apprehend him; we may, however, taste and see how gracious he is, by his influence upon our minds, by those virtuous thoughts which he awakens in us, by those secret comforts and refreshments which he conveys into our souls, and by those ravishing joys and inward satisfactions which are perpetually springing up, and diffusing themselves among all the thoughts of good men. He is lodged in our very essence, and is as a soul within the soul to irradiate its understanding, rectify its will, purify its passions, and enliven all the powers of man. How happy therefore is an intellectual being, who, by prayer and meditation, by virtue and good works, opens this communication between God and his own soul! Though the whole creation

frowns upon him, and all nature looks black about him, he has his light and support within him, that are able to cheer his mind, and bear him up in the midst of all those horrors which encompass him. He knows that his helper is at hand, and is always nearer to him than any thing else can be, which is capable of annoying or terrifying him. In the midst of calumny or contempt he attends to that Being who whispers better things within his soul, and whom he looks upon as his defender, his glory, and the lifter-up of his head. In his deepest solitude and retirement he knows that he is in company with the greatest of beings; and perceives within himself such real sensations of his presence, as are more delightful than any thing that can be met with in the conversation of his creatures. Even in the hour of death he considers the pains of his dissolution to be nothing else but the breaking down of that partition which stands betwixt his soul and the sight of that Being who is always present with him, and is about to manifest itself to him in fulness of joy.

'If we would be thus happy, and thus sensible of our Maker's presence, from the secret effects of his mercy and goodness, we must keep such a watch over all our thoughts, that, in the language of the scripture, his soul may have pleasure in us. We must take care not to grieve his Holy Spirit, and endeavour to make the meditations of our hearts always acceptable in his sight, that he may delight thus to reside and dwell in us. The light of nature could direct Seneca to this doctrine, in a very remarkable passage among his epistles: "*Sacer in est in nobis spiritus bonorum malorumque custos, et observator, et quemadmodum nos illum tractamus, ita et ille nos.*" "There is a Holy Spirit residing in us,

who watches and observes both good and evil men, and will treat us after the same manner that we treat him." But I shall conclude this discourse with those more emphatical words in divine revelation, "If a man love me he will keep my word; and my father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."

No 572. MONDAY, July, 26, 1714.

— Quod Medicorum est
Promittunt Medici —
Hor. 1 Ep. ii. 115.
Physicians only boast the healing art.

I am the more pleased with these my papers, since I find they have encouraged several men of learning and wit to become my correspondents: I yesterday received the following essay against quacks, which I shall here communicate to my readers for the good of the public, begging the writer's pardon for those additions and retrenchments which I have made in it.

'The desire of life is so natural and strong a passion, that I have long since ceased to wonder at the great encouragement which the practice of physic finds among us. Well-constituted governments have always made the profession of a physician both honourable and advantageous. Homer's Machaon and Virgil's Iapis were men of renown, heroes in war, and made as least as much havoc among their enemies as among their friends. Those who have little

[d] By Addison. This assignment is rested on the authority of Mr Tickell.

or no faith in the abilities of a quack will apply themselves to him, either because he is willing to sell health at a reasonable profit, or because the patient, like a drowning man, catches at every twig, and hopes for relief from the most ignorant, when the most able physicians give him none. Though impudence and many words are as necessary to these itinerary Galens, as a laced hat or a merry-andrew, yet they would turn very little to the advantage of the owner, if there were not some inward disposition in the sick man to favour the pretensions of the mountebank. Love of life in the one, and of money in the other, creates a good correspondence between them.

'There is scarce a city in Great Britain but has one of this tribe who takes it into his protection, and on the market-day harrangues the good people of the place with aphorisms and receipts. You may depend upon it he comes not there for his own private interest, but out of a particular affection to the town. I remember one of these public-spirited artists at Hammersmith, who told his audience that he had been born and bred there, and that, having a special regard for the place of his nativity, he was determined to make a present of five shillings to as many as would accept of it. The whole crowd stood agape, and ready to take the doctor at his word; when putting his hand into a long bag, as every one was expecting his crown-piece, he drew out an handful of little packets, each of which he informed the spectators was constantly sold at five shillings and sixpence, but that he would bate the odd five shillings to every inhabitant of that place: the whole assembly immediately closed with this generous offer, and took off all his physic, after the doctor

had made them vouch for one another, that there were no foreigners among them, but that they were all Hammersmith men.

'There is another branch of pretenders to this art, who, without either horse or pickle-herring, lie snug in a garret, and send down notice to the world of their extraordinary parts and abilities by printed bills and advertisements. These seem to have derived their custom from an eastern nation which Herodotus speaks of, among whom it was a law, that, whenever any cure was performed, both the method of the cure, and an account of the distemper, should be fixed in some public place; but, as customs will corrupt, these our moderns provide themselves of persons to attest the cure before they publish or make an experiment of the prescription. I have heard of a porter, who serves as a knight of the post under one of these operators, and, though he was never sick in his life, he has been cured of all the diseases in the Dispensary. These are the men whose sagacity has invented elixirs of all sorts, pills, and lozenges, and take it as an affront if you come to them before you are given over by every body else. Their medicines are infallible, and never fail of success, that is, of enriching the doctor, and setting the patient effectually at rest.

'I lately dropt into a public house at Westminster, where I found the room hung round with ornaments of this nature. There were elixirs, tinctures, the Anodyne Fotus, English pills, electuaries, and in short more remedies than I believe there are diseases. At the sight of so many inventions, I could not but imagine myself in a kind of arsenal or magazine, where store of arms was reposited against any sudden invasion. Should you be attacked by

the enemy sideways, here was an infallible piece of defensive armour to cure the pleurisy: should a distemper beat up your head-quarters, here you might purchase an impenetrable helmet, or, in the language of the artist, a cephalic tincture: if your main body be assaulted, here are various kinds of armour in case of various onsets. I began to congratulate the present age upon the happiness men might reasonably hope for in life, when death was thus in a manner defeated; and when pain itself would be of so short a duration, that it would but just serve to enhance the value of pleasure. While I was in these thoughts, I unluckily called to mind a story of an ingenious gentleman of the last age, who laying violently afflicted with the gout, a person came and offered his service to cure him by a method which he assured him was infallible; the servant who received the message carried it up to his master, who inquiring whether the person came on foot or in a chariot, and being informed that he was on foot; "Go," says he, "send the knave about his business; was his method as infallible as he pretends, he would long before now have been in his coach and six." In like manner I concluded, that, had all these advertisers arrived to that skill they pretend to, they would have had no need for so many years successively to publish to the world the place of their abode and the virtues of their medicines. One of these gentlemen indeed pretends to an effectual cure for leanness; what effects it may have had upon those who have tried it I cannot tell; but I am credibly informed that the call for it has been so great, that it has effectually cured the doctor himself of that distemper. Could each of them produce so good an instance of the success of his

medicines, they might soon persuade the world into an opinion of them.

'I observe the most of the bills agree in one expression, viz. that "with God's blessing" they perform such and such cures: this expression is certainly very proper and emphatical, for that is all they have for it. And if ever a cure is performed on a patient where they are concerned, they can claim no greater share in it than Virgil's Iapis in the curing of Æneas; he tried his skill, was very assiduous about the wound, and indeed was the only visible means that relieved the hero; but the poet assures us it was the particular assistance of a deity that speeded the operation. An English reader may see the whole story in Mr. Dryden's translation:

"Propp'd on his lance the pensive hero stood,
And heard and saw, unmov'd, the mourning crowd,
The fam'd physician tucks his robes around
With ready hands, and hastens to the wound.
With gentle touches he performs his part,
This way and that soliciting the dart,
And exercising all his heavenly art.
All soft'ning simples, known of sov'reign use,
He presses out and pours their noble juice;
These first infus'd to lenify the pain,
He tugs with pincers, but he tugs in vain:
Then to the patron of his art he pray'd;
The patron of his art refus'd his aid.
"But now the goddess mother, mov'd with grief,
And pierced with pity, hastens her relief:
A branch of healing dittany she brought,
Which in the Cretan fields with care she sought:
Rough in the stem, which woolly leaves surround;
The leaves with flowers, the flowers with purple crown'd;
Well known to wounded goats; a sure relief
To draw the pointed steel, and ease the grief.
This Venus brings, in clouds involv'd; and brews
Th' extracted liquor with Ambrosian dews
And od'rous panacee: unseen she stands,
Temp'ring the mixture with her heav'nly hands;

And pours it in a bowl already crown'd
With juice of med'cinal herbs, prepar'd to bathe the wound.
The leech, unknowing of superior art,
Which aids the cure, with this foments the part;
And in a moment ceas'd the raging smart.
Stanch'd is the blood, and in the bottom stands:
The steel, but, scarcely touch'd with tender hands.
Moves up and follows of its own accord;
And health and vigour are at once restor'd.
Iapis first perceiv'd the closing wound;
And first the footsteps of a god he found:
'Arms, arms!' he cries: 'the sword and shield prepare,
And send the willing chief, renew'd, to war.
This is no mortal work, no cure of mine,
Nor art's effect, but done by hands divine.'"

VIRG. Æn. lib. xii. 391, &c.

*** Just published, the second edition of A New Translation of the Characters of Theophrastus. Translated from the Greek by Eustace Budgell, esq. Printed for J. Tonson, &c.—Spect. in folio. This translation, Dr Johnson says, was supposed to have been Addison's.

No. 573. WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1714.

—Castigata remordent.
JUV. Sat. ii. 35.
Chastised, the accusation they retort.

MY paper on the club of widows has brought me in several letters; and, among the rest, a long one from Mrs. President, as follows:

'SMART SIR,

'You are pleased to be very merry, as you imagine, with us widows: and you seem to ground your satire on our receiving consolation so soon after the death of our dears, and the number we are

* By Dr. Zachary Pearce, late bishop of Rochester, with alterations by Addison. See Nos. 527, 633, and Guardian No. 221, and notes.

pleased to admit for our companions; but you never reflect what husbands we have buried, and how short a sorrow the loss of them was capable of occasioning. For my own part, Mrs. President as you call me, my first husband I was married to at fourteen by my uncle and guardian (as I afterwards discovered), by way of sale, for the third part of my fortune. This fellow looked upon me as a mere child he might breed up after his own fancy: if he kissed my chamber-maid before my face, I was supposed so ignorant, how could I think there was any hurt in it? When he came home roaring drunk at five in the morning, it was the custom of all men that live in the world. I was not to see a penny of money, for, poor thing, how could I manage it? He took a handsome cousin of his into the house (as he said) to be my house-keeper, and to govern my servants; for how should I know how to rule a family? And while she had what money she pleased, which was but reasonable for the trouble she was at for my good, I was not to be so censorious as to dislike familiarity and kindness between near relations. I was too great a coward to contend, but not so ignorant a child to be thus imposed upon. I resented his contempt as I ought to do, and as most poor passive blinded wives do, till it pleased heaven to take away my tyrant, who left me free possession of my own land and a large jointure. My youth and money brought me many lovers, and several endeavoured to establish an interest in my heart while my husband was in his last sickness; the honourable Edward Waitfort was one of the first who addressed to me, advised to it by a cousin of his that was my intimate friend, and knew to a penny what I was worth. Mr. Waitfort is a very agreeable man, and every body

would like him as well as he does himself, if they did not plainly see that his esteem and love is all taken up, and by such an object as it is impossible to get the better of; I mean himself. He made no doubt of marrying me within four or five months, and began to proceed with such an assured easy air, that piqued my pride not to banish him; quite contrary, out of pure malice, I heard his first declaration with so much innocent surprise, and blushed so prettily, I perceived it touched his very heart, and he thought me the best-natured silly poor thing on earth. When a man has such a notion of a woman, he loves her better than he thinks he does. I was overjoyed to be thus revenged on him for designing on my fortune; and finding it was in my power to make his heart ache, I resolved to complete my conquest, and entertained several other pretenders. The first impression of my undesigning innocence was so strong in his head, he attributed all my followers to the inevitable force of my charms; and, from several blushes and side glances, concluded himself the favourite; and, when I used him like a dog for my diversion, he thought it was all prudence and fear; and pitied the violence I did my own inclinations to comply with my friends, when I married sir Nicholas Fribble of sixty years of age. You know, Sir, the case of Mrs. Medlar. I hope you would not have had me cry out my eyes for such a husband. I shed tears enough for my widowhood a week after my marriage; and when he was put in his grave, reckoning he had been two years dead, and myself a widow of that standing, I married three weeks afterwards John Sturdy, esq. his next heir. I had indeed some thoughts of taking Mr. Waitfort, but I found he could stay; and besides, he

thought it indecent to ask me to marry again till my year was out; so, privately resolving him for my fourth, I took Mr. Sturdy for the present. Would you believe it, Sir, Mr. Sturdy was just five-and-twenty, about six foot high, and the stoutest fox-hunter in the country, and I believe I wished ten thousand times for my old Fribble again; he was following his dogs all the day, and all the night keeping them up at table with him and his companions; however, I think myself obliged to them for leading him a chase in which he broke his neck. Mr. Waitfort began his addresses anew; and I verily believe I had married him now, but there was a young officer in the guards that had debauched two or three of my acquaintance, and I could not forbear being a little vain of his courtship. Mr. Waitfort heard of it, and read me such an insolent lecture upon the conduct of women, I married the officer that very day, out of pure spite to him. Half an hour after I was married, I received a penitential letter from the honourable Mr. Edward Waitfort, in which he begged pardon for his passion, as proceeding from the violence of his love. I triumphed when I read it, and could not help, out of the pride of my heart, showing it to my new spouse; and we were very merry together upon it. Alas! my mirth lasted a short time; my young husband was very much in debt when I married him, and his first action afterwards was to set up a gilt chariot and six in fine trappings before and behind. I had married so hastily, I had not the prudence to reserve my estate in my own hands; my ready money was lost in two nights at the Groomporter's; and my diamond necklace, which was stole, I did not know how, I met in the street upon Jenny Wheedle's neck. My plate van-

ished piece by piece: and I had been reduced to downright pewter, if my officer had not been deliciously killed in a duel by a fellow that had cheated him of five hundred pounds, and afterwards, at his own request, satisfied him and me too, by running him through the body. Mr. Waitfort was still in love, and told me so again; and, to prevent all fears of ill usage, he desired me to reserve every thing in my own hands: but now my acquaintance begun to wish me joy of his constancy, my charms were declining, and I could not resist the delight I took in showing the young flirts about town it was yet in my power to give pain to a man of sense; this, and some private hopes he would hang himself, and what a glory would it be for me, and how I should be envied, made me accept of being third wife to my lord Friday. I proposed, from my rank and his estate, to live in all the joys of pride; but how was I mistaken! he was neither extravagant, nor ill-natured, nor debauched I suffered, however, more with him than with all my others. He was splenetic. I was forced to sit whole days hearkening to his imaginary ails; it was impossible to tell what would please him; what he liked when the sun shined made him sick when it rained; he had no distemper, but lived in constant fear of them all; my good genius dictated to me to bring him acquainted with Dr. Gruel; from that day he was always contented because he had names for all his complaints; the good doctor furnished him with reasons for all his pains, and prescriptions for every fancy that troubled him; in hot weather he lived upon juleps, and let blood to prevent fevers; when it grew cloudy he generally apprehended a consumption; to shorten the history of this wretched part of my life, he ruined a good constitu-

tion by endeavouring to mend it; and took several medicines which ended in taking the grand remedy, which cured both him and me of all our uneasinesses. After his death I did not expect to hear any more of Mr. Waitfort. I knew he had renounced me to all his friends, and been very witty upon my choice, which he affected to talk of with great indifferency. I gave over thinking of him, being told that he was engaged with a very pretty woman and a great fortune; it vexed me a little, but not enough to make me neglect the advice of my cousin Wishwell, that came to see me the day my lord went into the country with Russel; she told me experimentally, nothing put an unfaithful lover and a dear husband so soon out of one's head as a new one; and, at the same time, proposed to me a kinsman of hers. "You understand enough of the world," said she, "to know money is the most valuable consideration; he is very rich, and I am sure cannot live long; he has a cough that must carry him off soon." I knew afterwards she had given the self-same character of me to him; but however I was so much persuaded by her, I hastened on the match for fear he should die before the time came: he had the same fears, and was so pressing, I married him in a fortnight, resolving to keep it private a fortnight longer. During this fortnight Mr. Waitfort came to make me a visit; he told me he had waited on me sooner, but had that respect for me he would not interrupt me in the first day of my affliction for my dead lord; that, as soon as he heard I was at liberty to make another choice, he had broke off a match very advantageous for his fortune, just upon the point of conclusion, and was forty times more in love with me than ever. I never received more pleasure in my life than from this declaration:

but I composed my face to a grave air, and said the news of his engagement had touched me to the heart; that in a rash jealous fit I had married a man I could never have thought on if I had not lost all hopes of him. Good-natured Mr. Waitfort had liked to have dropped down dead at hearing this, but went from me with such an air, as plainly showed me he laid all the blame upon himself, and hated those friends that had advised him to the fatal application; he seemed as much touched by my misfortune as his own, for he had not the least doubt I was still passionately in love with him. The truth of this story is, my new husband gave me reason to repent I had not staid for him; he had married me for my money, and I soon found he loved money to distraction; there was nothing he would not do to get it; nothing he would not suffer to preserve it; the smallest expense kept him awake whole nights; and when he paid a bill, it was with as many sighs, and after as many delays, as a man that endures the loss of a limb. I heard nothing but reproofs for extravagancy whatever I did. I saw very well that he would have starved me but for losing my jointures; and he suffered agonies between the grief of seeing me have so good a stomach, and the fear that, if he made me fast, it might prejudice my health. I did not doubt he would have broke my heart if I did not break his, which was allowed by the law of self-defence. The way was very easy. I resolved to spend as much money as I could; and, before he was aware of the stroke, appeared before him in a two thousand pound diamond necklace; he said nothing, but went quietly to his chamber, and, as it is thought, composed himself with a dose of opium. I behaved myself so well upon the occasion that to this day I believe he

died of an apoplexy. Mr. Waitfort was resolved not to be too late this time, and I heard from him in two days. I am almost out of my weed at this present writing, and very doubtful whether I will marry him or no. I do not think of a seventh for the ridiculous reason you mention, but out of pure morality, that I think so much constancy should be rewarded, though I may not do it after all perhaps. I do not believe all the unreasonable malice of mankind can give a pretence why I should have been constant to the memory of any of the deceased, or have spent much time in grieving for an insolent, insignificant, negligent, extravagant, splenetic, or covetous husband; my first insulted me, my second was nothing to me, my third disgusted me, the fourth would have ruined me, the fifth tormented me, and the sixth would have starved me. If the other ladies you name would thus give in their husbands' pictures at length, you would see they have had as little reason as myself to lose their hours in weeping and wailing.'

*** Just published, An Account of Switzerland, written in 1714. By Abraham Stanyan, envoy there.—Spect. in folio.

No. 574. FRIDAY, July 30, 1714.

Non possidentem multa vocaveris
Rectè beatum, rectiùs occupat
Nomen beati, qui Deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti,
Duramque callet pauperiem pati.
Hor. 4. Od. ix. 45.

Believe not those that lands possess,
And shining heaps of useless ore,
The only lords of happiness;
But rather those that know
For what kind fates bestow,
And have the art to use the store:
That have the generous skill to bear
The hated weight of poverty.
Creech.

I was once engaged in discourse with a Rosicrucian about 'the great secret.' As this kind of men (I mean those of them who are not professed cheats) are overrun with enthusiasm and philosophy, it was very amusing to hear this religious adept descanting on his pretended discovery. He talked of the secret as of a spirit which lived within an emerald, and converted every thing that was near it to the highest perfection it is capable of. 'It gives a lustre,' says he, 'to the sun, and water to the diamond. It irradiates every metal, and enriches lead with all the properties of gold. It heightens smoke into flame, flame into light, and light into glory.' He farther added, that 'a single ray of it dissipates pain, and care, and melancholy, from the person on whom it falls. In short,' says he, 'its presence naturally changes every place into a kind of heaven.' After he had gone on for some time in this unintelligible cant, I found that he jumbled natural and moral ideas together into the same discourse, and that his great secret was nothing else but content.

This virtue does indeed produce, in some measure, all those effects which the alchymist usually

ascribes to what he calls the philosopher's stone; and if it does not bring riches, it does the same thing, by banishing the desire of them. If it cannot remove the disquietudes arising out of a man's mind, body, or fortune, it makes him easy under them. It has indeed a kindly influence on the soul of man, in respect of every being to whom he stands related. It extinguishes all murmur, repining, and ingratitude towards that Being who has allotted him his part to act in this world. It destroys all inordinate ambition, and every tendency to corruption, with regard to the community wherein he is placed. It gives sweetness to his conversation, and a perpetual serenity to all his thoughts.

Among the many methods which might be made use of for the acquiring of this virtue, I shall only mention the two following. First of all, a man should always consider how much he has more than he wants; and, secondly, how much more unhappy he might be than he really is.

First of all, a man should always consider how much he has more than he wants. I am wonderfully pleased with the reply which Aristippus made to one who condoled him upon the loss of a farm: 'Why,' said he, 'I have three farms still, and you have but one; so that I ought rather to be afflicted for you than you for me.' On the contrary, foolish men are more apt to consider what they have lost than what they possess; and to fix their eyes upon those who are richer than themselves, rather than on those who are under greater difficulties. All the real pleasures and conveniences of life lie in a narrow compass; but it is the humour of mankind to be always looking forward, and straining after one who has got the start of them in wealth and honour. For this reason,

as there are none can be properly called rich who have not more than they want, there are few rich men in any of the politer nations but among the middle sort of people, who keep their wishes within their fortunes, and have more wealth than they know how to enjoy. Persons of a higher rank live in a kind of splendid poverty, and are perpetually wanting, because, instead of acquiescing in the solid pleasures of life, they endeavour to outvie one another in shadows and appearances. Men of sense have at all times beheld with a great deal of mirth this silly game that is playing over their heads, and, by contracting their desires, enjoy all that secret satisfaction which others are always in quest of. The truth is, this ridiculous chase after imaginary pleasures cannot be sufficiently exposed, as it is the great source of those evils which generally undo a nation. Let a man's estate be what it will, he is a poor man if he does not live within it, and naturally sets himself to sale to any one that can give him his price. When Pittacus, after the death of his brother, who had left him a good estate, was offered a great sum of money by the king of Lydia, he thanked him for his kindness, but told him he had already more by half than he knew what to do with. In short, content is equivalent to wealth, and luxury to poverty; or, to give the thought a more agreeable turn, 'Content is natural wealth,' says Socrates; to which I shall add, 'Luxury is artificial poverty.' I shall therefore recommend to the consideration of those who are always aiming after superfluous and imaginary enjoyments, and will not be at the trouble of contracting their desires, an excellent saying of Bion the philosopher; namely, that, 'no man has

so much care as he who endeavours after the most happiness.'

In the second place, every one ought to reflect how much more unhappy he might be than he really is. The former consideration took in all those who are sufficiently provided with the means to make themselves easy; this regards such as actually lie under some pressure or misfortune. These may receive great alleviation from such a comparison as the unhappy person may make between himself and others, or between the misfortune which he suffers, and greater misfortunes which might have befallen him.

I like the story of the honest Dutchman, who, upon breaking his leg by a fall from the mainmast, told the standers-by, it was a great mercy that it was not his neck. To which, since I am got into quotations, give me leave to add the saying of an old philosopher, who, after having invited some of his friends to dine with him, was ruffled by his wife that came into the room in a passion, and threw down the table that stood before them: 'Every one,' says he, 'has his calamity, and he is an happy man that has no greater than this.' We find an instance to the same purpose in the life of doctor Hammond, written by bishop Fell. As this good man was troubled with a complication of distempers, when he had the gout upon him he used to thank God that it was not the stone; and when he had the stone, that he had not both these distempers on him at the same time.

I cannot conclude this essay without observing, that there was never any system besides that of Christianity, which could effectually produce in the mind of man the virtue I have been hitherto speak-

ing of. In order to make us content with our present condition, many of the ancient philosophers tell us that our discontent only hurts ourselves, without being able to make any alteration in our circumstances; others, that whatever evil befalls us is derived to us by a fatal necessity, to which the gods themselves are subject; whilst others very gravely tell the man who is miserable, that it is necessary he should be so to keep up the harmony of the universe, and that the scheme of Providence would be troubled and perverted were he otherwise. These, and the like considerations, rather silence than satisfy a man. They may show him that his discontent is unreasonable, but are by no means sufficient to relieve it. They rather give despair than consolation. In a word, a man might reply to one of these comforters, as Augustus did to his friend who advised him not to grieve for the death of a person whom he loved, because his grief could not fetch him again: 'It is for that very reason,' said the emperor, 'that I grieve.'

On the contrary, religion bears a more tender regard to human nature. It prescribes to every miserable man the means of bettering his condition; nay, it shows him that the bearing of his afflictions as he ought to do will naturally end in the removal of them: it makes him easy here, because it can make him happy hereafter.

Upon the whole, a contented mind is the greatest blessing a man can enjoy in this world; and if in the present life his happiness arises from the subduing of his desires, it will arise in the next from the gratification of them. [f]

[f] By Addison, on the authority of Mr Tho. Tickell.

No. 575. MONDAY, August 2, 1714.

—— Nec morti esse locum——
Virg. Georg. iv. 226.
No room is left for death.
Dryden.

A lewd young fellow seeing an aged hermit go by him barefoot, 'Father,' says he, 'you are in a very miserable condition if there is not another world.' 'True son,' said the hermit, 'but what is thy condition if there is?'[g] Man is a creature designed for two different states of being, or rather for two different lives. His first life is short and transient; his second permanent and lasting. The question we are all concerned in is this, in which of these two lives it is our chief interest to make ourselves happy? or, in other words, whether we should endeavour to secure to ourselves the pleasures and gratifications of a life which is uncertain and precarious, and at its utmost length of a very inconsiderable duration; or to secure to ourselves the pleasures of a life which is fixed and settled, and will never end? Every man, upon the first hearing of this question, knows very well which side of it he ought to close with. But however right we are in theory, it is plain that in practice we adhere to the wrong side of the question. We make provisions for this life as though it were never to have an end, and for the other life as though it were never to have a beginning.

Should a spirit of superior rank, who is a stranger to human nature, accidentally alight upon the earth, and take a survey of its inhabitants, what would his

[g] This grammatical error occurs in the Spect. in folio

notions of us be? Would not he think that we are a species of beings made for quite different ends and purposes than what we really are? Must not he imagine that we were placed in this world to get riches and honours? Would not he think that it was our duty to toil after wealth, and station, and title? Nay, would not he believe we were forbidden poverty by threats of eternal punishment, and enjoined to pursue our pleasures under pain of damnation? He would certainly imagine that we were influenced by a scheme of duties quite opposite to those which are indeed prescribed to us. And truly, according to such an imagination, he must conclude that we are a species of the most obedient creatures in the universe; that we are constant to our duty; and that we keep a steady eye on the end for which we were sent hither.

But how great would be his astonishment when he learned that we were beings not designed to exist in this world above threescore and ten years, and that the greatest part of this busy species fall short even of that age! How would he be lost in horror and admiration, when he should know that this set of creatures, who lay out all their endeavours for this life, which scarce deserves the name of existence; when, I say, he should know that this set of creatures are to exist to all eternity in another life, for which they make no preparations! Nothing can be a greater disgrace to reason, than that men, who are persuaded of these two different states of being, should be perpetually employed in providing for a life of threescore and ten years, and neglecting to make provision for that which after many myriads of years will be still new, and still beginning; especially when we consider

that our endeavours for making ourselves great, or rich, or honourable, or whatever else we place our happiness in, may after all prove unsuccessful; whereas, if we constantly and sincerely endeavour to make ourselves happy in the other life, we are sure that our endeavours will succeed, and that we shall not be disappointed of our hope.

The following question is started by one of the schoolmen. Supposing the whole body of the earth were a great ball or mass of the finest sand, and that a single grain or particle of this sand should be annihilated every thousand years? Supposing then that you had it in your choice to be happy all the while this prodigious mass of sand was consuming by this slow method, till there was not a grain of it left, on condition you were to be miserable for ever after? Or, supposing that you might be happy for ever after, on condition you would be miserable till the whole mass of sand were thus annihilated at the rate of one sand in a thousand years: which of these two cases would you make your choice?

It must be confessed in this case, so many thousands of years are to the imagination as a kind of eternity, though in reality they do not bear so great a proportion to that duration which is to follow them as an unit does to the greatest number which you can put together in figures, or as one of those sands to the supposed heap. Reason therefore tells us, without any manner of hesitation, which would be the better part in this choice. However, as I have before intimated, our reason might in such a case be so overset by the imagination, as to dispose some persons to sink under the consideration of the great length of the first part of this duration, and of the great distance of that second duration which is to

succeed it. The mind, I say, might give itself up to that happiness which is at hand, considering that it is so very near, and that it would last so very long. But when the choice we actually have before us is this, whether we will choose to be happy for the space of only three-score and ten, nay, perhaps of only twenty or ten years, I might say of only a day or an hour, and miserable to all eternity; or, on the contrary, miserable for this short term of years, and happy for a whole eternity: what words are sufficient to express that folly and want of consideration which in such a case makes a wrong choice?

I here put the case even at the worst, by supposing, what seldom happens, that a course of virtue makes us miserable in this life: but if we suppose, as it generally happens, that virtue would make us more happy even in this life than a contrary course of vice; how can we sufficiently admire the stupidity or madness of those persons who are capable of making so absurd a choice?

Every wise man therefore will consider this life only as it may conduce to the happiness of the other, and cheerfully sacrifice the pleasures of a few years to those of an eternity. [b]

[b] By Addison.

No. 576. WEDNESDAY, August 4, 1714.

Nitor in adversum: nec me, qui cætera, vincit
Impetus; et rapido contrarius evehor orbi.
Ovid. Met. ii. 72.

I steer against their motions, nor am I
Borne back by all the current of the sky.
Addison.

I remember a young man of very lively parts, and of a sprightly turn in conversation, who had only one fault, which was an inordinate desire of appearing fashionable. This ran him into many amours, and consequently into many distempers. He never went to bed till two o'clock in the morning, because he would not be a queer fellow; and was every now and then knocked down by a constable, to signalize his vivacity. He was initiated into half a dozen clubs before he was one-and-twenty; and so improved in them his natural gaiety of temper, that you might frequently trace him to his lodgings by a range of broken windows, and other the like monuments of wit and gallantry. To be short, after having fully established his reputation of being a very agreeable rake, he died of old age at five-and-twenty.

There is indeed nothing which betrays a man into so many errors and inconveniences as the desire of not appearing singular; for which reason it is very necessary to form a right idea of singularity, that we may know when it is laudable, and when it is vicious. In the first place, every man of sense will agree with me, that singularity is laudable when, in contradiction to a multitude, it adheres to the dictates of conscience, morality, and honour. In these cases we ought to consider that it is not custom, but duty, which is the rule of action; and that we should be only so far sociable, as we are reason-

able creatures. Truth is never the less so for not being attended to: and it is the nature of actions, not the number of actors, by which we ought to regulate our behaviour. Singularity in concerns of this kind is to be looked upon as heroic bravery, in which a man leaves the species only as he soars above it. What greater instance can there be of a weak and pusillanimous temper, than for a man to pass his whole life in opposition to his own sentiments; or not to dare to be what he thinks he ought to be?

Singularity, therefore, is only vicious when it makes men act contrary to reason, or when it puts them upon distinguishing themselves by trifles. As for the first of these, who are singular in any thing that is irreligious, immoral, or dishonourable, I believe every one will easily give them up. I shall therefore speak of those only who are remarkable for their singularity in things of no importance: as in dress, behaviour, conversation, and all the little intercourses of life. In these cases there is a certain deference due to custom; and, notwithstanding there may be a colour of reason to deviate from the multitude in some particulars, a man ought to sacrifice his private inclinations and opinions to the practice of the public. It must be confessed that good sense often makes an humourist; but then it unqualifies him for being of any moment in the world, and renders him ridiculous to persons of a much inferior understanding.

I have heard of a gentleman in the north of England, who was a remarkable instance of this foolish singularity. He had laid it down as a rule within himself, to act in the most indifferent parts of life according to the most abstracted notions of reason

and good sense, without any regard to fashion and example. This humour broke out at first in many little oddnesses: he had never any stated hours for his dinner, supper, or sleep: because, said he, we ought to attend the calls of nature, and not set our appetites to our meals, but bring our meals to our appetites. In his conversation with country gentlemen he would not make use of a phrase that was not strictly true: he never told any of them that he was his humble servant, but that he was his well-wisher, and would rather be thought a malcontent than drink the king's health when he was not a-dry. He would thrust his head out of his chamber window every morning, and, after having gaped for fresh air about half an hour, repeat fifty verses as loud as he could bawl them, for the benefit of his lungs; to which end he generally took them out of Homer; the Greek tongue, especially in that author, being more deep and sonorous, and more conducive to expectoration than any other. He had many other particularities, for which he gave sound and philosophical reasons. As this humour still grew upon him, he chose to wear a turban instead of a periwig; concluding very justly, that a bandage of clean linen about his head was much more wholesome, as well as cleanly, than the caul of a wig which is soiled with frequent perspirations. He afterwards judiciously observed, that the many ligatures in our English dress must naturally check the circulation of the blood; for which reason he made his breeches and his doublet of one continued piece of cloth, after the manner of the hussars. In short, by following the pure dictates of reason, he at length departed so much from the rest of his countrymen, and indeed from his whole species, that his friends would have clapped him into

Bedlam, and have begged his estate; but the judge, being informed that he did no harm, contented himself with issuing out a commission of lunacy against him, and putting his estate into the hands of proper guardians.

The fate of this philosopher puts me in mind of a remark in monsieur Fontenelle's Dialogues of the Dead. 'The ambitious and the covetous,' says he, 'are madmen to all intents and purposes as much as those who are shut up in dark rooms; but they have the good luck to have numbers on their side; whereas the frenzy of one who is given up for a lunatic, is a frenzy *hors d'œuvre;*' that is, in other words, something which is singular in its kind, and does not fall in with the madness of a multitude.

The subject of this essay was occasioned by a letter which I received not long since, and which, for want of room at present, I shall insert in my next paper.[1]

*** This day is published, in a neat pocket volume, The Thousand and One Days' Persian Tales, translated from the French by Mr. Phillips. Printed for J. Tonson, over against Catherine Street, where may be had Pastorals, and The Distrest Mother, by the same author.—Spect. in folio, No. 565. See No. 578, adv. and note.

[1] By Addison. On the authority of Mr. Tickell.

No. 577. FRIDAY, August 6, 1714.

—— Hoc tolerabile, si non
Et furere incipias—
Juv. Sat. vi. 613.
This might be borne with, if you did not rave.

The letter mentioned in my last paper is as follows:

'SIR,

'You have so lately decried that custom, too much in use among most people, of making themselves the subjects of their writings and conversation, that I had some difficulty to persuade myself to give you this trouble, till I had considered that though I should speak in the first person, yet I could not be justly charged with vanity, since I shall not add my name; as also, because what I shall write, will not, to say the best, redound to my praise; but is only designed to remove a prejudice conceived against me, as I hope, with very little foundation. My short history is this:

'I have lived for some years last past altogether in London, till about a month ago an acquaintance of mine, for whom I have done some small services in town, invited me to pass part of the summer with him at his house in the country. I accepted his invitation, and found a very hearty welcome. My friend, an honest plain man, not being qualified to pass away his time without the reliefs of business, has grafted the farmer upon the gentleman, and brought himself to submit even to the servile parts of that employment, such as inspecting his plough, and the like. This necessarily takes up some of his hours every day; and, as I have no relish for such diversions, I used at these times to retire either

to my chamber, or a shady walk near the house, and entertain myself with some agreeable author. Now, you must know, Mr. Spectator, that when I read, especially if it be poetry, it is very usual with me, when I meet with any passage or expression which strikes me much, to pronounce it aloud, with that tone of the voice which I think agreeable to the sentiments there expressed; and to this I generally add some motion or action of the body. It was not long before I was observed by some of the family in one of these heroic fits, who thereupon received impressions very much to my disadvantage. This however I did not soon discover, nor should have done probably, had it not been for the following accident. I had one day shut myself up in my chamber, and was very deeply engaged in the second book of Milton's Paradise Lost. I walked to and fro with the book in my hand; and, to speak the truth, I fear I made no little noise; when, presently coming to the following lines:

> ——— "On a sudden open fly,
> With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,
> Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
> Harsh thunder," &c.

I in great transport threw open the door of my chamber, and found the greatest part of the family standing on the outside in a very great consternation. I was in no less confusion, and begged pardon for having disturbed them; addressing myself particularly to comfort one of the children who received an unlucky fall in this action, whilst he was too intently surveying my meditations through the key-hole. To be short, after this adventure I easily observed that great part of the family, especially the women

and children, looked upon me with some apprehensions of fear; and my friend himself, though he still continues his civilities to me, did not seem altogether easy: I took notice that the butler was never after this accident ordered to leave the bottle upon the table after dinner. Add to this, that I frequently overheard the servants mention me by the name of "the crazed gentleman, the gentleman a little touched, the mad Londoner," and the like. This made me think it high time for me to shift my quarters, which I resolved to do the first handsome opportunity; and was confirmed in this resolution by a young lady in the neighbourhood who frequently visited us, and who one day, after having heard all the fine things I was able to say, was pleased with a scornful smile to bid me "go to sleep."

'The first minute I got to my lodgings in town I set pen to paper to desire your opinion, whether, upon the evidence before you, I am mad or not. I can bring certificates that I behave myself soberly before company, and I hope there is at least some merit in withdrawing to be mad. Look you, Sir, I am contented to be esteemed a little touched, as they phrase it, but should be sorry to be madder than my neighbours; therefore, pray let me be as much in my senses as you can afford. I know I could bring yourself as an instance of a man who has confessed talking to himself; but yours is a particular case, and cannot justify me, who have not kept silence any part of my life. What if I should own myself in love? You know lovers are always allowed the comfort of soliloquy.——But I will say no more upon this subject, because I have long since observed the ready way to be thought mad is to contend that you are not so; as we gen-

erally conclude that man drunk who takes pains to be thought sober. I will therefore leave myself to your determination; but am the more desirous to be thought in my senses, that it may be no discredit to you when I assure you that I have always been very much

'Your admirer.

'P. S. If I must be mad, I desire the young lady may believe it is for her.'

'*The humble Petition of John a Nokes and John a Styles,*

'Showeth,

'That your petitioners have had causes depending in Westminster-hall above five hundred years, and that we despair of ever seeing them brought to an issue; that your petitioners have not been involved in these lawsuits out of any litigious temper of their own, but by the instigation of contentious persons; that the young lawyers in our inns of court are continually setting us together by the ears, and think they do us no hurt, because they plead for us without a fee; that many of the gentlemen of the robe have no other clients in the world besides us two; that when they have nothing else to do they make us plaintiffs and defendants, though they were never retained by either of us; that they traduce, condemn, or acquit us, without any manner of regard to our reputations and good names in the world. Your petitioners therefore, being thereunto encouraged by the favourable reception which you lately gave to our kinsman Blank, do humbly pray that you will put an end to the controversies which

have been so long depending between us your said petitioners, and that our enmity may not endure from generation to generation; it being our resolution to live hereafter as it becometh men of peaceable dispositions.

'And your petitioners, as in duty bound, shall ever pray, &c.'

*** A new method for discovery of the longitude by sea and land, by W. Whiston, A. M. some time professor of the mathematics in the university of Cambridge; and H. Ditton, master of the new mathematic school in Christ's-hospital: which method has been so far improved by this present parliament, that they have ordered 20,000*l.* reward for such a discovery. Price 1*s.*—Spect. in folio.

No. 578. MONDAY, August 9, 1714.

——Eque feris humana in corpora transit,
Inque feras noster.—
OVID. Met. xv. 167.

——Th' unbodied spirit flies—
And lodges where it lights in man or beast.
DRYDEN.

THERE has been very great reason, on several accounts, for the learned world to endeavour at settling what it was that might be said to compose personal identity.

Mr. Locke, after having premised that the word person properly signifies a thinking intelligent being that has reason and reflection, and can consider itself as itself; concludes that it is consciousness alone, and not an identity of substance, which makes this personal identity of sameness. 'Had I the same consciousness,' says that author, 'that I saw the ark and Noah's flood, as that I saw an overflowing of the Thames last winter; or as that I now write; I could no more doubt that I who write this now, that saw

the Thames overflow last winter, and that viewed the flood at the general deluge, was the same self, place that self in what substance you please, than that I who write this am the same myself now while I write, whether I consist of all the same substance, material or immaterial, or no, that I was yesterday; for as to this point of being the same self, it matters not whether this present self be made up of the same or other substances.'

I was mightily pleased with a story in some measure applicable to this piece of philosophy, which I read the other day in the Persian Tales, as they are lately very well translated by Mr. Phillips;[k] and with an abridgment whereof I shall here present my readers.

I shall only premise that these stories are writ after the eastern manner, but somewhat more correct.

'Fadlallah, a prince of great virtue, succeeded his father Bin Ortoc in the kingdom of Mousel. He reigned over his faithful subjects for some time, and lived in great happiness with his beauteous consort queen Zemroude, when there appeared at his court a young dervis of so lively and entertaining a turn of wit, as won upon the affections of every one he conversed with. His reputation grew so fast every day, that it at last raised a curiosity in the prince himself to see and talk with him. He did so; and, far from finding that common fame had flattered him, he was soon convinced that every thing he had heard of him fell short of the truth.

'Fadlallah immediately lost all manner of relish for the conversation of other men; and, as he was every day more and more satisfied of the abilities of

[k] See No. 576, advertisement.

this stranger, offered him the first posts in his kingdom. The young dervis, after having thanked him with a very singular modesty, desired to be excused, as having made a vow never to accept of any employment, and preferring a free and independent state of life to all other conditions.

'The king was infinitely charmed with so great an example of moderation; and, though he could not get him to engage in a life of business, made him however his chief companion and first favourite.

'As they were one day hunting together, and happened to be separated from the rest of the company, the dervis entertained Fadlallah with an account of his travels and adventures. After having related to him several curiosities which he had seen in the Indies, "It was in this place," says he, "that I contracted an acquaintance with an old brachman, who was skilled in the most hidden powers of nature: he died within my arms, and with his parting breath communicated to me one of the most valuable of his secrets on condition I should never reveal it to any man." The king immediately, reflecting on his young favourite's having refused the late offers of greatness he had made him, told him, he presumed it was the power of making gold. "No, Sir," says the dervis, "it is somewhat more wonderful than that; it is the power of reanimating a dead body, by flinging my own soul into it."

'While he was yet speaking, a doe came bounding by them, and the king, who had his bow ready, shot her through the heart; telling the dervis, that a fair opportunity now offered for him to show his art. The young man immediately left his own body breathless on the ground, while at the same instant that of the doe was reanimated. She came to the

king, fawned upon him, and, after having played several wanton tricks, fell upon the grass; at the same instant the body of the dervis recovered its life. The king was infinitely pleased at so uncommon an operation, and conjured his friend by every thing that was sacred to communicate it to him. The dervis at first made some scruple of violating his promise to the dying brachman; but told him at last that he found he could conceal nothing from so excellent a prince: after having obliged him therefore by an oath to secresy, he taught him to repeat two cabalistic words, in pronouncing of which the whole secret consisted. The king, impatient to try the experiment, immediately repeated them as he had been taught, and in an instant found himself in the body of the doe. He had but a little time to contemplate himself in this new being; for the treacherous dervis, shooting his own soul into the royal corpse, and bending the prince's own bow against him, had laid him dead on the spot, had not the king, who perceived his intent, fled swiftly to the woods.

'The dervis, now triumphing in his villany, returned to Mousel, and filled the throne and bed of the unhappy Fadlallah.

'The first thing he took care of, in order to secure himself in the possession of his new-acquired kingdom, was to issue out a proclamation, ordering his subjects to destroy all the deer in the realm. The king had perished among the rest, had he not avoided his pursuers by reanimating the body of a nightingale which he saw lie dead at the foot of a tree. In this new shape he winged his way in safety to the palace; where, perching on a tree which stood near the queen's apartment, he filled the whole place with so many melodious and melancholy notes as

drew her to the window. He had the mortification to see that, instead of being pitied, he only moved the mirth of his princess, and of a young female slave who was with her. He continued however to serenade her every morning, till at last the queen, charmed with his harmony, sent for the bird-catchers, and ordered them to employ their utmost skill to put that little creature into her possession. The king, pleased with an opportunity of being once more near his beloved consort, easily suffered himself to be taken; and when he was presented to her, though he showed a fearfulness to be touched by any of the other ladies, flew of his own accord, and hid himself in the queen's bosom. Zemroude was highly pleased at the unexpected fondness of her new favourite, and ordered him to be kept in an open cage in her own apartment. He had there an opportunity of making his court to her every morning, by a thousand little actions, which his shape allowed him. The queen passed away whole hours every day in hearing and playing with him. Fadlallah could even have thought himself happy in this state of life, had he not frequently endured the inexpressible torment of seeing the dervis enter the apartment and caress his queen even in his presence.

'The usurper, amidst his toying with the princess, would often endeavour to ingratiate himself with her nightingale; and while the enraged Fadlallah pecked at him with his bill, beat his wings, and showed all the marks of an impotent rage, it only afforded his rival and the queen new matter for their diversion.

'Zemroude was likewise fond of a little lap-dog, which she kept in her apartment, and which one night happened to die.

'The king immediately found himself inclined

to quit the shape of the nightingale, and enliven this new body. He did so, and the next morning Zemroude saw her favourite bird lie dead in the cage. It is impossible to express her grief on this occasion; and when she called to mind all its little actions, which even appeared to have somewhat in them like reason, she was inconsolable for her loss.

'Her women immediately sent for the dervis to come and comfort her; who, after having in vain represented to her the weakness of being grieved at such an accident, touched at last by her repeated complaints, "Well, madam," says he, "I will exert the utmost of my art to please you. Your nightingale shall again revive every morning, and serenade you as before." The queen beheld him with a look which easily showed she did not believe him; when, laying himself down on a sofa, he shot his soul into the nightingale, and Zemroude was amazed to see her bird revive.

'The king, who was a spectator of all that passed, laying under the shape of a lapdog in one corner of the room, immediately recovered his own body, and running to the cage with the utmost indignation, twisted off the neck of the false nightingale.

'Zemroude was more than ever amazed and concerned at this second accident, till the king, entreating her to hear him, related to her his whole adventure.

'The body of the dervis, which was found dead in the wood, and his edict for killing all the deer, left her no room to doubt of the truth of it; but the story adds, that out of an extreme delicacy, peculiar to the oriental ladies, she was so highly afflicted at the innocent adultery in which she had for some time lived with the dervis, that no arguments, even

from Fadlallah himself, could compose her mind She shortly after died with grief, begging his par don with her last breath for what the most rigid jus tice could not have interpreted as a crime.

'The king was so afflicted with her death, that he left his kingdom to one of his nearest relations, and passed the rest of his days in solitude and retirement.'

*** There is now in the press, and will soon be published, the remaining part of the Thousand and One Days' Persian Tales: translated from the French by Mr. Philips, author of the Pastorals and Distrest Mother.—Spect. in folio, No. 569. 'This book is divided into many sections, for each of which the translator received half-a-crown: his reward, as writers then were paid, was very liberal; but half-a-crown had a mean sound, and the translator was afterwards contemptuously reproached for working at this rate.' Johnson's Lives of English Poets, vol. iv. art. A. Phillips, p. 296, edit. 8vo. 1781.

††† The Rape of Proserpine from Claudian, in 3 books; with the story of Sextus and Erechtha, from Lucan's Pharsalia, b. vi. Translated by Mr. Jabez Hughes. *Ibidem.*

No. 579. WEDNESDAY, August 11, 1714.

—Odora canum vis.
Virg. Æn. iv. 132.
Sagacious hounds.

In the reign of king Charles the First the company of stationers, into whose hands the printing of the Bible is committed by patent, made a very remarkable erratum or blunder in one of their editions: for instead of 'Thou shalt not commit adultery,' they printed off several thousands of copies with 'Thou shalt commit adultery.' Archbishop Laud, to punish this their negligence, laid a considerable fine upon that company in the star-chamber.

By the practice of the world, which prevails in

this degenerate age, I am afraid that very many young profligates of both sexes are possessed of this spurious edition of the Bible, and observe the commandment according to that faulty reading.

Adulterers in the first ages of the church were excommunicated for ever, and unqualified all their lives from bearing a part in Christian assemblies, notwithstanding they might seek it with tears, and all the appearances of the most unfeigned repentance.

I might here mention some ancient laws among the heathens, which punished this crime with death; and others of the same kind, which are now in force among several governments that have embraced the reformed religion. But, because a subject of this nature may be too serious for my ordinary readers, who are very apt to throw by my papers when they are not enlivened with something that is diverting or uncommon, I shall here publish the contents of a little manuscript lately fallen into my hands, and which pretends to great antiquity: though, by reason of some modern phrases and other particulars in it, I can by no means allow it to be genuine, but rather the production of a modern sophist.

It is well known by the learned, that there was a temple upon mount Ætna dedicated to Vulcan, which was guarded by dogs of so exquisite a smell, say the historians, that they could discern whether the persons who came thither were chaste or otherwise. They used to meet and fawn upon such as were chaste, caressing them as the friends of their master Vulcan; but flew at those who were polluted, and never ceased barking at them till they had driven them from the temple.

My manuscript gives the following account of

these dogs, and was probably designed as a comment upon this story.

'These dogs were given to Vulcan by his sister Diana, the goddess of hunting and of chastity, having bred them out of some of her hounds, in which she had observed this natural instinct and sagacity. It was thought she did it in spite to Venus, who, upon her return home, always found her husband in a good or bad humour according to the reception which she met with from his dogs. They lived in the temple several years, but were such snappish curs that they frighted away most of the votaries. The women of Sicily made a solemn deputation to the priest, by which they acquainted him, that they would not come up to the temple with their annual offerings unless he muzzled his mastiffs, and at last compromised the matter with him, that the offering should always be brought by a chorus of young girls, who were none of them above seven years old. It was wonderful, says the author, to see how different the treatment was which the dogs gave to these little misses, from that which they had shown to their mothers. It is said that a Prince of Syracuse, having married a young lady, and being naturally of a jealous temper, made such an interest with the priests of this temple that he procured a whelp from them of this famous breed. The young puppy was very troublesome to the fair lady at first, insomuch that she solicited her husband to send him away; but the good man cut her short with the old Sicilian proverb, "Love me, love my dog." From which time she lived very peaceably with both of them. The ladies of Syracuse were very much annoyed with him, and several of very good reputation refused to

come to court till he was discarded. There were indeed some of them that defied his sagacity; but it was observed, though he did not actually bite them, he would growl at them most confoundedly. To return to the dogs of the temple; after they had lived here in great repute for several years, it so happened, that as one of the priests, who had been making a charitable visit to a widow who lived on the promontory of Lilybeum, returned home pretty late in the evening, the dogs flew at him with so much fury, that they would have worried him if his brethren had not come in to his assistance; upon which, says my author, the dogs were all of them hanged, as having lost their original instinct.'

I cannot conclude this paper without wishing that we had some of this breed of dogs in Great Britain, which would certainly do justice, I should say honour, to the ladies of our country, and shew the world the difference between pagan women and those who are instructed in sounder principles of virtue and religion. [1]

[1] By Addison, on the authority of Mr. Thomas Tickell, who has ascertained Addison's papers from No. 555, after which the papers were not distinguished by signatures, or lettered at the end as in other volumes. It does not clearly appear that Steele was concerned in this volume.

No. 580. FRIDAY, August 13, 1714.

—Si verbis audacia detur,
Haud timeam magni dixisse palatia cœli.
Ovid. Met. i. 175.

This place, the brightest mansion of the sky,
I'll call the palace of the Deity.
Dryden.

'SIR,

'I CONSIDERED in my two last letters [m] that awful and tremendous subject, the ubiquity or omnipresence of the Divine Being. I have shown that he is equally present in all places throughout the whole extent of infinite space. This doctrine is so agreeable to reason, that we meet with it in the writings of the enlightened heathens, as I might show at large, were it not already done by other hands. But though the Deity be thus essentially present through all the immensity of space, there is one part of it in which he discovers himself in a most transcendent and visible glory; this is, that place which is marked out in scripture under the different appellations of "paradise, the third heaven, the throne of God, and the habitation of his glory." It is here where the glorified body of our Saviour resides, and where all the celestial hierarchies and the innumerable hosts of angels are represented as perpetually surrounding the seat of God with hallelujahs and hymns of praise. This is that presence of God which some of the divines call his glorious, and others his majestatic, presence. He is indeed as essentially present in all other places as in this; but it is here where he resides in a sensible magnificence, and in the midst of all those splendours which can affect the imagination of created beings.

[m] See Nos. 565, 571, 590, and 628.

'It is very remarkable that this opinion of God Almighty's presence in heaven, whether discovered by the light of nature, or by a general tradition from our first parents, prevails among all the nations of the world, whatsoever different notions they entertain of the Godhead. If you look into Homer, that is the most ancient of the Greek writers, you see the supreme power seated in the heavens, and encompassed with inferior deities, among whom the Muses are represented as singing incessantly about his throne. Who does not here see the main strokes and outlines of this great truth we are speaking of? The same doctrine is shadowed out in many other heathen authors, though at the same time, like several other revealed truths, dashed and adulterated with a mixture of fables and human inventions. But to pass over the notions of the Greeks and Romans, those more enlightened parts of the pagan world, we find there is scarce a people among the late-discovered nations who are not trained up in an opinion, that heaven is the habitation of the divinity whom they worship.

'As in Solomon's temple there was the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, in which a visible glory appeared among the figures of the cherubims, and into which none but the high-priest himself was permitted to enter, after having made an atonement for the sins of the people; so if we consider the whole creation as one great temple, there is in it this Holy of Holies, into which the High-priest of our salvation entered, and took his place among angels and archangels, after having made a propitiation for the sins of mankind.

'With how much skill must the throne of God be erected! with what glorious designs is that habitation beautified, which is contrived and built by

Him who inspired Hiram with wisdom! How great must be the majesty of that place, where the whole art of creation has been employed, and where God has chosen to show himself in the most magnificent manner! What must be the architecture of infinite power under the direction of infinite wisdom? A spirit cannot but be transported after an ineffable manner with the sight of those objects, which were made to affect him by that Being who knows the inward frame of a soul, and how to please and ravish it in all its most secret powers and faculties. It is to this majestic presence of God we may apply those beautiful expressions in holy writ: "Behold even to the moon, and it shineth not; yea the stars are not pure in his sight." The light of the sun, and all the glories of the world in which we live, are but as weak and sickly glimmerings, or rather darkness itself, in comparison of those splendours which encompass the throne of God.

'As the glory of this place is transcendent beyond imagination, so probably is the extent of it. There is light behind light, and glory within glory. How far that space may reach, in which God thus appears in perfect majesty, we cannot possibly conceive. Though it is not infinite, it may be indefinite: and, though not immeasurable in itself, it may be so with regard to any created eye of imagination. If he has made these lower regions of matter so inconceivably wide and magnificent for the habitation of mortal and perishable beings, how great may we suppose the courts of his house to be, where he makes his residence in a more especial manner, and displays himself in the fulness of his glory, among an innumerable company of angels and spirits of just men made perfect?

'This is certain, that our imaginations cannot be raised too high, when we think on a place where omnipotence and omniscience have so signally exerted themselves, because that they are able to produce a scene infinitely more great and glorious than what we are able to imagine. It is not impossible but at the consummation of all things, these outward apartments of nature, which are now suited to those beings who inhabit them, may be taken in and added to that glorious place of which I am here speaking, and by that means made a proper habitation for beings who are exempt from mortality, and cleared of their imperfections: for so the scripture seems to intimate when it speaks of "new heavens and of a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

'I have only considered this glorious place with regard to the sight and imagination, though it is highly probable that our other senses may here likewise enjoy their highest gratifications. There is nothing which more ravishes and transports the soul than harmony; and we have great reason to believe, from the descriptions of this place in holy scripture, that this is one of the entertainments of it. And if the soul of man can be so wonderfully affected with those strains of music which human art is capable of producing, how much more will it be raised and elevated by those in which is exerted the whole power of harmony? The senses are faculties of the human soul, though they cannot be employed, during this our vital union, without proper instruments in the body. Why therefore should we exclude the satisfaction of these faculties, which we find by experience are inlets of great pleasure to the soul, from among those entertainments which are to make up our happiness hereafter? Why

should we suppose that our hearing and seeing will not be gratified with those objects which are most agreeable to them, and which they cannot meet with in these lower regions of nature; objects, "which neither eye hath seen, nor ear heard, nor can it enter into the heart of man to conceive? I knew a man in Christ, (says St. Paul, speaking of himself) above fourteen years ago (whether in the body, I cannot tell, or whether out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth), such an one caught up to the third heaven. And I knew such a man (whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth), how that he was caught up into Paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not possible for man to utter." By this is meant that what he heard was so infinitely different from any thing which he had heard in this world, that it was impossible to express it in such words as might convey a notion of it to his hearers.

'It is very natural for us to take delight in inquiries concerning any foreign country, where we are some time or other to make our abode; and as we all hope to be admitted into this glorious place, it is both a laudable and useful curiosity to get what informations we can of it, whilst we make use of revelation for our guide. When these everlasting doors shall be open to us, we may be sure that the pleasures and beauties of this place will infinitely transcend our present hopes and expectations, and that the glorious appearance of the throne of God will rise infinitely beyond whatever we are able to conceive of it. We might here entertain ourselves with many other speculations on this subject, from those several hints which we find of it in the holy scriptures; as, whether there may not be different man-

sions and apartments of glory to beings of different natures; whether as they excel one another in perfection, they are not admitted nearer to the throne of the Almighty, and enjoy greater manifestations of his presence; whether there are not solemn times and occasions, when all the multitude of heaven celebrate the presence of their Maker in more extraordinary forms of praise and adoration; as Adam, though he had continued in a state of innocence, would, in the opinion of our divines, have kept holy the Sabbath-day in a more particular manner than any other of the seven. These and the like speculations, we may very innocently indulge, so long as we make use of them to inspire us with a desire of becoming inhabitants of this delightful place.

'I have in this and in two foregoing letters treated on the most serious subject that can employ the mind of man, the omnipresence of the Deity; a subject which, if possible, should never depart from our meditations. We have considered the Divine Being, as he inhabits infinitude, as he dwells among his works, as he is present to the mind of man, and as he discovers himself in a more glorious manner among the regions of the blessed. Such a consideration should be kept awake in us at all times, and in all places, and possess our minds with a perpetual awe and reverence. It should be interwoven with all our thoughts and perceptions, and become one with the consciousness of our own being. It is not to be reflected on in the coldness of philosophy, but ought to sink us into the lowest prostration before Him, who is so astonishingly great, wonderful, and holy.' [a]

[a] By Addison, on the authority of Mr. Thomas Tickell.

No. 581. MONDAY, August 16, 1714.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura
Quæ legis — Mart. Epig. i. 17.
Some good, more bad, some neither one nor t'other.

I am at present sitting with a heap of letters before me, which I have received under the character of Spectator. I have complaints from lovers, schemes from projectors, scandal from ladies, congratulations, compliments, and advice, in abundance.

I have not been thus long an author to be insensible to the natural fondness every person must have for their own productions; and I begin to think I have treated my correspondents a little too uncivilly in stringing them all together on a file, and letting them lie so long unregarded. I shall therefore, for the future, think myself at least obliged to take some notice of such letters as I receive, and may possibly do it at the end of every month.

In the mean time I intend my present paper as a short answer to most of those which have been already sent me.

The public, however, is not to expect I should let them into all my secrets; and though I appear abstruse to most people, it is sufficient if I am understood by my particular correspondents.

My well-wisher Van Nath is very arch, but not quite enough so to appear in print.

Philadelphus will, in a little time, see his query fully answered by a treatise which is now in the press.

It was very improper at that time to comply with Mr. G.

Miss Kitty must excuse me.

The gentleman who sent me a copy of verses on his mistress's dancing is, I believe, too thoroughly in love to compose correctly.

I have too great a respect for both the universities to praise one at the expense of the other.

Tom Nimble is a very honest fellow, and I desire him to present my humble service to his cousin Fill Bumper.

I am obliged for the letter upon prejudice.

I may in due time animadvert on the case of Grace Grumble.

The petition of P. S. granted.

That of Sarah Loveit refused.

The papers of A. S. are returned.

I thank Aristippus for his kind invitation.

My friend at Woodstock is a bold man, to undertake for all within ten miles of him.

I am afraid the entertainment of Tom Turnover will hardly be relished by the good cities of London and Westminster.

I must consider farther of it, before I indulge W. F. in those freedoms he takes with the ladies' stockings.

I am obliged to the ingenious gentleman who sent me an ode on the subject of a late Spectator, and shall take particular notice of his last letter.

When the lady who wrote me a letter, dated July the 20th, in relation to some passages in a lover, will be more particular in her directions, I shall be so in my answer.

The poor gentleman, who fancies my writings could reclaim an husband who can abuse such a wife as he describes, has, I am afraid, too great an opinion of my skill.

Philanthropos is, I dare say, a very well-meaning man, but a little too prolix in his compositions.

Constantius himself must be the best judge in the affair he mentions.

The letter dated from Lincoln is received.

Arethusa and her friend may hear farther from me.

Celia is a little too hasty.

Harriet is a good girl, but must not courtesy to folks she does not know.

I must ingeniously confess my friend Samson Benstaff has quite puzzled me, and writ me a long letter which I cannot comprehend one word of.

Collidan must also explain what he means by his 'drigelling.'

I think it beneath my spectatorial dignity to concern myself in the affair of the boiled dumpling.

I shall consult some literati on the project sent me for the discovery of the longitude.

I know not how to conclude this paper better, than by inserting a couple of letters which are really genuine, and which I look upon to be two of the smartest pieces I have received from my correspondents of either sex.

'BROTHER SPEC,

'WHILE you are surveying every object that falls in your way, I am wholly taken up with one. Had that sage, who demanded what beauty was, lived to see the dear angel I love, he would not have asked such a question. Had another seen her, he would himself have loved the person in whom heaven has made virtue visible; and, were you yourself to be in her company, you could never,

with all your loquacity, say enough of her good-humour and sense. I send you the outlines of a picture, which I can no more finish than I can sufficiently admire the dear original. 'I am,

'Your most affectionate brother,

'CONSTANTIO SPEC.'

'GOOD MR. PERT,

'I WILL allow you nothing till you resolve me the following question. Pray what is the reason that, while you only talk now upon Wednesdays, Fridays, and Mondays, you pretend to be a greater tatler than when you spoke every day as you formerly used to do? If this be your plunging out your taciturnity, pray let the length of your speeches compensate for the scarceness of them. I am, Good Mr. Pert, your admirer,

'If you will be long enough for me,

'AMANDA LOVELENGTH.'[o]

No. 582. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 18, 1714.

—Tenet insanabile multos
Scribendi cacoëthes—
JUV. Sat. vii. 51.
The curse of writing is an endless itch.
CH. DRYDEN.

THERE is a certain distemper, which is mentioned neither by Galen nor Hippocrates, nor to be met with in the London Dispensary. Juvenal, in the

[o] No. 1, to No. 555, inclusive of the Spectators, were published every day, Sunday excepted; those after that number three times a-week only. Steele, it is said, had no concern in these latter papers, which were chiefly composed by Addison and Mr. Eustace Budgell, and were without letters

motto of my paper, terms it a Cacoethes; which is a hard word for a disease called in plain English 'The itch of writing.' This cacoethes is as epidemical as the small-pox, there being very few who are not seized with it some time or other in their lives. There is, however, this difference in these two distempers, that the first, after having indisposed you for a time, never returns again; whereas this I am speaking of, when it is once got into the blood, seldom comes out of it. The British nation is very much afflicted with this malady; and though very many remedies have been applied to persons infected with it, few of them have ever proved successful. Some have been cauterized with satires and lampoons, but have received little or no benefit from them; others have had their heads fastened for an hour together between a cleft board, which is made use of as a cure for the disease when it appears in its greatest malignity.[p] There is indeed one kind of this malady which has been sometimes removed, like the biting of a tarantula, with the sound of a musical instrument, which is commonly known by the name of a cat-call. But if you have a patient of this kind under your care, you may assure yourself there is no other way of recovering him effectually, but by forbidding him the use of pen, ink, and paper.

at the end, as in the first 155 numbers. Addison produced more than a fourth part after that Number; and the other contributors are by no means unworthy of appearing as his associates. Dr. Johnson thought these latter papers were more valuable than any of those that went before them. Addison's papers after No. 555, were marked on the authority of Tickell, who, as he lived familiarly with Addison, and shortly after his death first collected and published his works, in which they are included, may well be supposed capable of ascertaining them.

[p] Put in the Pillory.

But, to drop the allegory before I have tired it out, there is no species of scribblers more offensive and more incurable than your periodical writers, whose works return upon the public on certain days and at stated times. We have not the consolation in the perusal of these authors which we find at the reading of all others; namely, that we are sure if we have but patience we may come to the end of their labours. I have often admired an humorous saying of Diogenes, who, reading a dull author to several of his friends, when every one began to be tired, finding he was almost come to a blank leaf at the end of it, cried, 'Courage, lads, I see land.' On the contrary, our progress through that kind of writers I am now speaking of is never at an end. One day makes work for another—we do not know when to promise ourselves rest.

It is a melancholy thing to consider that the art of printing, which might be the greatest blessing to mankind, should prove detrimental to us, and that it should be made use of to scatter prejudice and ignorance through a people, instead of conveying to them truth and knowledge.

I was lately reading a very whimsical treatise, entitled William Ramsey's Vindication of Astrology. This profound author, among many mystical passages, has the following one: 'The absence of the sun is not the cause of night, forasmuch as his light is so great that it may illuminate the earth all over at once as clear as broad day; but there are tenebrificous and dark stars, by whose influence night is brought on, and which do ray out darkness and obscurity upon the earth as the sun does light.'

I consider writers in the same view this sage astrologer does the heavenly bodies. Some of them

are stars that scatter light as others do darkness. I could mention several authors who are tenebrificous stars of the first magnitude, and point out a knot of gentlemen, who have been dull in consort, and may be looked upon as a dark constellation. The nation has been a great while benighted with several of these antiluminaries. I suffered them to ray out their darkness as long as I was able to endure it, till at length I came to a resolution of rising upon them, and hope in a little time to drive them quite out of the British hemisphere. P

No. 583. FRIDAY, August 20, 1714.

Ipse thymum pinosque ferens de montibus altis,
Tecta serat latè circum, cui talia curæ:
Ipse labore manum duro terat: ipse feraces
Figat humo plantas, et amicos irriget imbres.
Virg. Georg. iv. 112.

With his own hand the guardian of the bees
For slips of pines may search the mountain trees,
And with wild thyme and sav'ry plant the plain,
'Till his hard horny fingers ache with pain:
And deck with fruitful trees the fields around,
And with refreshing waters drench the ground.
Dryden.

Every station of life has duties which are proper to it. Those who are determined by choice to any particular kind of business, are indeed more happy than those who are determined by necessity; but both are under an equal obligation of fixing on employments which may be either useful to themselves or beneficial to others: no one of the sons of Adam

P By Addison, on the authority of Mr. Thomas Tickell, who has ascertained Addison's papers after No. 555, which were not lettered at the ends as those preceding that number originally were.

ought to think himself exempt from that labour and industry which were denounced to our first parent, and in him to all his posterity. Those, to whom birth or fortune may seem to make such an application unnecessary, ought to find out some calling or profession for themselves, that they may not lie as a burden on the species, and be the only useless part of the creation.

Many of our country gentlemen in their busy hours apply themselves wholly to the chase, or to some other diversion which they find in the fields and woods. This gave occasion to one of our most eminent English writers to represent every one of them as lying under a kind of curse pronounced to them in the words of Goliath, 'I will give thee to the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field.'

Though exercises of this kind, when indulged with moderation, may have a good influence on the mind and body, the country affords many other amusements of a more noble kind.

Among these I know none more delightful in itself, and beneficial to the public, than that of planting. I could mention a nobleman whose fortune has placed him in several parts of England, and who has always left these visible marks behind him, which show he has been there: he never hired a house in his life, without leaving all about it the seeds of wealth, and bestowing legacies on the posterity of the owner. Had all the gentlemen of England made the same improvements upon their estates, our whole country would have been at this time as one great garden. Nor ought such an employment to be looked upon as too inglorious for men of the highest rank. There have been heroes in this art, as well as in others. We are told in particular of

Cyrus the Great, that he planted all the lesser Asia. There is indeed something truly magnificent in this kind of amusement; it gives a nobler air to several parts of nature: it fills the earth with a variety of beautiful scenes, and has something in it like creation. For this reason the pleasure of one who plants is something like that of a poet, who, as Aristotle observes, is more delighted with his productions than any other writer or artist whatsoever.

Plantations have one advantage in them which is not to be found in most other works, as they give a pleasure of a more lasting date, and continually improve in the eye of the planter. When you have finished a building, or any other undertaking of the like nature, it immediately decays upon your hands; you see it brought to its utmost point of perfection, and from that time hastening to its ruin. On the contrary, when you have finished your plantations, they are still arriving at greater degrees of perfection as long as you live, and appear more delightful in every succeeding year than they did in the foregoing.

But I do not only recommend this art to men of estates as a pleasing amusement, but as it is a kind of virtuous employment, and may therefore be inculcated by moral motives; particularly from the love which we ought to have for our country, and the regard which we ought to bear to our posterity. As for the first, I need only mention what is frequently observed by others, that the increase of forest-trees does by no means bear a proportion to the destruction of them, insomuch that in a few ages the nation may be at a loss to supply itself with timber sufficient for the fleets of England. I know when a man talks of posterity in matters of this nature, he is

looked upon with an eye of ridicule by the cunning and selfish part of mankind. Most people are of the humour of an old fellow of a college, who, when he was pressed by the society to come into something that might redound to the good of their successors, grew very peevish; 'We are always doing,' says he, 'something for posterity, but I would fain see posterity do something for us.'

But I think men are inexcusable who fail in a duty of this nature, since it is so easily discharged. When a man considers that the putting a few twigs into the ground is doing good to one who will make his appearance in the world about fifty years hence, or that he is perhaps making one of his own descendants easy or rich by so inconsiderable an expense, if he finds himself averse to it, he must conclude that he has a poor and base heart, void of all generous principles and love to mankind.

There is one consideration which may very much enforce what I have here said. Many honest minds, that are naturally disposed to do good in the world, and become beneficial to mankind, complain within themselves that they have not talents for it. This therefore is a good office, which is suited to the meanest capacities, and which may be performed by multitudes, who have not abilities sufficient to deserve well of their country, and to recommend themselves to their posterity, by any other method. It is the phrase of a friend of mine, when any useful country neighbour dies, 'that you may trace him;' which I look upon as a good funeral oration at the death of an honest husbandman, who has left the impressions of his industry behind him in the place where he has lived.

Upon the foregoing considerations, I can scarce

forbear representing the subject of this paper as a kind of moral virtue; which, as I have already shown, recommends itself likewise by the pleasure that attends it. It must be confessed that this is none of those turbulent pleasures which is apt to gratify a man in the heats of youth; but, if it be not so tumultuous, it is more lasting. Nothing can be more delightful than to entertain ourselves with prospects of our own making, and to walk under those shades which our own industry has raised. Amusements of this nature compose the mind, and lay at rest all those passions which are uneasy to the soul of man, besides that they naturally engender good thoughts, and dispose us to laudable contemplations. Many of the old philosophers passed away the greatest parts of their lives among their gardens. Epicurus himself could not think sensual pleasure attainable in any other scene. Every reader who is acquainted with Homer, Virgil, and Horace, the greatest geniuses of all antiquity, knows very well with how much rapture they have spoken on this subject; and that Virgil in particular has written a whole book on the art of planting.

This art seems to have been more especially adapted to the nature of man in his primæval state, when he had life enough to see his productions flourish in their utmost beauty, and gradually decay with him. One who lived before the flood might have seen a wood of the tallest oaks in the acorn. But I only mention this particular, in order to introduce, in my next paper, a history which I have found among the accounts of China, and which may be looked upon as an antediluvian novel. [q]

[q] By Addison, on the authority of Mr. Tickell.

*** Persian Tales, vol. ii. translated by Mr. Phillips, author of the Pastorals, and the Distrest Mother. N. B. To prevent gentlemen being mistaken, who have bought the first vol. this is to inform them, that the edition of the Persian and Turkish Tales, this day published in 2 vols. is not translated by Mr. Phillips, but by an unknown hand.—Spect. in folio.

No. 584. MONDAY, August 23, 1714.

Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori,
Hic nemus, hic ipso tecum consumerer ævo.
VIRG. Ecl. x. 42.

Come see what pleasures in our plains abound;
The woods, the fountains, and the flow'ry ground,
Here I could live, and love, and die, with only you.
DRYDEN.

Hilpa was one of the hundred and fifty daughters of Zilpah, of the race of Cohu, by whom some of the learned think is meant Cain. She was exceedingly beautiful; and, when she was but a girl of threescore and ten years of age, received the addresses of several who made love to her. Among these were two brothers, Harpath and Shalum. Harpath, being the first-born, was master of that fruitful region which lies at the foot of mount Tirzah, in the southern parts of China. Shalum (which is to say the planter in the Chinese language) possessed all the neighbouring hills, and that great range of mountains which goes under the name of Tirzah. Harpath was of a haughty contemptuous spirit; Shalum was of a gentle disposition, beloved both by God and man.

It is said, that among the antediluvian women, the daughters of Cohu had their minds wholly set upon riches; for which reason the beautiful Hilpa preferred Harpath to Shalum, because of his numerous flocks and herds that covered all the low country which runs along the foot of mount Tirzah, and

is watered by several fountains and streams breaking out of the sides of that mountain.

Harpath made so quick a despatch of his courtship, that he married Hilpa in the hundredth year of her age; and, being of an insolent temper, laughed to scorn his brother Shalum for having pretended to the beautiful Hilpa, when he was master of nothing but a long chain of rocks and mountains. This so much provoked Shalum, that he is said to have cursed his brother in the bitterness of his heart, and to have prayed that one of his mountains might fall upon his head if ever he came within the shadow of it.

From this time forward Harpath would never venture out of the valleys, but came to an untimely end in the two hundred and fiftieth year of his age, being drowned in a river as he attempted to cross it. This river is called to this day, from his name who perished in it, the river Harpath: and, what is very remarkable, issues out of one of those mountains which Shalum wished might fall upon his brother, when he cursed him in the bitterness of his heart.

Hilpa was in the hundred and sixtieth year of her age at the death of her husband, having brought him but fifty children before he was snatched away, as has been already related. Many of the antediluvians made love to the young widow; though no one was thought so likely to succeed in her affections as her first lover Shalum, who renewed his court to her about ten years after the death of Harpath; for it was not thought decent in those days that a widow should be seen by a man within ten years after the decease of her husband.

Shalum falling into a deep melancholy, and resolving to take away that objection which had been

raised against him when he made his first addresses to Hilpa, began, immediately after her marriage with Harpath, to plant all that mountainous region which fell to his lot in the division of this country. He knew how to adapt every plant to its proper soil, and is thought to have inherited many traditional secrets of that art from the first man. This employment turned at length to his profit as well as to his amusement; his mountains were in a few years shaded with young trees, that gradually shot up into groves, woods, and forests, intermixed with walks, and lawns, and gardens; insomuch that the whole region, from a naked and desolate prospect, began now to look like a second Paradise. The pleasantness of the place, and the agreeable disposition of Shalum, who was reckoned one of the mildest and wisest of all who lived before the flood, drew into it multitudes of people, who were perpetually employed in the sinking of wells, the digging of trenches, and the hollowing of trees, for the better distribution of water through every part of this spacious plantation.

The habitations of Shalum looked every year more beautiful in the eyes of Hilpa, who, after the space of seventy autumns, was wonderfully pleased with the distant prospect of Shalum's hills, which were then covered with innumerable tufts of trees and gloomy scenes, that gave a magnificence to the place, and converted it into one of the finest landscapes the eye of man could behold.

The Chinese record a letter which Shalum is said to have written to Hilpa in the eleventh year of her widowhood. I shall here translate it, without departing from that noble simplicity of sentiment and plainness of manners which appears in the original.

Shalum was at this time one hundred and eighty years old, and Hilpa one hundred and seventy.

'*Shalum, Master of Mount Tirzah, to Hilpa, Mistress of the Vallies.*

'In the 788th year of the creation.

'WHAT have I not suffered, O thou daughter of Zilpah, since thou gavest thyself away in marriage to my rival! I grew weary of the light of the sun, and have been ever since covering myself with woods and forests. These threescore and ten years have I bewailed the loss of thee on the top of mount Tirzah, and soothed my melancholy among a thousand gloomy shades of my own raising. My dwellings are at present as the garden of God; every part of them is filled with fruits, and flowers, and fountains. The whole mountain is perfumed for thy reception. Come up into it, O my beloved, and let us people this spot of the new world with a beautiful race of mortals; let us multiply exceedingly among these delightful shades, and fill every quarter of them with sons and daughters. Remember, O thou daughter of Zilpah, that the age of man is but a thousand years; that beauty is the admiration but of a few centuries. It flourishes as a mountain oak, or as a cedar on the top of Tirzah, which in three or four hundred years will fade away, and never be thought of by posterity, unless a young wood springs from its roots. Think well on this, and remember thy neighbour in the mountains.'

Having here inserted this letter, which I look upon as the only antediluvian billet-doux now extant, I shall in my next paper give the answer to it, and the sequel of this story.

' By Addison.

No. 585. WEDNESDAY, August 25, 1714.

Ipsi lætitiâ voces ad sidera jactant
Intonsi montes: ipsæ jam carmina rupes,
Ipsa sonant arbusta.—

Virg. Ecl. v. 62.

The mountain tops unshorn, the rocks rejoice;
The lowly shrubs partake of human voice.

Dryden.

THE SEQUEL OF THE STORY OF SHALUM AND HILPA.

The letter inserted in my last had so good an effect upon Hilpa, that she answered in less than a twelvemonth, after the following manner:

'*Hilpa, Mistress of the Vallies, to Shalum, Master of Mount Tirzah.*

'In the 789th year of the creation.

'What have I to do with thee, O Shalum? Thou praisest Hilpa's beauty, but art thou not secretly enamoured with the verdure of her meadows? Art thou not more affected with the prospect of her green vallies than thou wouldest be with the sight of her person? The lowings of my herds and the bleatings of my flocks make a pleasant echo in thy mountains, and sound sweetly in thy ears. What though I am delighted with the wavings of thy forests, and those breezes of perfumes which flow from the top of Tirzah, are these like the riches of the valley?

'I know thee, O Shalum; thou art more wise and happy than any of the sons of men. Thy dwellings are among the cedars; thou searchest out the diversity of soils, thou understandest the influences of the stars, and markest the change of seasons. Can a woman appear lovely in the eyes of such a

one? Disquiet me not, O Shalum; let me alone, that I may enjoy those goodly possessions which are fallen to my lot. Win me not by thy enticing words. May thy trees increase and multiply! mayest thou add wood to wood, and shade to shade! but tempt not Hilpa to destroy thy solitude, and make thy retirement populous.'

The Chinese say that a little time afterwards she accepted of a treat in one of the neighbouring hills to which Shalum had invited her. This treat lasted for two years, and is said to have cost Shalum five hundred antelopes, two thousand ostriches, and a thousand tun of milk; but what most of all recommended it, was that variety of delicious fruits and pot-herbs, in which no person then living could any way equal Shalum.

He treated her in the bower which he had planted amidst the wood of nightingales. The wood was made up of such fruit-trees and plants as are most agreeable to the several kinds of singing-birds; so that it had drawn into it all the music of the country, and was filled from one end of the year to the other with the most agreeable concert in season.

He showed her every day some beautiful and surprising scene in this new region of woodlands; and, as by this means he had all the opportunities he could wish for, of opening his mind to her, he succeeded so well, that upon her departure she made him a kind of promise, and gave him her word to return him a positive answer in less than fifty years.

She had not been long among her own people in the valleys, when she received new overtures, and at the same time a most splendid visit from Mishpach, who was a mighty man of old, and had

built a great city, which he called after his own name. Every house was made for at least a thousand years, nay, there were some that were leased out for three lives; so that the quantity of stone and timber consumed in this building is scarce to be imagined by those who live in the present age of the world. This great man entertained her with the voice of musical instruments which had been lately invented, and danced before her to the sound of the timbrel. He also presented her with several domestic utensils wrought in brass and iron, which had been newly found out for the conveniency of life. In the mean time Shalum grew very uneasy with himself, and was sorely displeased at Hilpa for the reception which she had given to Mishpach, insomuch that he never wrote to her or spoke of her during a whole revolution of Saturn; but, finding that this intercourse went no farther than a visit, he again renewed his addresses to her; who, during his long silence, is said very often to have cast a wishing eye upon mount Tirzah.

Her mind continued wavering about twenty years longer between Shalum and Mishpach; for though her inclinations favoured the former, her interest pleaded very powerfully for the other. While her heart was in this unsettled condition, the following accident happened, which determined her choice. A high tower of wood that stood in the city of Mishpach having caught fire by a flash of lightning, in a few days reduced the whole town to ashes. Mishpach resolved to rebuild the place, whatever it should cost him; and, having already destroyed all the timber of the country, he was forced to have recourse to Shalum, whose forests were now two hundred years old. He purchased

these woods with so many herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, and with such a vast extent of fields and pastures, that Shalum was now grown more wealthy than Mishpach; and therefore appeared so charming in the eyes of Zilpah's daughter, that she no longer refused him in marriage. On the day in which he brought her up into the mountains he raised a most prodigious pile of cedar, and of every sweet smelling wood, which reached above three hundred cubits in height; he also cast into the pile bundles of myrrh and sheaves of spikenard, enriching it with every spicy shrub, and making it fat with the gums of his plantations. This was the burnt-offering which Shalum offered in the day of his espousals: the smoke of it ascended up to heaven, and filled the whole country with incense and perfume.

No. 586. FRIDAY, August 27, 1714.

—Quæ in vita usurpant homines, cogitant, curant, vident, quæque agunt vigilantes, agitantque, ea cuique in somno accidunt.

Cic. de Div.

The things which employ men's waking thoughts and actions recur to their imaginations in sleep.

By the last post I received the following letter, which is built upon a thought that is new, and very well carried on; for which reasons I shall give it to the public without alteration, addition, or amendment.

'SIR,

'It was a good piece of advice which Pythagoras gave to his scholars—that every night

* By Addison.

before they slept they should examine what they had been doing that day, and so discover what actions were worthy of pursuit to-morrow, and what little vices were to be prevented from slipping unawares into an habit. If I might second the philosopher's advice, it should be mine, that in a morning before my scholar rose he should consider what he had been about that night, and with the same strictness as if the condition he has believed himself to be in was real. Such a scrutiny into the actions of his fancy must be of considerable advantage; for this reason, because the circumstances which a man imagines himself in during sleep are generally such as entirely favour his inclinations, good or bad, and give him imaginary opportunities of pursuing them to the utmost; so that his temper will lie fairly open to his view, while he considers how it is moved when free from those constraints which the accidents of real life put it under. Dreams are certainly the result of our waking thoughts, and our daily hopes and fears are what give the mind such nimble relishes of pleasure and such severe touches of pain in its midnight rambles. A man that murders his enemy, or deserts his friend in a dream, had need to guard his temper against revenge and ingratitude; and take heed that he be not tempted to do a vile thing in the pursuit of false or the neglect of true honour. For my part, I seldom receive a benefit, but in a night or two's time I make most noble returns for it; which, though my benefactor is not a whit the better for, yet it pleases me to think that it was from a principle of gratitude in me that my mind was susceptible of such generous transport, while I thought myself repaying the kindness of my friend: and I have often been ready to beg pardon,

instead of returning an injury, after considering that when the offender was in my power, I had carried my resentments much too far.

'I think it has been observed, in the course of your papers, how much one's happiness or misery may depend upon the imagination: of which truth those strange workings of fancy in sleep are no inconsiderable instances; so that not only the advantage a man has of making discoveries of himself, but a regard to his own ease or disquiet may induce him to accept of my advice. Such as are willing to comply with it, I shall put into a way of doing it with pleasure, by observing only one maxim which I shall give them, viz. "To go to bed with a mind entirely free from passion, and a body clear of the least intemperance."

'They, indeed, who can sink into sleep with their thoughts less calm or innocent than they should be, do but plunge themselves into scenes of guilt and misery; or they who are willing to purchase any midnight disquietudes for the satisfaction of a full meal, or a skin full of wine; these I have nothing to say to, as not knowing how to invite them to reflections full of shame and horror: but those that will observe this rule, I promise them they shall awake into health and cheerfulness, and be capable of recounting with delight those glorious moments wherein the mind has been indulging itself in such luxury of thought, such noble hurry of imagination. Suppose a man's going supperless to bed should introduce him to the table of some great prince or other, where he shall be entertained with the noblest marks of honour and plenty, and do so much business after, that he shall rise with as good a stomach to his breakfast as if he had fasted

all night long: or suppose he should see his dearest friends remain all night in great distresses, which he could instantly have disengaged them from, could he have been content to have gone to bed without the other bottle; believe me these effects of fancy are no contemptible consequences of commanding or indulging one's appetite.

'I forbear recommending my advice upon many other accounts till I hear how you and your readers relish what I have already said; among whom, if there be any that may pretend it is useless to them because they never dream at all, there may be others perhaps who do little else all day long. Were every one as sensible as I am what happens to him in his sleep, it would be no dispute whether we pass so considerable portion of our time in the condition of stocks and stones, or whether the soul were not perpetually at work upon the principle of thought. However, it is an honest endeavour of mine to persuade my countrymen to reap some advantage from so many unregarded hours, and as such you will encourage it.

'I shall conclude with giving you a sketch or two of my way of proceeding:

'If I have any business of consequence to do to-morrow, I am scarce dropt to sleep to-night but I am in the midst of it; and when awake I consider the whole procession of the affair, and get the advantage of the next day's experience before the sun has risen upon it.

'There is scarce a great post but what I have some time or other been in; but my behaviour while I was master of a college pleases me so well, that whenever there is a province of that nature vacant, I intend to step in as soon as I can.

'I have done many things that would not pass examination when I have had the heart of flying or being invisible; for which reason I am glad I am not possessed of those extraordinary qualities.

'Lastly, Mr. Spectator, I have been a great correspondent of yours, and have read many of my letters in your paper which I never wrote you. If you have a mind I should really be so, I have got a parcel of visions and other miscellanies in my noctuary, which I shall send you to enrich your paper with on proper occasions.

'I am, &c.

Oxford, Aug. 20. 'JOHN SHADOW.' †

*** Just published, The Mausoleum, a poem, sacred to the memory of her late majesty, queen Anne. By Mr. Theobald, price 1s.

—'Terras Astrea reliquit.'
OVID Met. i. 150.

††† The third volume of Mr. Phillips's translation of the Thousand and One Days' Persian Tales, which completes the whole, is in the press, and will soon be published.—Spect. in folio, No. 585.

No. 587. MONDAY, AUGUST 30, 1714.

—Intus, et in cute novi.
PERS. Sat. iii. 30.

I know thee to thy bottom; from within
Thy shallow centre to the utmost skin.
DRYDEN.

THOUGH the author of the following vision is unknown to me, I am apt to think it may be the work

† By Mr. John Byrom, commonly called Dr. Byrom, who was likewise the author of the letters in the next paper, No. 587, and in No. 593. The public is indebted to the same ingenious writer for the beautiful pastoral poem in Spectator, No. 603. See Biog. Brit. vol. vi. part. ii. art. Byrom; Spectator, Nos. 593, and 603.

of that ingenious gentleman, who promised me, in the last paper, some extracts out of his noctuary.

'SIR,

'I WAS the other day reading the life of Mahomet. Among many other extravagances, I find it recorded of that impostor, that in the fourth year of his age the angel Gabriel caught him up while he was among his playfellows; and, carrying him aside, cut open his breast, plucked out his heart, and wrung out of it that black drop of blood in which, says the Turkish divines, is contained the *fomes peccati*, so that he was free from sin ever after. I immediately said to myself, though this story be a fiction, a very good moral may be drawn from it, would every man but apply it to himself, and endeavour to squeeze out of his heart whatever sins or ill qualities he finds in it.

'While my mind was wholly taken up with this contemplation, I insensibly fell into a most pleasing slumber, when methought two porters entered my chamber, carrying a large chest between them. After having set it down in the middle of the room they departed. I immediately endeavoured to open what was sent me, when a shape, like that in which we paint our angels, appeared before me, and forbade me. "Enclosed," said he, "are the hearts of several of your friends and acquaintance; but, before you can be qualified to see and animadvert on the failings of others, you must be pure yourself:" whereupon he drew out his incision knife, cut me open, took out my heart, and began to squeeze it. I was in a great confusion to see how many things, which I had always cherished as virtues, issued out of my heart on this occasion. In short, after it had

been thoroughly squeezed, it looked like an empty bladder; when the phantom, breathing a fresh particle of divine air into it, restored it safe to its former repository: and, having sewed me up, we began to examine the chest.

'The hearts were all enclosed in transparent phials, and preserved in a liquor which looked like spirits of wine. The first which I cast my eye upon I was afraid would have broke the glass which contained it. It shot up and down with incredible swiftness through the liquor in which it swam, and very frequently bounced against the side of the phial. The *fomes*, or spot in the middle of it, was not large, but of a red fiery colour, and seemed to be the cause of these violent agitations. "That," says my instructor, "is the heart of Tom Dreadnought, who behaved himself well in the late wars, but has for these ten years last past been aiming at some post of honour to no purpose. He is lately retired into the country; where, quite choked up with spleen and choler, he rails at better men than himself, and will be for ever uneasy because it is impossible he should think his merits sufficiently rewarded." The next heart that I examined was remarkable for its smallness; it lay still at the bottom of the phial, and I could hardly perceive that it beat at all. The *fomes* was quite black, and had almost diffused itself over the whole heart. "This," says my interpreter, "is the heart of Dick Gloomy, who never thirsted after any thing but money. Notwithstanding all his endeavours, he is still poor. This has flung him into a most deplorable state of melancholy and despair. He is a composition of envy and idleness; hates mankind, but gives them their revenge by being more uneasy to himself than to any one else."

'The phial I looked upon next contained a large fair heart which beat very strongly. The *fomes* or spot in it was exceeding small; but I could not help observing, that which way soever I turned the phial it always appeared uppermost, and in the strongest point of light. "The heart you are examining," says my companion, "belongs to Will Worthy. He has indeed a noble soul, and is possessed of a thousand good qualities. The speck which you discover is vanity."

'"Here," says the angel, "is the heart of Freelove, your intimate friend." "Freelove and I," said I, "are at present very cold to one another, and I do not care for looking on the heart of a man which I fear is overcast with rancour." My teacher commanded me to look upon it: I did so, and, to my unspeakable surprise, found that a small swelling spot, which I at first took to be ill-will towards me, was only passion; and that upon my nearer inspection it wholly disappeared: upon which the phantom told me Freelove was one of the best natured men alive.

'"This," says my teacher, "is a female heart of your acquaintance." I found the *fomes* in it of the largest size, and of an hundred different colours, which were still varying every moment. Upon my asking to whom it belonged, I was informed that it was the heart of Coquetilla.

'I set it down and drew out another, in which I took the *fomes* at first sight to be very small, but was amazed to find that, as I looked stedfastly upon it, it grew still larger. It was the heart of Melissa, a noted prude who lives the next door to me.

'"I show you this," says the phantom, "because it is indeed a rarity, and you have the happiness to

know the person to whom it belongs.' He then put into my hands a large crystal glass that enclosed an heart, in which, though I examined it with the utmost nicety, I could not perceive any blemish. I made no scruple to affirm that it must be the heart of Seraphina; and was glad, but not surprised, to find that it was so. "She is indeed," continued my guide, "the ornament, as well as the envy of her sex." At these last words he pointed to the hearts of several of her female acquaintance which lay in different phials, and had very large spots in them, all of a deep blue. "You are not to wonder," says he, "that you see no spot in an heart whose innocence has been proof against all the corruptions of a depraved age. If it has any blemish, it is too small to be discovered by human eyes."

'I laid it down and took up the hearts of other females, in all of which the *fomes* ran in several veins which were twisted together and made a very perplexed figure. I asked the meaning of it, and was told it represented deceit.

'I should have been glad to have examined the hearts of several of my acquaintance whom I knew to be particularly addicted to drinking, gaming, intriguing, &c. but my interpreter told me I must let that alone till another opportunity, and flung down the cover of the chest with so much violence as immediately awoke me.'

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[u] By Mr. John Byrom. The ingenious author of this and the preceding paper, &c. was born at Manchester in 1691. Having incurred the displeasure of his nearest relations by an early marriage with a young lady who had little or no fortune, he supported himself principally by teaching short-hand in a very ingenious way, till, by the death of an elder brother without issue, the family estate of Kersal came to him by inheritance. He was a fellow of the royal society, and a great proficient in polite literature and fine taste. The general tenour of his life was innocent and inoffensive,

No. 588. WEDNESDAY, September 1, 1714.

Dicitis, omnis in imbecillitate est et gratia, et caritas.
Cicero.
You pretend that all kindness and benevolence is founded in weakness.

Man may be considered in two views, as a reasonable and as a sociable being; capable of becoming himself either happy or miserable, and of contributing to the happiness or misery of his fellow-creatures. Suitably to this double capacity, the Contriver of human nature hath wisely furnished it with two principles of action—self-love and benevolence; designing one of them to render man wakeful to his own personal interest, the other to dispose him for giving his utmost assistance to all engaged in the same pursuit. This is such an account of our frame, so agreeable to reason, so much for the honour of our Maker, and the credit of our species, that it may appear somewhat unaccountable what should induce men to represent human nature as they do under characters of disadvantage; or, having drawn it

at a great distance from any reproachful vice. He died at Manchester, September 26, 1763, an. ætat. 72.

To all his productions this distich is justly applicable:

'Non ego mordaci destrinxi carmine quemquam,
* * * * * *
Nulla venenato litera mista joco est.'
Ov. Tr. ii. 563.

See Spectator, No. 603, and note.

In Dr. Johnson's opinion, the best of the Spectator might still have been better, had Mr. Byrom's contributions to it been more numerous, and not inferior to the few specimens he has given of his abilities. See Nichols's Select Collection of Poems, with notes, &c. vol. vii. p. 156, *et seq.*

*** This vision of hearts, the dissection of the beau's head, Spectator, No. 275, and of the coquette's heart, *ibidem*, No. 281, probably suggested to Alexander Stephens the first idea of his justly celebrated lectures on heads.

with a little sordid aspect, what pleasure they can possibly take in such a picture? Do they reflect that it is their own, and, if we would believe themselves, is not more odious than the original? One of the first that talked in this lofty strain of our nature was Epicurus. Beneficence, would his followers say, is all founded in weakness; and, whatever he pretended, the kindness that passeth between men and men, is by every man directed to himself. This, it must be confessed, is of a piece with the rest of that hopeful philosophy, which, having patched man out of the four elements, attributes his being to chance, and derives all his actions from an unintelligible declination of atoms. And for these glorious discoveries the poet is beyond measure transported in the praises of his hero, as if he must needs be something more than man, only for an endeavour to prove that man is in nothing superior to beasts. In this school was Mr. Hobbes instructed to speak after the same manner, if he did not rather draw his knowledge from an observation of his own temper;* for he somewhere unluckily lays down this as a rule, that from the similitudes of thoughts and passions of one man to the thoughts and passions of another, whosoever looks into himself and considers what he doth when he thinks, hopes, fears, &c. and upon what grounds, he shall hereby read and know what are the thoughts and passions of all other men upon the like occasions. Now we will allow Mr. Hobbes to know best how he was inclined; but, in earnest,

* This censure of Mr. Hobbes appears to be illiberal and unfounded. Many testimonies, apparently unsuspicious, lead to the belief that he was a good and an amiable man, as well as possessed of superior understanding and uncommon perspicuity and penetration. However exceptional his writings may be, his life it seems was irreproachable.

I should be heartily out of conceit with myself, if I thought myself of this unamiable temper as he affirms, and should have as little kindness for myself as for any body in the world. Hitherto I always imagined that kind and benevolent propensions were the original growth of the heart of man; and, however checked and overtopped by counter inclinations that have since sprung up within us, have still more force in the worst of tempers, and a considerable influence on the best. And methinks it is a fair step towards the proof of this, that the most beneficent of all beings is He who hath an absolute fulness of perfection in himself, who gave existence to the universe, and so cannot be supposed to want that which he communicated, without diminishing from the plenitude of his own power and happiness. The philosophers before-mentioned have indeed done all that in them lay to invalidate this argument: for placing the gods in a state of the most elevated blessedness, they describe them as selfish as we poor miserable mortals can be, and shut them out from all concern for mankind upon the score of their having no need of us. But if He that sitteth in the heavens wants not us, we stand in continual need of him; and, surely, next to the survey of the immense treasures of his own mind, the most exalted pleasure he receives is from beholding millions of creatures lately drawn out of the gulf of non-existence, rejoicing in the various degrees of being and happiness imparted to them. And as this is the true, the glorious character of the Deity, so in forming a reasonable creature he would not, if possible, suffer his image to pass out of his hands unadorned with a resemblance of himself in this most lovely part of his nature. For what complacency could a mind,

whose love is as unbounded as his knowledge, have in a work so unlike himself; a creature that should be capable of knowing and conversing with a vast circle of objects, and love none but himself? What proportion would there be between the head and the heart of such a creature, its affections and its understanding? Or, could a society of such creatures, with no other bottom but self-love on which to maintain a commerce, ever flourish? Reason, it is certain, would oblige every man to pursue the general happiness as the means to procure and establish his own; and yet, if, besides this consideration, there were not a natural instinct, prompting men to desire the welfare and satisfaction of others, self-love, in defiance of the admonitions of reason, would quickly run all things into a state of war and confusion. As nearly interested as the soul is in the fate of the body, our provident Creator saw it necessary, by the constant returns of hunger and thirst, those importunate appetites, to put it in mind of its charge; knowing that if we should eat and drink no oftener than cold abstracted speculation should put us upon these exercises, and then leave it to reason to prescribe the quantity, we should soon refine ourselves out of this bodily life. And, indeed, it is obvious to remark, that we follow nothing heartily unless carried to it by inclinations which anticipate our reason, and, like a bias, draw the mind strongly towards it. In order, therefore, to establish a perpetual intercourse of benefits amongst mankind, their Maker would not fail to give them this generous prepossession of benevolence, if, as I have said, it were possible. And from whence can we go about to argue its impossibility? Is it inconsistent with self-love? Are their motions

contrary? No more than the diurnal rotation of the earth is opposed to its annual; or its motion round its own centre, which might be improved as an illustration of self-love, to that which whirls it about the common centre of the world, answering to universal benevolence. Is the force of self-love abated, or its interest prejudiced by benevolence? So far from it, that benevolence, though a distinct principle, is extremely serviceable to self-love, and then doth most service when it is least designed.

But to descend from reason to matter of fact: the pity which arises on sight of persons in distress, and the satisfaction of mind which is the consequence of having removed them into a happier state, are instead of a thousand arguments to prove such a thing as a disinterested benevolence. Did pity proceed from a reflection we make upon our liableness to the same ill accidents we see befal others, it were nothing to the present purpose; but this is assigning an artificial cause of a natural passion, and can by no means be admitted as a tolerable account of it, because children and persons most thoughtless about their own condition, and incapable of entering into the prospects of futurity, feel the most violent touches of compassion. And then, as to that charming delight which immediately follows the giving joy to another, or relieving his sorrow, and is, when the objects are numerous, and the kindness of importance really inexpressible, what can this be owing to but a consciousness of a man's having done something praise-worthy, and expressive of a great soul? Whereas, if in all this he only sacrificed to vanity and self-love, as there would be nothing brave in actions that make the most shining appearance, so nature would not have rewarded them with this di-

vine pleasure; nor could the commendations which a person receives for benefits done upon selfish views, be at all more satisfactory than when he is applauded for what he doth without design; because in both cases the ends of self-love are equally answered. The conscience of approving oneself a benefactor to mankind is the noblest recompense for being so; doubtless it is, and the most interested cannot propose any thing so much to their own advantage, notwithstanding which the inclination is nevertheless unselfish. The pleasure which attends the gratification of our hunger and thirst is not the cause of these appetites; they are previous to any such prospect; and so likewise is the desire of doing good; with this difference—that, being seated in the intellectual part, this last, though antecedent to reason, may yet be improved and regulated by it; and, I will add, is no otherwise a virtue than as it is so. Thus have I contended for the dignity of that nature I have the honour to partake of; and, after all the evidence produced, think I have a right to conclude, against the motto of this paper, that there is such a thing as generosity in the world. Though if I were under a mistake in this, I should say as Cicero, in relation to the immortality of the soul, I willingly err; and should believe it very much for the interest of mankind to lie under the same delusion. For the contrary notion naturally tends to dispirit the mind, and sinks it into a meanness fatal to the God-like zeal of doing good: as, on the other hand, it teaches people to be ungrateful, by possessing them with a persuasion concerning their benefactors, that they have no regard to them in the benefits they bestow. Now he that banishes gratitude from among men, by so doing stops up the stream of beneficence: for

though in conferring kindnesses, a truly generous man doth not aim at a return, yet he looks to the qualities of the person obliged; and as nothing renders a person more unworthy of a benefit than his being without all resentment of it, he will not be extremely forward to oblige such a man. x

*** The learned and worthy author of this, and three other papers in this volume, was a much respected dissenting minister, who kept an academy at Taunton in Somersetshire. See Spectator, Nos. 601, 626, and 635, and an account of him prefixed to his works, by Dr. Thomas Amory, who was akin to him in every respect, and tutor in his uncle's academy.

No. 589. FRIDAY, September 8, 1714.

Persequitur scelus ille suum: labefactaque tandem
Ictibus innumeris, adductaque funibus arbor
Corruit —
Ovid. Met. viii. 774.

The impious axe he plies, loud strokes resound;
'Till dragg'd with ropes, and fell'd with many a wound,
The loosen'd tree comes rushing to the ground.

'SIR,

'I am so great an admirer of trees that the spot of ground I have chosen to build a small seat upon in the country is almost in the midst of a large wood. I was obliged, much against my will, to cut down several trees, that I might have any such thing as a walk in my gardens; but then I have taken care to leave the space between every walk as much a wood as I found it. The moment you turn either to the right or left you are in a forest, where nature presents you with a much more beautiful scene than could have been raised by art.

'Instead of tulips or carnations, I can show you

x By the rev. Mr. Henry Grove.

oaks in my gardens of four hundred years standing, and a knot of elms that might shelter a troop of horse from the rain.

'It is not without the utmost indignation that I observe several prodigal young heirs in the neighbourhood felling down the most glorious monuments of their ancestors' industry, and ruining in a day the product of ages.

'I am mightily pleased with your discourse upon planting, which put me upon looking into my books to give you some account of the veneration the ancients had for trees. There is an old tradition that Abraham planted a cypress, a pine, and a cedar; and that these three incorporated into one tree, which was cut down for the building of the temple of Solomon.

'Isidorus, who lived in the reign of Constantius, assures us, that he saw even in his time that famous oak in the plains of Mamre, under which Abraham is reported to have dwelt; and adds, that the people looked upon it with a great veneration, and preserved it as a sacred tree.

'The heathens still went farther, and regarded it as the highest piece of sacrilege to injure certain trees which they took to be protected by some deity. The story of Erisichthon, the grove at Dodona, and that at Delphi, are all instances of this kind.

'If we consider the machine in Virgil, so much blamed by several critics, in this light, we shall hardly think it too violent.

'Æneas, when he built his fleet in order to sail for Italy, was obliged to cut down the grove on mount Ida, which however he durst not do till he had obtained leave from Cybele, to whom it was dedicated. The goddess could not but think herself

obliged to protect these ships, which were made of consecrated timber, after a very extraordinary manner, and therefore desired Jupiter, that they might not be obnoxious to the power of waves or winds. Jupiter would not grant this, but promised her, that as many as came safe to Italy should be transformed into goddesses of the sea; which the poet tells us was accordingly executed.

"And now at length the number'd hours were come,
Prefix'd by Fate's irrevocable doom,
When the great mother of the gods was free
To save her ships, and finish'd Jove's decree.
First, from the quarter of the morn there sprung
A light that sing'd the heavens, and shot along:
Then from a cloud, fring'd round with golden fires,
Were timbrels heard, and Berecynthian quires:
And last a voice, with more than mortal sounds,
Both hosts in arms oppos'd, with equal horror wounds.
'O Trojan race, your needless aid forbear,
And know my ships are my peculiar care.
With greater ease the bold Rutulian may,
With hissing brands, attempt to burn the sea,
Than singe my sacred pines. But you, my charge,
Loos'd from your crooked anchors, launch at large,
Exalted each a nymph; forsake the sand,
And swim the seas at Cybele's command.'
No sooner had the goddess ceas'd to speak,
When lo, th' obedient ships their haulsers break;
And, strange to tell, like dolphins in the main,
They plunge their prows, and dive, and spring again:
As many beauteous maids the billows sweep,
As rode before tall vessels on the deep."

DRYDEN'S VIRG.

'The common opinion concerning the nymphs, whom the ancients called Hamadryades, is more to the honour of trees than any thing yet mentioned. It was thought the fate of these nymphs had so near a dependance on some trees, more especially oaks, that they lived and died together. For this reason

they were extremely grateful to such persons who preserved those trees with which their being subsisted. Apollonius tells us a very remarkable story to this purpose, with which I shall conclude my letter.

'A certain man, called Rhæcus, observing an old oak ready to fall, and being moved with a sort of compassion towards the tree, ordered his servants to pour in fresh earth at the roots of it, and set it upright. The Hamadryad, or nymph, who must necessarily have perished with the tree, appeared to him the next day, and, after having returned him her thanks, told him she was ready to grant whatever he should ask. As she was extremely beautiful, Rhæcus desired he might be entertained as her lover. The Hamadryad, not much displeased with the request, promised to give him a meeting, but commanded him for some days to abstain from the embraces of all other women, adding, that she would send a bee to him to let him know when he was to be happy. Rhæcus was, it seems, too much addicted to gaming, and happened to be in a run of ill-luck when the faithful bee came buzzing about him; so that, instead of minding his kind invitation, he had liked to have killed him for his pains. The Hamadryad was so provoked at her own disappointment, and the ill usage of her messenger, that she deprived Rhæcus of the use of his limbs. However, says the story, he was not so much a cripple but he made a shift to cut down the tree, and consequently to fell his mistress.'

No. 590. MONDAY, September 6, 1714.

—Assiduo labuntur tempora motu
Non secus ac flumen. Neque enim consistere flumen,
Nec levis hora potest: sed ut unda impellitur unda,
Urgeturque prior venienti, urgetque priorem,
Tempora sic fugiunt pariter, pariterque sequuntur;
Et nova sunt semper. Nam quod fuit ante, relictum est;
Fitque, quod haud fuerat: momentaque cuncta novantur.
Ovid. Met. xv. 179.

E'en times are in perpetual flux, and run,
Like rivers from their fountains, rolling on.
For time, no more than streams, is at a stay;
The flying hour is ever on her way:
And as the fountains still supply their store,
The wave behind impels the wave before;
Thus in successive course the minutes run,
And urge their predecessor minutes on.
Still moving, ever new: for former things
Are laid aside, like abdicated kings;
And ev'ry moment alters what is done,
And innovates some act, till then unknown.
Dryden.

The following discourse comes from the same hand with the essays upon infinitude. [7]

'We consider infinite space as an expansion without a circumference: we consider eternity, or infinite duration, as a line that has neither a beginning nor an end. In our speculations of infinite space, we consider that particular place in which we exist as a kind of centre to the whole expansion. In our speculations of eternity, we consider the time which is present to us as the middle which divides the whole line into two equal parts. For this reason, many witty authors compare the present time to an isthmus or narrow neck of land, that rises in the midst of an ocean, immeasurably diffused on either side of it.

'Philosophy, and indeed common sense, natu-

[7] See Spectator, Nos. 565, 571, 580, and 628

rally throws eternity under two divisions, which we may call in English that eternity which is past, and that eternity which is to come. The learned terms of *Æternitas a parte ante*, and *Æternitas a parte post*, may be more amusing to the reader, but can have no other idea affixed to them than what is conveyed to us by those words, an eternity that is past and an eternity that is to come. Each of these eternities is bounded at the one extreme, or, in other words, the former has an end, and the latter a beginning.

'Let us first of all consider that eternity which is past, reserving that which is to come for the subject of another paper. The nature of this eternity is utterly inconceivable by the mind of man: our reason demonstrates to us that it has been, but at the same time can frame no idea of it but what is big with absurdity and contradiction. We can have no other conception of any duration which is past, than that all of it was once present; and whatever was once present is at some certain distance from us, and whatever is at any certain distance from us, be the distance never so remote, cannot be eternity. The very notion of any duration's being past, implies that it was once present; for the idea of being once present is actually included in the idea of its being past. This therefore is a depth not to be sounded by human understanding. We are sure that there has been an eternity, and yet contradict ourselves when we measure this eternity by any notion which we can frame of it.

'If we go to the bottom of this matter, we shall find that the difficulties we meet with in our conceptions of eternity proceed from this single reason, that we can have no other idea of any kind of duration, than that by which we ourselves, and all other cre-

ated beings do exist; which is a successive duration made up of past, present, and to come. There is nothing which exists after this manner, all the parts of whose existence were not once actually present, and consequently may be reached by a certain number of years applied to it. We may ascend as high as we please, and employ our being to that eternity which is to come, in adding millions of years to millions of years, and we can never come up to any fountain head of duration, to any beginning in eternity: but at the same time we are sure, that whatever was once present does lie within the reach of numbers, though perhaps we can never be able to put enough [a] of them together for that purpose. We may as well say, that any thing may be actually present in any part of infinite space which does not lie at a certain distance from us, as that any part of infinite duration was once actually present, and does not also lie at some determined distance from us. The distance in both cases may be immeasurable and indefinite as to our faculties, but our reason tells us that it cannot be so in itself. Here therefore is that difficulty which human understanding is not capable of surmounting. We are sure that something must have existed from eternity, and are at the same time unable to conceive that any thing which exists, according to our notion of existence, can have existed from eternity.

'It is hard for a reader, who has not rolled this thought in his own mind, to follow in such an abstracted speculation; but I have been the longer on it, because I think it is a demonstrative argument of the being and eternity of God; and, though there

[a] Enow. The singular number is here used for the plural.

are many other demonstrations which lead us to this great truth, I do not think we ought to lay aside any proofs in this matter, which the light of reason has suggested to us, especially when it is such a one as has been urged by men famous for their penetration and force of understanding, and which appears altogether conclusive to those who will be at the pains to examine it.

'Having thus considered that eternity which is past, according to the best idea we can frame of it, I shall now draw up those several articles on this subject, which are dictated to us by the light of reason, and which may be looked upon as the creed of a philosopher in this great point.

'First, it is certain that no being could have made itself; for, if so, it must have acted before it was, which is a contradiction.

'Secondly, That therefore some being must have existed from all eternity.

'Thirdly, That whatever exists after the manner of created beings, or according to any notions which we have of existence, could not have existed from eternity.

'Fourthly, That this Eternal Being must therefore be the great Author of nature, "the Ancient of Days," who, being at infinite distance in his perfections from all finite and created beings, exists in a quite different manner from them, and in a manner of which they can have no idea.

'I know that several of the schoolmen, who would not be thought ignorant of any thing, have pretended to explain the manner of God's existence, by telling us that he comprehends infinite duration in every moment; that eternity is with him a *punctum stans*, a fixed point; or, which is as good sense, an infinite

instant; that nothing with reference to his existence is either past or to come: to which the ingenious Mr. Cowley alludes in his description of heaven:

> "Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
> But an eternal *now* does always last."

'For my own part, I look upon these propositions as words that have no ideas annexed to them; and think men had better own their ignorance than advance doctrines by which they mean nothing, and which, indeed, are self-contradictory. We cannot be too modest in our disquisitions when we meditate on Him who is environed with so much glory and perfection, who is the source of being, the fountain of all that existence which we and his whole creation derive from him. Let us, therefore, with the utmost humility acknowledge that, as some being must necessarily have existed from eternity, so this being does exist after an incomprehensible manner, since it is impossible for a being to have existed from eternity after our manner or notions of existence. Revelation confirms these natural dictates of reason in the accounts which it gives us of the Divine existence, where it tells us, that he is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; that he is the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending; that a thousand years are with him as one day, and one day as a thousand years; by which, and the like expressions, we are taught that his existence with relation to time or duration is infinitely different from the existence of any of his creatures, and consequently that it is impossible for us to frame any adequate conceptions of it.

'In the first revelation which he makes of his

own being, he intitles himself, "I AM that I am;" and when Moses desires to know what name he shall give him in his embassy to Pharaoh, he bids him say that "I AM hath sent you." Our great Creator, by this revelation of himself, does in a manner exclude every thing else from a real existence, and distinguishes himself from his creatures as the only being which truly and really exists. The ancient Platonic notion, which was drawn from speculations of eternity, wonderfully agrees with this revelation which God has made of himself. There is nothing, say they, which in reality exists, whose existence, as we call it, is pieced up of past, present, and to come. Such a flitting and successive existence is rather a shadow of existence, and something which is like it, than existence itself. He only properly exists whose existence is entirely present; that is, in other words, who exists in the most perfect manner, and in such a manner as we have no idea of.

'I shall conclude this speculation with one useful inference. How can we sufficiently prostrate ourselves and fall down before our Maker, when we consider that ineffable goodness and wisdom which contrived this existence for finite natures! What must be the overflowings of that good-will, which prompted our Creator to adapt existence to beings, in whom it is not necessary; especially when we consider that he himself was before in the complete possession of existence and of happiness, and in the full enjoyment of eternity! What man can think of himself as called out and separated from nothing, of his being made a conscious, a reasonable and an happy creature, in short, of being taken in as a sharer of existence, and a kind of partner in eternity, without being swallowed up in wonder, in praise

in adoration! It is indeed a thought too big for the mind of man, and rather to be entertained in the secrecy of devotion, and in the silence of the soul, than to be expressed by words. The Supreme Being has not given us powers of faculties sufficient to extol and magnify such unutterable goodness.

'It is however some comfort to us, that we shall be always doing what we shall be never able to do, and that a work which cannot be finished will however be the work of an eternity. [a]

*** Mr. Tickell, Dr. Birch, Dr. Johnson, and all his biographers, take notice of Addison's original design of entering into holy orders; it is therefore very probable, that this paper, and many others of the same serious nature, were written in some shape or other long before these publications in the Spectator, &c.

No. 591. WEDNESDAY, September 8, 1714.

—Tenerorum lusor amorum.
Ovid Trist. 3 El. iii. 73.
Love the soft subject of his sportive muse.

I have just received a letter from a gentleman who tells me he has observed, with no small concern, that my papers have of late been very barren in relation to love; [b] a subject which, when agreeably handled, can scarce fail of being well received by both sexes.

If my invention therefore should be almost exhausted on this head, he offers to serve under me in the quality of a love-casuist: for which place he conceives himself to be thoroughly qualified, having made this passion his principal study, and observed

[a] By Addison.
[b] See Nos. 602, 605, 614, 623, and 625.

it in all its different shapes and appearances, from the fifteenth to the forty-fifth year of his age.

He assures me with an air of confidence, which I hope proceeds from his real abilities, that he does not doubt of giving judgment to the satisfaction of the parties concerned on the most nice and intricate cases which can happen in an amour; as,

How great the contraction of the fingers must be before it amounts to a squeeze by the hand.

What can be properly termed an absolute denial from a maid, and what from a widow.

What advances a lover may presume to make, after having received a pat upon his shoulder from his mistress's fan.

Whether a lady, at the first interview, may allow an humble servant to kiss her hand.

How far it may be permitted to caress the maid in order to succeed with the mistress.

What constructions a man may put upon a smile, and in what cases a frown goes for nothing.

On what occasions a sheepish look may do service, &c.

As a farther proof of his skill, he also sent me several maxims in love, which he assures me are the result of a long and profound reflection, some of which I think myself obliged to communicate to the public, not remembering to have seen them before in any author.

'There are more calamities in the world arising from love than from hatred.

'Love is the daughter of Idleness, but the mother of Disquietude.

'Men of grave natures, says sir Francis Bacon, are the most constant; for the same reason men should be more constant than women.

'The gay part of mankind is most amorous, the serious most loving.

'A coquette often loses her reputation while she preserves her virtue.

'A prude often preserves her reputation when she has lost her virtue.

'Love refines a man's behaviour, but makes a woman's ridiculous.

'Love is generally accompanied with good-will in the young, interest in the middle-aged, and a passion too gross to name in the old.

'The endeavours to revive a decaying passion generally extinguish the remains of it.

'A woman who from being a slattern becomes over-neat, or from being over-neat becomes a slattern, is most certainly in love.'

I shall make use of this gentleman's skill as I see occasion; and, since I am got upon the subject of love, shall conclude this paper with a copy of verses which were lately sent me by an unknown hand, as I look upon them to be above the ordinary run of sonneteers.

The author tells me they were written in one of his despairing fits; and I find entertains some hope that his mistress may pity such a passion as he has described, before she knows that she is herself Corinna.

'Conceal, fond man, conceal the mighty smart,
Nor tell Corinna she has fir'd thy heart.
In vain would'st thou complain, in vain pretend
To ask a pity which she must not lend.
She's too much thy superior to comply,
And too, too fair to let thy passion die.
Languish in secret, and with dumb surprise
Drink the resistless glances of her eyes.
At awful distance entertain thy grief,
Be still in pain, but never ask relief.

Ne'er tempt her scorn of thy consuming state,
Be any way undone, but fly her hate.
Thou must submit to see thy charmer bless
Some happier youth that shall admire her less;
Who in that lovely form, that heav'nly mind,
Shall miss ten thousand beauties thou could'st find.
Who with low fancy shall approach her charms,
While, half enjoy'd, she sinks into his arms.
She knows not, must not know, thy nobler fire,
Whom she, and whom the muses do inspire;
Her image only shall thy breast employ,
And fill thy captive soul with shades of joy;
Direct thy dreams by night, thy thoughts by day,
And never, never from thy bosom stray.' [d]

No. 592. FRIDAY, September 10, 1714.

— Studium sine divite vena.
Hor. Ars Poet. 409.
Art without a vein.
Roscommon.

I look upon the playhouse as a world within itself. They have lately furnished the middle region of it with a new set of meteors, in order to give the sublime to many modern tragedies. I was there last winter at the first rehearsal of the new thunder,[e]

[d] The author of these verses was Gilbert, the second brother of Eustace Budgell, esq. See Shiells' Lives of English Poets, &c., vol. v. p. 15.

The father of these two gentlemen was Gilbert Budgell, D. D., their mother Mary was only daughter of Dr. William Gulston, Bishop of Bristol, whose sister Jane married Dean Addison, and was the mother of Mr. Joseph Addison. This paper, No. 591, might be written by Mr. G. Budgell, or his brother Eustace, for it is said that this whole volume was published by him and his kinsman Addison, without the concurrence of Steele. E. Budgell's papers, up to No. 555, of the Spect. are lettered X, as he is said to have marked his linen; and in the Guardian they are distinguished by an asterisk.

[e] Apparently an allusion to Mr. Dennis's new and improved method of making thunder; at whom several oblique strokes in this paper seem

which is much more deep and sonorous than any hitherto made use of. They have a Salmoneus behind the scenes, who plays it off with great success. Their lightnings are made to flash more briskly than heretofore; their clouds are also better furbelowed, and more voluminous; not to mention a violent storm locked up in a great chest that is designed for the tempest. They are also provided with above a dozen showers of snow, which, as I am informed, are the plays of many unsuccessful poets artificially cut and shredded for that use. Mr. Rymer's Edgar is to fall in snow at the next acting of King Lear, in order to heighten, or rather to alleviate, the distress of that unfortunate prince; and to serve by way of decoration to a piece which that great critic has written against.

I do not indeed wonder that the actors should be such professed enemies to those among our nation who are commonly known by the name of critics, since it is a rule among these gentlemen to fall upon a play, not because it is ill written, but because it takes. Several of them lay it down as a maxim, that whatever dramatic performance has a long run must of necessity be good for nothing: as though the first precept in poetry were 'not to please.' Whether this rule holds good or not, I shall leave to the determination of those who are better judges than myself; if it does, I am sure it tends very much to the honour of those gentlemen who have established it; few of their pieces having been disgraced by a run of three days, and most of them being so exquisitely written, that the town

to have been aimed. See Tat. with notes, vol. v. p. 374; additional notes, &c. and vol. i. p. 406, notes.

would never give them more than one night's hearing.

I have a great esteem for a true critic, such as Aristotle and Longinus among the Greeks; Horace and Quintilian among the Romans; Boileau and Dacier among the French. But it is our misfortune that some, who set up for professed critics among us, are so stupid, that they do not know how to put ten words together with elegance or common propriety; and withal so illiterate, that they have no taste of the learned languages, and therefore criticise upon old authors only at second-hand. They judge of them by what others have written, and not by any notions they have of the authors themselves. The words unity, action, sentiment, and diction, pronounced with an air of authority, give them a figure among unlearned readers, who are apt to believe they are very deep, because they are unintelligible. The ancient critics are full of the praises of their contemporaries; they discover beauties which escaped the observation of the vulgar, and very often find out reasons for palliating and excusing such little slips and oversights as were committed in the writings of eminent authors. On the contrary, most of the smatterers in criticism who appear among us make it their business to vilify and depreciate every new production that gains applause, to descry imaginary blemishes, and to prove, by far-fetched arguments, that what pass for beauties in any celebrated piece are faults and errors. In short, the writings of these critics, compared with those of the ancients, are like the works of the sophists compared with those of the old philosophers.

Envy and cavil are the natural fruits of laziness and ignorance; which was probably the reason that

in the heathen mythology Momus is said to be the son of Nox and Somnus, of darkness and sleep. Idle men, who have not been at the pains to accomplish or distinguish themselves, are very apt to detract from others; as ignorant men are very subject to decry those beauties in a celebrated work which they have not eyes to discover. Many of our sons of Momus, who dignify themselves by the name of critics, are the genuine descendants of these two illustrious ancestors. They are often led into those numerous absurdities in which they daily instruct the people, by not considering that, first, there is sometimes a greater judgment shown in deviating from the rules of art than in adhering to them; and, secondly, that there is more beauty in the works of a great genius who is ignorant of all the rules of art, than in the works of a little genius who not only knows but scrupulously observes them.

First, We may often take notice of men who are perfectly acquainted with all the rules of good writing, and, notwithstanding, choose to depart from them on extraordinary occasions. I could give instances out of all the tragic writers of antiquity who have shown their judgment in this particular; and purposely receded from an established rule of the drama, when it has made way for a much higher beauty than the observation of such a rule would have been. Those who have surveyed the noblest pieces of architecture and statuary, both ancient and modern, know very well that there are frequent deviations from art in the works of the greatest masters, which have produced a much nobler effect than a more accurate and exact way of proceeding could have done. This often arises from what the Italians

call the *gusto grande* in these arts, which is what we call the sublime in writing.

In the next place, our critics do not seem sensible that there is more beauty in the works of a great genius who is ignorant of the rules of art, than in those of a little genius who knows and observes them. It is of these men of genius that Terence speaks, in opposition to the little artificial cavillers of his time;

> 'Quorum æmulari exoptat negligentiam
> Potius, quàm istorum obscuram diligentiam.'
>
> PROT. AND.

'Whose negligence he would rather imitate than these men's obscure diligence.'

A critic may have the same consolation in the ill success of his play as Dr. South tells us a physician has at the death of a patient, that he was killed *secundum artem*. Our inimitable Shakspeare is a stumbling-block to the whole tribe of these rigid critics. Who would not rather read one of his plays, where there is not a single rule of the stage observed, than any production of a modern critic, where there is not one of them violated? Shakspeare was indeed born with all the seeds of poetry, and may be compared to the stone in Pyrrhus's ring, which, as Pliny tells us, had the figure of Apollo and the nine Muses in the veins of it, produced by the spontaneous hand of nature, without any help from art.*

* By Addison, on the authority of Mr. Thomas Tickell.

No. 593. MONDAY, September 13, 1714.

Quale per incertam lunam sub luce maligna
Est iter in sylvis—

Virg. Æn vi. 270

Thus wander travellers in woods by night,
By the moon's doubtful and malignant light.

Dryden.

My dreaming correspondent, Mr. Shadow, has sent me a second letter, with several curious observations on dreams in general, and the method to render sleep improving: an extract of his letter will not, I presume, be disagreeable to my readers.

'Since we have so little time to spare that none of it may be lost, I see no reason why we should neglect to examine those imaginary scenes we are presented with in sleep, only because they have less reality in them than our waking meditations. A traveller would bring his judgment in question, who should despise the directions of his map for want of real roads in it, because here stands a dot instead of a town, or a cipher instead of a city; and it must be a long day's journey to travel through two or three inches. Fancy in dreams gives us much such another landscape of life as that does of countries; and, though its appearances may seem strangely jumbled together, we may often observe such traces and footsteps of noble thoughts as, if carefully pursued, might lead us into a proper path of action. There is so much rapture and ecstasy in our fancied bliss, and something so dismal and shocking in our fancied misery, that, though the inactivity of the body has given occasion for calling sleep the image of death, the briskness of the fancy affords us a strong intimation of something within us that can never die.

'I have wondered that Alexander the Great, who came into the world sufficiently dreamt of by his parents, and had himself a tolerable knack at dreaming, should often say, that sleep was one thing which made him sensible he was mortal. I, who have not such fields of action in the day-time to divert my attention from this matter, plainly perceive, that in those operations of the mind, while the body is at rest, there is a certain vastness of conception very suitable to the capacity, and demonstrative of the force of that divine part in our composition which will last for ever. Neither do I much doubt but, had we a true account of the wonders the hero last-mentioned performed in his sleep, his conquering this little globe would hardly be worth mentioning. I may affirm, without vanity, that, when I compare several actions in Quintus Curtius with some others in my own noctuary, I appear the greater hero of the two.'

I shall close this subject with observing, that while we are awake we are at liberty to fix our thoughts on what we please, but in sleep we have not the command of them. The ideas which strike the fancy arise in us without our choice, either from the occurrences of the day past, the temper we lie down in, or it may be the direction of some superior being.

It is certain the imagination may be so differently affected in sleep, that our actions of the day might be either rewarded or punished with a little age of happiness or misery. St. Austin was of opinion, that, if in Paradise there was the same vicissitude of sleeping and waking as in the present world, the dreams of its inhabitants would be very happy.

And so far at present are our dreams in our pow-

er, that they are generally conformable to our waking thoughts; so that it is not impossible to convey ourselves to a concert of music, the conversation of distant friends, or any other entertainment which has been before lodged in the mind.

My readers, by applying these hints, will find the necessity of making a good day of it, if they heartily wish themselves a good night.

I have often considered Marcia's prayer, and Lucius's account of Cato, in this light.

> '*Marc.* O ye immortal powers, that guard the just,
> Watch round his couch, and soften his repose,
> Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul
> With easy dreams; remember all his virtues!
> And show mankind that goodness is your care.
> '*Luc.* Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man!
> O Marcia, I have seen thy godlike father;
> Some power invisible supports his soul,
> And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.
> A kind refreshing sleep is fallen upon him:
> I saw him stretch'd at ease, his fancy lost
> In pleasing dreams; as I drew near his couch
> He smil'd and cry'd, Cæsar, thou canst not hurt me.'

Mr. Shadow acquaints me in a postscript, that he has no manner of title to the vision which succeeded his first letter; but adds, that, as the gentleman who wrote it dreams very sensibly, he shall be glad to meet him some night or other under the great elm-tree, by which Virgil has given us a fine metaphorical image of sleep, in order to turn over a few of the leaves together, and oblige the public with an account of the dreams that lie under them.[1]

[1] By Mr. John Byrom.—See Nos. 586, 587, 603, and notes.

No. 594. WEDNESDAY, September 15, 1714.

——Absentem qui rodit amicum;
Qui non defendit alio culpante; solutos
Qui captat risus hominum, famamque dicacis;
Fingere qui non visa potest; commissa tacere
Qui nequit; hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane, caveto.
Hor. 1 Sat. iv. 81.

He that shall rail against his absent friends,
Or hears them scandaliz'd, and not defends;
Sports with their fame, and speaks whate'er he can,
And only to be thought a witty man;
Tells tales, and brings his friends in disesteem;
That man's a knave;—be sure beware of him.
Creech.

Were all the vexations of life put together, we should find that a great part of them proceed from those calumnies and reproaches which we spread abroad concerning one another.

There is scarce a man living who is not, in some degree, guilty of this offence; though at the same time, however we treat one another, it must be confessed that we all consent in speaking ill of the persons who are notorious for this practice. It generally takes its rise either from an ill-will to mankind, a private inclination to make ourselves esteemed, an ostentation of wit, a vanity of being thought in the secrets of the world, or from a desire of gratifying any of these dispositions of mind in those persons with whom we converse.

The publisher of scandal is more or less odious to mankind, and criminal in himself, as he is influenced by any one or more of the foregoing motives. But, whatever may be the occasion of spreading these false reports, he ought to consider that the effect of them is equally prejudicial and pernicious to the person at whom they are aimed. The injury is the same, though the principle from whence it proceeds may be different.

As every one looks upon himself with too much indulgence when he passes a judgment on his own thoughts or actions, and as very few would be thought guilty of this abominable proceeding, which is so universally practised, and at the same time so universally blamed, I shall lay down three rules, by which I would have a man examine and search into his own heart before he stands acquitted to himself of that evil disposition of mind which I am here mentioning.

First of all, let him consider whether he does not take delight in hearing the faults of others.

Secondly, Whether he is not too apt to believe such little blackening accounts, and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable than on the good-natured side.

Thirdly, Whether he is not ready to spread and propagate such reports as tend to the disreputation of another.

These are the several steps by which this vice proceeds, and grows up into slander and defamation.

In the first place, a man who takes delight in hearing the faults of others, shows sufficiently that he has a true relish for scandal, and consequently the seeds of this vice, within him. If his mind is gratified with hearing the reproaches which are cast on others, he will find the same pleasure in relating them, and be the more apt to do it, as he will naturally imagine every one he converses with is delighted in the same manner with himself. A man should endeavour therefore to wear out of his mind this criminal curiosity, which is perpetually heightened and inflamed by listening to such stories as tend to the disreputation of others.

In the second place, a man should consult his

own heart, whether he be not apt to believe such little blackening accounts, and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable, than on the good-natured side.

Such a credulity is very vicious in itself, and generally arises from a man's consciousness of his own secret corruptions. It is a pretty saying of Thales, 'Falsehood is just as far distant from truth as the ears are from the eyes.'[h] By which he would intimate, that a wise man should not easily give credit to the reports of actions which he has not seen. I shall, under this head, mention two or three remarkable rules to be observed by the members of the celebrated Abbey de la Trappe, as they are published in a little French book.[i]

The fathers are there ordered never to give an ear to any accounts of base or criminal actions; to turn off all such discourse if possible; but, in case they hear any thing of this nature so well attested that they cannot disbelieve it, they are then to suppose that the criminal action may have proceeded from a good intention in him who is guilty of it. This is, perhaps, carrying charity to an extravagance; but it is certainly much more laudable than to suppose, as the ill-natured part of the world does, that indifferent and even good actions proceed from bad principles and wrong intentions.

In the third place, a man should examine his heart, whether he does not find in it a secret inclination to propagate such reports as tend to the disreputation of another.

[h] Stobæi Serm. 61.

[i] Felibien, Description de l'Abbaye de la Trappe, Paris 1671; reprinted in 1682. It is a letter of M. Felibien to the duchess of Liancourt. See Journal des Savans, Nov. 28, 1695, p. 699.

When the disease of the mind, which I have hitherto been speaking of, arises to this degree of malignity, it discovers itself in its worst symptom, and is in danger of becoming incurable. I need not therefore insist upon the guilt in this last particular, which every one cannot but disapprove who is not void of humanity or even common discretion. I shall only add, that, whatever pleasure any man may take in spreading whispers of this nature, he will find an infinitely greater satisfaction in conquering the temptation he is under, by letting the secret die within his own breast.

*** At Drury-lane, on Thursday, September 25, 1712, The Amorous Widow; or, the Wanton Wife. Barnaby Brittle by Mr. Dogget; the Wanton Wife by Mrs. Oldfield; Lovemore by Mr. Wilks; Cunningham by Mr. Mills; Sir P. Pride by Mr. Johnson; Merryman by Mr. Pinkethman; Clodpole by Mr. Bullock; Jeffery by Mr. Pack; Philadelphia by Mrs. Porter; and Damaris by Mrs. Bicknell.—Spect. in folio, No. 594.

No. 595. FRIDAY, September 17, 1714.

—Non ut placidis coëant immitia, non ut
Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni.
Hor. Ars Poet. 12.

——Nature, and the common laws of sense,
Forbid to reconcile antipathies;
Or make a snake engender with a dove,
And hungry tigers court the tender lambs.
Roscommon.

If ordinary authors would condescend to write as they think, they would at least be allowed the praise of being intelligible. But they really take pains to be ridiculous; and, by the studied ornaments of style, perfectly disguise the little sense they aim at. There is a grievance of this sort in the commonwealth of letters, which I have for some time resolv-

ed to redress, and accordingly I have set this day apart for justice. What I mean is the mixture of inconsistent metaphors, which is a fault but too often found in learned writers, but in all the unlearned without exception.

In order to set this matter in a clear light to every reader, I shall in the first place observe, that a metaphor is a simile in one word, which serves to convey the thoughts of the mind under resemblances and images which affect the senses. There is not any thing in the world, which may not be compared to several things if considered in several distinct lights; or, in other words, the same thing may be expressed by different metaphors. But the mischief is, that an unskilful author shall run these metaphors so absurdly into one another, that there shall be no simile, no agreeable picture, no apt resemblance, but confusion, obscurity, and noise. Thus I have known an hero compared to a thunderbolt, a lion, and the sea; all and each of them proper metaphors for impetuosity, courage, or force. But by bad management it hath so happened, that the thunderbolt hath overflowed its banks, the lion hath been darted through the skies, and the billows have rolled out of the Libyan desert.

The absurdity in this instance is obvious. And yet every time that clashing metaphors are put together this fault is committed more or less. It hath already been said, that metaphors are images of things which affect the senses. An image, therefore, taken from what acts upon the sight, cannot, without violence, be applied to the hearing; and so of the rest. It is no less an impropriety to make any being in nature or art to do things in its metaphorical state, which it could not do in its original.

I shall illustrate what I have said by an instance which I have read more than once in controversial writers. 'The heavy lashes,' saith a celebrated author, 'that have dropped from your pen, &c.' I suppose this gentleman, having frequently heard of 'gall dropping from a pen, and being lashed in a satire,' was resolved to have them both at any rate, and so uttered this complete piece of nonsense. It will most effectually discover the absurdity of these monstrous unions, if we will suppose these metaphors or images actually painted. Imagine then a hand holding a pen, and several lashes of whipcord falling from it, and you have the true representation of this sort of eloquence. I believe, by this very rule, a reader may be able to judge of the union of all metaphors whatsoever, and determine which are homogeneous, and which heterogeneous; or to speak more plainly, which are consistent and which inconsistent.

There is yet one evil more which I must take notice of, and that is the running of metaphors into tedious allegories; which, though an error on the better hand, causes confusion as much as the other. This becomes abominable, when the lustre of one word leads a writer out of his road, and makes him wander from his subject for a page together. I remember a young fellow of this turn, who, having said by chance that his mistress had a world of charms, thereupon took occasion to consider her as one possessed of frigid and torrid zones, and pursued her from the one pole to the other.

I shall conclude this paper with a letter written in that enormous style, which I hope my reader hath by this time set his heart against. The epistle hath

heretofore received great applause; but, after what hath been said, let any man commend it if he dare.

'SIR,

'AFTER the many heavy lashes that have fallen from your pen, you may justly expect in return all the load that my ink can lay upon your shoulders. You have quartered all the foul language upon me that could be raked out of the air of Billingsgate, without knowing who I am, or whether I deserve to be cupped and scarified at this rate. I tell you once for all, turn your eyes where you please, you shall never smell me out. Do you think that the panics which you sow about the parish will ever build a monument to your glory? No, Sir, you may fight these battles as long as you will; but when you come to balance the account, you will find that you have been fishing in troubled waters, and that an *ignis fatuus* hath bewildered you, and that indeed you have built upon a sandy foundation, and brought your hogs to a fair market. I am, SIR,

'Your's, &c.'

No. 596. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1714.

Molle meum, levibus cor est violabile telis.
Ov. Her. Ep. xv. 79.
Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move.
POPE.

THE case of my correspondent, who sends me the following letter, has somewhat in it so very whimsical, that I know not how to entertain my readers better than by laying it before them.

'SIR, 'Middle Temple, Sept. 18.

'I AM fully convinced that there is not upon earth a more impertinent creature than an importunate lover. We are daily complaining of the severity of our fate to people who are wholly unconcerned in it; and hourly improving a passion which we would persuade the world is the torment of our lives. Notwithstanding this reflection, Sir, I cannot forbear acquainting you with my own case. You must know then, Sir, that even from my childhood, the most prevailing inclination I could perceive in myself was a strong desire to be in favour with the fair sex. I am at present in the one-and-twentieth year of my age; and should have made choice of a she-bedfellow many years since, had not my father, who has a pretty good estate of his own getting, and passes in the world for a prudent man, been pleased to lay it down as a maxim, that nothing spoils a young fellow's fortune so much as marrying early; and that no man ought to think of wedlock until six-and-twenty. Knowing his sentiments upon this head, I thought it in vain to apply myself to women of condition, who expect settlements; so that all my amours have hitherto been with ladies who had no fortunes: but I know not how to give you so good an idea of me, as by laying before you the history of my life.

'I can very well remember, that at my school-mistress's, whenever we broke up, I was always for joining myself with the miss who lay-in, and was constantly one of the first to make a party in the play of Husband and Wife. This passion for being well with the females still increased as I advanced in years. At the dancing-school I contracted so many quarrels by struggling with my fellow-scholars for

the partner I liked best, that upon a ball-night, before our mothers made their appearance, I was usually up to the nose in blood. My father, like a discreet man, soon removed me from this stage of softness to a school of discipline, where I learnt Latin and Greek. I underwent several severities in this place, until it was thought convenient to send me to the university: though, to confess the truth, I should not have arrived so early at that seat of learning but from the discovery of an intrigue between me and my master's housekeeper; upon whom I had employed my rhetoric so effectually, that, though she was a very elderly lady, I had almost brought her to consent to marry me. Upon my arrival at Oxford, I found logic so dry, that, instead of giving attention to the dead, I soon fell to addressing the living. My first amour was with a pretty girl whom I shall call Parthenope: her mother sold ale by the town-wall. Being often caught there by the proctor, I was forced at last, that my mistress's reputation might receive no blemish, to confess my addresses were honourable. Upon this I was immediately sent home; but Parthenope soon after marrying a shoemaker, I was again suffered to return. My next affair was with my tailor's daughter, who deserted me for the sake of a young barber. Upon my complaining to one of my particular friends of this misfortune, the cruel wag made a mere jest of my calamity, and asked me with a smile, Where the needle should turn but to the pole? [k] After this I was deeply in love with a milliner, and at last with my bed-maker, upon which I was sent away, or, in the university phrase, rusticated for ever.

[k] The common sign of a barber's shop.

'Upon my coming home, I settled to my studies so heartily, and contracted so great a reservedness by being kept from the company I most affected, that my father thought he might venture me at the Temple.

'Within a week after my arrival I began to shine again, and became enamoured with a mighty pretty creature, who had every thing but money to recommend her. Having frequent opportunities of uttering all the soft things which an heart formed for love could inspire me with, I soon gained her consent to treat of marriage; but, unfortunately for us all, in the absence of my charmer I usually talked the same language to her eldest sister, who is also very pretty. Now, I assure you, Mr. Spectator, this did not proceed from any real affection I had conceived for her; but, being a perfect stranger to the conversation of men, and strongly addicted to associate with the women, I knew no other language but that of love. I should however be very much obliged to you if you could free me from the perplexity I am at present in. I have sent word to my old gentleman in the country that I am desperately in love with the younger sister; and her father, who knew no better, poor man, acquainted him by the same post, that I had for some time made my addresses to the elder. Upon this old Testy sends me up word, that he has heard so much of my exploits, that he intends immediately to order me to the South-sea. Sir, I have occasionally talked so much of dying, that I begin to think there is not much in it; and if the old squire persists in his design, I do hereby give him notice that I am providing myself with proper instruments for the destruction of despairing lovers. Let him therefore look to it, and consider that by his

obstinacy he may himself lose the son of his strength, the world an hopeful lawyer, my mistress a passionate lover, and you, Mr. Spectator,

'Your constant admirer,

'JEREMY LOVEMORE.'

No. 597. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1714.

—Mens sine pondere ludit.
PETER.
The mind uncumber'd plays.

SINCE I received my friend Shadow's letter, several of my correspondents have been pleased to send me an account how they have been employed in sleep, and what notable adventures they have been engaged in during that moonshine in the brain. I shall lay before my readers an abridgment of some few of their extravagancies, in hopes that they will in time accustom themselves to dream a little more to the purpose.

One, who styles himself Gladio, complains heavily that his fair one charges him with inconstancy, and does not use him with half the kindness which the sincerity of his passion may demand; the said Gladio having by valour and stratagem put to death tyrants, enchanters, monsters, knights, &c. without number, and exposed himself to all manner of dangers for her sake and safety. He desires in his postscript to know whether, from a constant success in them, he may not promise himself to succeed in her esteem at last.

Another, who is very prolix in his narrative, writes me word, that, having sent a venture beyond sea, he took occasion one night to fancy himself gone

along with it, and grown on a sudden the richest man in all the Indies. Having been there about a year or two, a gust of wind, that forced open his casement, blew him over to his native country again, where awaking at six o'clock, and the change of the air not agreeing with him, he turned to his left side in order to a second voyage; but ere he could get on shipboard, was unfortunately apprehended for stealing a horse, tried and condemned for the fact, and in a fair way of being executed, if somebody stepping hastily into his chamber had not brought him a reprieve. This fellow too wants Mr. Shadow's advice; who, I dare say, would bid him be content to rise after his first nap, and learn to be satisfied as soon as nature is.

The next is a public-spirited gentleman, who tells me, that on the second of September at night the whole city was on fire, and would certainly have been reduced to ashes again by this time if he had not flown over it with the New River on his back, and happily extinguished the flames before they had prevailed too far. He would be informed whether he has not a right to petition the lord mayor and aldermen for a reward.

A letter, dated September the ninth, acquaints me, that the writer, being resolved to try his fortune, had fasted all that day; and, that he might be sure of dreaming upon something at night, procured an handsome slice of bridecake, which he placed very conveniently under his pillow. In the morning his memory happened to fail him, and he could recollect nothing but an odd fancy that he had eaten his cake; which being found upon search reduced to a few crumbs, he is resolved to remember more of his

dreams another time, believing from this that there may possibly be somewhat of truth in them.

I have received numerous complaints from several delicious dreamers, desiring me to invent some method of silencing those noisy slaves whose occupations lead them to take their early rounds about the city in a morning, doing a deal of mischief, and working strange confusion in the affairs of its inhabitants. Several monarchs have done me the honour to acquaint me how often they have been shook from their respective thrones by the rattling of a coach, or the rumbling of a wheelbarrow. And many private gentlemen, I find, have been bawled out of vast estates by fellows not worth three-pence. A fair lady was just upon the point of being married to a young, handsome, rich, ingenious nobleman, when an impertinent tinker passing by, forbid the bans; and an hopeful youth, who had been newly advanced to great honour and preferment, was forced by a neighbouring cobbler to resign all for an old song. It has been represented to me that those inconsiderable rascals do nothing but go about dissolving of marriages and spoiling of fortunes, impoverishing rich and ruining great people, interrupting beauties in the midst of their conquests, and generals in the course of their victories. A boisterous peripatetic hardly goes through a street without waking half a dozen kings and princes, to open their shops or clean shoes, frequently transforming sceptres into paring-shovels, and proclamations into bills. I have by me a letter from a young statesman, who in five or six hours came to be emperor of Europe, after which he made war upon the Great Turk, routed him horse and foot, and was crowned lord of the universe in Constanti-

nople: the conclusion of all his successes is, that on the 12th instant, about seven in the morning, his imperial majesty was deposed by a chimney-sweeper.

On the other hand, I have epistolatory testimonies of gratitude from many miserable people, who owe to this clamorous tribe frequent deliverances from great misfortunes. A small-coal man,[1] by waking one of these distressed gentlemen, saved him from ten years imprisonment. An honest watchman, bidding a loud good-morrow to another, freed him from the malice of many potent enemies, and brought all their designs against him to nothing. A certain valetudinarian confesses he has often been cured of a sore throat by the hoarseness of a carman, and relieved from a fit of the gout by the sound of old shoes. A noisy puppy that plagued a sober gentleman all night long with his impertinence, was silenced by a cinder-wench with a word speaking.

Instead therefore of suppressing this order of mortals, I would propose it to my readers to make the best advantage of their morning salutations. A famous Macedonian prince, for fear of forgetting himself in the midst of his good fortune, had a youth to wait on him every morning and bid him remember that he was a man. A citizen, who is waked by one of these criers, may regard him as a kind of remembrancer, come to admonish him that it is time to return to the circumstances he has overlooked all the night-time, to leave off fancying himself what he is not, and prepare to act suitably to the condition he is really placed in.

People may dream on as long as they please;

[1] Sir John Hawkins' Hist. of Music, vol. v. p. 70. The name of this famous musical man was Thomas Britton. See Guard. No. 144, note on Mr. Thomas Britton.

but I shall take no notice of any imaginary adventures that do not happen while the sun is on this side the horizon. For which reason I stifle Fritilla's dream at church last Sunday, who, while the rest of the audience were enjoying the benefit of an excellent discourse, was losing her money and jewels to a gentleman at play, until after a strange run of ill luck she was reduced to pawn three lovely pretty children for her last stake. When she had thrown them away, her companion went off, discovering himself by his usual tokens, a cloven foot and a strong smell of brimstone; which last proved only a bottle of spirits, which a good old lady applied to her nose, to put her in a condition of hearing the preacher's third head concerning time.

If a man has no mind to pass abruptly from his imagined to his real circumstances, he may employ himself a while in that new kind of observation which my oneirocritical correspondent has directed him to make of himself. Pursuing the imagination through all its extravagances, whether in sleeping or waking, is no improper method of correcting and bringing it to act in subordinancy to reason, so as to be delighted only with such objects as will affect it with pleasure when it is never so cool and sedate.

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*** On Friday the third of October next, John Abrahall, with a coach and able horses, sets out from the Bull's Head, the lower end of Gray's-inn-lane, to bring company from the Bath. This is to give notice, that any person may be carried to Bath, or any other place on that road, at a reasonable rate. N. B. This adv. was inserted in the Spect. in folio, on Thursday Sept. 25, 1712.

[m] It is not certainly known now who was the real author of this paper; if it was not the ingenious Dr. Byrom who wrote it, it was certainly written on hints originally suggested by that elegant scholar and gentleman, in the paper referred to under the title of Mr. Shadow's letter.

No. 598. FRIDAY, September 24, 1714.

Jamme igitur laudas, quod de sapientibus alter
Ridebat, quoties à limine moverat unum
Protuleratque pedem: flebat contrarius alter? "
Juv. Sat. x. 28.

Will ye not now the pair of sages praise,
Who the same end pursued by several ways?
One pity'd, one contemn'd the woful times;
One laugh'd at follies, one lamented crimes.
Dryden.

Mankind may be divided into the merry and the serious, who both of them make a very good figure in the species so long as they keep their respective humours from degenerating into the neighbouring extreme; there being a natural tendency in the one to a melancholy moroseness, and in the other to a fantastic levity.

The merry part of the world are very amiable, whilst they diffuse a cheerfulness through conversation at proper seasons and on proper occasions; but, on the contrary, a great grievance to society when they infect every discourse with insipid mirth, and turn into ridicule such subjects as are not suited to it. For though laughter is looked upon by the philosophers as the property of reason, the excess of it has been always considered as the mark of folly.

On the other side, seriousness has its beauty whilst it is attended with cheerfulness and humanity, and does not come in unseasonably to pall the good humour of those with whom we converse.

These two sets of men, notwithstanding they each of them shine in their respective characters, are apt to bear a natural aversion and antipathy to one another.

What is more usual than to hear men of serious

tempers and austere morals, enlarging upon the vanities and follies of the young and gay part of the species, whilst they look with a kind of horror upon such pomps and diversions as are innocent in themselves, and only culpable when they draw the mind too much!

I could not but smile upon reading a passage in the account which Mr. Baxter gives of his own life, wherein he represents it as a great blessing that in his youth he very narrowly escaped getting a place at court.

It must indeed be confessed, that levity of temper takes a man off his guard, and opens a pass to his soul for any temptation that assaults it. It favours all the approaches of vice, and weakens all the resistance of virtue: for which reason a renowned statesman in queen Elizabeth's days, after having retired from court and public business, in order to give himself up to the duties of religion, when any of his old friends used to visit him, had still this word of advice in his mouth, 'Be serious.'

An eminent Italian author of this cast of mind, speaking of the great advantage of a serious and composed temper, wishes very gravely, that for the benefit of mankind he had Trophonius's cave in his possession, which, says he, would contribute more to the reformation of manners than all the workhouses and bridewells in Europe.

We have a very particular description of this cave in Pausanias, who tells us that it was made in the form of a huge oven, and had many particular circumstances, which disposed the person who was in it to be more pensive and thoughtful than ordinary; insomuch, that no man was ever observed to laugh all his life after, who had once made his

entry into this cave. It was usual in those times, when any one carried a more than ordinary gloominess in his features, to tell him that he looked like one just come out of Trophonius's cave.

On the other hand, writers of a more merry complexion have been no less severe on the opposite party; and have had one advantage above them, that they have attacked them with more turns of wit and humour.

After all, if a man's temper were at his own disposal, I think he would not choose to be of either of these parties; since the most perfect character is that which is formed out of both of them. A man would neither choose to be a hermit nor a buffoon: human nature is not so miserable as that we should be always melancholy, nor so happy as that we should be always merry. In a word, a man should not live as if there was no God in the world, nor at the same time as if there were no men in it. [a]

No. 599. MONDAY, September 27, 1714.

—Ubique
Luctus, ubique pavor.—
VIRG. Æn. ii. 369.

All parts resound with tumults, plaints, and fears.
DRYDEN.

It has been my custom, as I grow old, to allow myself in some little indulgences, which I never took in my youth. Among others is that of an afternoon's nap, which I fell into in the fifty-fifth year of my age, and have continued for the three last years

[a] By Addison, on the authority of Mr. T. Tickell.

past. By this means I enjoy a double morning, and rise twice a-day fresh to my speculations. It happens very luckily for me, that some of my dreams have proved instructive to my countrymen, so that I may be said to sleep, as well as to wake, for the good of the public. I was yesterday meditating on the account with which I have already entertained my readers concerning the cave of Trophonius. I was no sooner fallen into my usual slumber, but I dreamt that this cave was put into my possession, and that I gave public notice of its virtue, inviting every one to it who had a mind to be a serious man for the remaining part of his life. Great multitudes immediately resorted to me. The first who made the experiment was a merry-andrew, who was put into my hands by a neighbouring justice of peace, in order to reclaim him from that profligate kind of life. Poor Pickle-herring had not taken above one turn in it, when he came out of the cave, like a hermit from his cell, with a penitential look and a most rueful countenance. I then put in a young laughing fop, and, watching for his return, asked him with a smile how he liked the place? He replied, 'Prythee, friend, be not impertinent;' and stalked by me as grave as a judge. A citizen then desired me to give free ingress and egress to his wife, who was dressed in the gayest coloured ribands I had ever seen. She went in with a flirt of her fan and a smirking countenance, but came out with the severity of a vestal; and, throwing from her several female gewgaws, told me with a sigh, that she resolved to go into deep mourning, and to wear black all the rest of her life. As I had many coquettes recommended to me by their parents, their husbands, and their lovers, I let them in all at once, desiring them

to divert themselves together as well as they could. Upon their emerging again into day-light, you would have fancied my cave to have been a nunnery, and that you had seen a solemn procession of Religious marching out one behind another in the most profound silence and the most exemplary decency. As I was very much delighted with so edifying a sight, there came towards me a great company of males and females, laughing, singing, and dancing in such a manner that I could hear them a great while before I saw them. Upon my asking their leader what brought them thither; they told me all at once that they were French protestants lately arrived in Great Britain, and that, finding themselves of too gay an humour for my country, they applied themselves to me in order to compose them for British conversation. I told them that, to oblige them, I would soon spoil their mirth; upon which I admitted a whole shoal of them, who, after having taken a survey of the place, came out in very good order, and with looks entirely English. I afterwards put in a Dutchman, who had a great fancy to see the kelder, as he called it, but I could not observe that it had made any alteration in him.

A comedian, who had gained great reputation in parts of humour, told me that he had a mighty mind to act Alexander the Great, and fancied that he should succeed very well in it if he could strike two or three laughing features out of his face. He tried the experiment, but contracted so very solid a look by it, that I am afraid he will be fit for no part hereafter but a Timon of Athens, or a Mute in The Funeral.

I then clapped up an empty fantastic citizen, in order to qualify him for an alderman. He was suc-

ceeded by a young rake of the Middle Temple, who was brought to me by his grandmother; but, to her great sorrow and surprise, he came out a quaker. Seeing myself surrounded with a body of freethinkers and scoffers at religion, who were making themselves merry at the sober looks and thoughtful brows of those who had been in the cave, I thrust them all in, one after another, and locked the door upon them. Upon my opening it, they all looked as if they had been frightened out of their wits, and were marching away with ropes in their hands to a wood that was within sight of the place. I found they were not able to bear themselves in their first serious thoughts; but, knowing these would quickly bring them to a better frame of mind, I gave them into the custody of their friends 'till that happy change was wrought in them.

The last that was brought to me was a young woman, who at the first sight of my short face fell into an immoderate fit of laughter, and was forced to hold her sides all the while her mother was speaking to me. Upon this I interrupted the old lady, and, taking her daughter by the hand, 'Madam,' said I, 'be pleased to retire into my closet while your mother tells me your case.' I then put her into the mouth of the cave, when the mother, after having begged pardon for the girl's rudeness, told me that she often treated her father and the gravest of her relations in the same manner; that she would sit giggling and laughing with her companions from one end of a tragedy to the other; nay, that she would sometimes burst out in the middle of a sermon, and set the whole congregation a staring at her. The mother was going on, when the young lady came out of the cave to us with a composed coun-

tenance and a low courtesy. She was a girl of such exuberant mirth that her visit to Trophonius only reduced her to a more than ordinary decency of behaviour, and made a very pretty prude of her. After having performed innumerable cures, I looked about me with great satisfaction, and saw all my patients walking by themselves in a very pensive and musing posture, so that the whole place seemed covered with philosophers. I was at length resolved to go into the cave myself, and see what it was that had produced such wonderful effects upon the company; but as I was stooping at the entrance, the door being something low, I gave such a nod in my chair that I awaked. After having recovered myself from my first startle, I was very well pleased at the accident which had befallen me, as not knowing but a little stay in the place might have spoiled my Spectators.

No. 600. WEDNESDAY, September 29, 1714.

—Solemque suum, sua sidera, nôrunt.
Virg. Æn. vi. 641.
Stars of their own, and their own suns they know.
Dryden.

I have always taken a particular pleasure in examining the opinions which men of different religions, different ages, and different countries, have entertained concerning the immortality of the soul, and the state of happiness which they promise themselves in another world. For, whatever prejudices and errors human nature lies under, we find that either reason, or tradition from our first parents, has discovered to all people something in these great

points which bears analogy to truth, and to the doctrines opened to us by divine revelation. I was lately discoursing on this subject with a learned person, who has been very much conversant among the inhabitants of the more western parts of Africa.[o] Upon his conversing with several in that country, he tells me that their notion of heaven or of a future state of happiness is this, that every thing we there wish for will immediately present itself to us. We find, say they, our souls are of such a nature that they require variety, and are not capable of being always delighted with the same objects. The Supreme Being, therefore, in compliance with this taste of happiness which he has planted in the soul of man, will raise up from time to time, say they, every gratification which it is in the humour to be pleased with. If we wish to be in groves or bowers, among running streams or falls of water, we shall immediately find ourselves in the midst of such a scene as we desire. If we would be entertained with music and the melody of sounds, the concert arises upon our wish, and the whole region about us is filled with harmony. In short, every desire will be followed by fruition; and whatever a man's inclination directs him to will be present with him. Nor is it material whether the Supreme Power creates in conformity to our wishes, or whether he only produces such a change in our imagination as makes us be-

[o] The person alluded to here was probably dean Lancelot Addison, '*diutinis per Europam Africamque peregrinationibus, rerum peritia spectabilis.*' This amiable clergyman, the father of the author of this paper, published An Account of West Barbary, &c. As the dean died in his 71st year, April 1703, this paper was probably written in his life-time, many years, a dozen at least, before the date of its publication in the Spectator. See Tatler, with notes, No. 235, note; Dr. Johnson's Lives of English Poets, vol. ii. p. 381, edit. 8vo. 1781; and Biog. Brit. article Addison (Lancelot).

lieve ourselves conversant among those scenes which delight us. Our happiness will be the same, whether it proceed from external objects, or from the impressions of the Deity upon our own private fancies. This is the account which I have received from my learned friend. Notwithstanding this system of belief be in general very chimerical and visionary, there is something sublime in its manner of considering the influence of a Divine Being on a human soul. It has also, like most other opinions of the heathen world upon these important points; it has, I say, its foundation in truth, as it supposes the souls of good men after this life to be in a state of perfect happiness; that in this state there will be no barren hopes, nor fruitless wishes, and that we shall enjoy every thing we can desire. But the particular circumstance which I am most pleased with in this scheme, and which arises from a just reflection upon human nature, is that variety of pleasures which it supposes the souls of good men will be possessed of in another world. This I think highly probable, from the dictates both of reason and revelation. The soul consists of many faculties, as the understanding, and the will, with all the senses both outward and inward; or, to speak more philosophically, the soul can exert herself in many different ways of action. She can understand, will, imagine, see, and hear, love, and discourse, and apply herself to many other the like exercises of different kinds and natures; but what is more to be considered, the soul is capable of receiving a most exquisite pleasure and satisfaction from the exercise of any of these its powers, when they are gratified with their proper objects; she can be entirely happy by the satisfaction of the memory, the sight, the hearing, or any

other mode of perception. Every faculty is a distinct taste in the mind, and hath objects accommodated to its proper relish. Doctor Tillotson somewhere says, that he will not presume to determine in what consists the happiness of the blessed, because God Almighty is capable of making the soul happy by ten thousand different ways. Besides those several avenues to pleasure which the soul is endowed with in this life, it is not impossible, according to the opinions of many eminent divines, but there may be new faculties in the souls of good men made perfect, as well as new senses in their glorified bodies. This we are sure of, that there will be new objects offered to all those faculties which are essential to us.

We are likewise to take notice that every particular faculty is capable of being employed on a very great variety of objects. The understanding, for example, may be happy in the contemplation of moral, natural, mathematical, and other kinds of truth. The memory likewise may turn itself to an infinite multitude of objects, especially when the soul shall have passed through the space of many millions of years, and shall reflect with pleasure on the days of eternity. Every other faculty may be considered in the same extent.

We cannot question but that the happiness of a soul will be adequate to its nature; and that it is not endowed with any faculties which are to lie useless and unemployed. The happiness is to be the happiness of the whole man; and we may easily conceive to ourselves the happiness of the soul whilst any one of its faculties is in the fruition of its chief good. The happiness may be of a more exalted nature in proportion as the faculty employed is so: but, as the whole soul acts in the exertion of any of its partic-

ular powers, the whole soul is happy in the pleasure which arises from any of its particular acts. For, notwithstanding, as has been before hinted, and as it has been taken notice of by one of the greatest modern philosophers,[p] we divide the soul into several powers and faculties, there is no such division in the soul itself, since it is the whole soul that remembers, understands, wills, or imagines. Our manner of considering the memory, understanding, will, imagination, and the like faculties, is for the better enabling us to express ourselves in such abstracted subjects of speculation, not that there is any such division in the soul itself.

Seeing then that the soul has many different faculties; or, in other words, many different ways of acting; that it can be intensely pleased or made happy by all these different faculties, or ways of acting; that it may be endowed with several latent faculties, which it is not at present in a condition to exert; that we cannot believe the soul is endowed with any faculty which is of no use to it; that, whenever any one of these faculties is transcendently pleased, the soul is in a state of happiness; and, in the last place, considering that the happiness of another world is to be the happiness of the whole man; who can question but that there is an infinite variety in those pleasures we are speaking of; and that this fulness of joy will be made up of all those pleasures which the nature of the soul is capable of receiving?

We shall be the more confirmed in this doctrine if we observe the nature of variety with regard to the mind of man. The soul does not care to be always in the same bent. The faculties relieve one

[p] Locke

another by turns, and receive an additional pleasure from the novelty of those objects about which they are conversant.

Revelation likewise very much confirms this notion, under the different views which it gives us of our future happiness. In the description of the throne of God, it represents to us all those objects which are able to gratify the senses and imagination: in very many places it intimates to us all the happiness which the understanding can possibly receive in that state where all things shall be revealed to us, and we shall know even as we are known: the raptures of devotion, of divine love, the pleasure of conversing with our blessed Saviour, with an innumerable host of angels, and with the spirits of just men made perfect, are likewise revealed to us in several parts of the holy writings. There are also mentioned those hierarchies or governments in which the blessed shall be ranged one above another, and in which we may be sure a great part of our happiness will likewise consist: for it will not be there as in this world, where every one is aiming at power and superiority; but, on the contrary, every one will find that station the most proper for him in which he is placed, and will probably think that he could not have been so happy in any other station. These, and many other particulars, are marked in divine revelation as the several ingredients of our happiness in heaven, which all imply such a variety of joys, and such a gratification of the soul in all its different faculties, as I have been here mentioning.

Some of the rabbins tell us that the cherubims are a set of angels who know most, and the seraphims a set of angels who love most. Whether this distinction be not altogether imaginary, I shall not

here examine; but it is highly probable that, among the spirits of good men, there may be some who will be more pleased with the employment of one faculty than of another; and this perhaps according to those innocent and virtuous habits or inclinations which have here taken the deepest root.

I might here apply this consideration to the spirits of wicked men, with relation to the pain which they shall suffer in every one of their faculties, and the respective miseries which shall be appropriated to each faculty in particular. But, leaving this to the reflection of my readers, I shall conclude with observing how we ought to be thankful to our great Creator, and rejoice in the being which he has bestowed upon us, for having made the soul susceptible of pleasure by so many different ways. We see by what a variety of passages joy and gladness may enter into the thoughts of man; how wonderfully a human spirit is framed to imbibe its proper satisfactions, and taste the goodness of its Creator. We may therefore look into ourselves with rapture and amazement, and cannot sufficiently express our gratitude to Him who has encompassed us with such a profusion of blessings, and opened in us so many capacities of enjoying them.

There cannot be a stronger argument that God has designed us for a state of future happiness, and for that heaven which he has revealed to us, than that he has thus naturally qualified the soul for it, and made it a being capable of receiving so much bliss. He would never have made such faculties in vain, and have endowed us with powers that were not to be exerted on such objects as are suited to them. It is very manifest, by the inward frame and constitution of our minds, that he has adapted them

to an infinite variety of pleasures and gratifications which are not to be met with in this life. We should therefore at all times take care that we do not disappoint this his gracious purpose and intention towards us, and make those faculties, which he formed as so many qualifications for happiness and rewards, to be the instruments of pain and punishment. [q]

No. 601. FRIDAY, October 1, 1714.

Ὁ ἄνθρωπος εὐεργετὸς πεφυκώς.
Antonin. lib. ix.
Man is naturally a beneficent creature.

The following essay comes from an hand which has entertained my readers once before: [r]

'Notwithstanding a narrow contracted temper be that which obtains most in the world, we must not therefore conclude this to be the genuine characteristic of mankind; because there are some who delight in nothing so much as in doing good, and receive more of their happiness at second-hand, or by rebound from others, than by direct and immediate sensation. Now, though these heroic souls are but few, and to appearance so far advanced above the grovelling multitude as if they were of another order of beings, yet in reality their nature is the same; moved by the same springs, and endowed with all the same essential qualities; only cleared, refined, and cultivated. Water is the same fluid body in winter and in summer—when it stands stiffened in

[q] By Addison. [r] Spect. No. 588.

ice, as when it flows along in gentle streams, gladdening a thousand fields in its progress. It is a property of the heart of man to be diffusive: its kind wishes spread abroad over the face of the creation; and if there be those, as we may observe too many of them, who are all wrapped up in their own dear selves, without any visible concern for their species, let us suppose that their good nature is frozen, and, by the prevailing force of some contrary quality, restrained in its operation. I shall therefore endeavour to assign some of the principal checks upon this generous propension of the human soul, which will enable us to judge whether, and by what method, this most useful principle may be unfettered, and restored to its native freedom of exercise.

'The first and leading cause is an unhappy complexion of body. The heathens, ignorant of the true source of moral evil, generally charged it on the obliquity of matter, which, being eternal and independent, was incapable of change in any of its properties, even by the Almighty Mind, who, when he came to fashion it into a world of beings, must take it as he found it. This notion, as most others of theirs, is a composition of truth and error. That matter is eternal; that from the first union of a soul to it, it perverted its inclinations; and that the ill influence it hath upon the mind is not to be corrected by God himself, are all very great errors, occasioned by a truth as evident, that the capacities and dispositions of the soul depend to a great degree on the bodily temper. As there are some fools, others are knaves by constitution; and particularly it may be said of many, that they are born with an illiberal cast of mind; the matter that com-

poses them is as tenacious as birdlime; and a kind of cramp draws their hands and hearts together, that they never care to open them, unless to grasp at more. It is a melancholy lot this; but attended with one advantage above theirs, to whom it would be as painful to forbear good offices as it is to these men to perform them: that whereas persons naturally beneficent often mistake instinct for virtue, by reason of the difficulty of distinguishing when one rules them, and when the other; men of the opposite character may be more certain of the motive that predominates in every action. If they cannot confer a benefit with that ease and frankness which are necessary to give it a grace in the eye of the world, in requital, the real merit of what they do is enhanced by the opposition they surmount in doing it. The strength of their virtue is seen in rising against the weight of nature; and every time they have the resolution to discharge their duty, they make a sacrifice of inclination to conscience, which is always too grateful to let its followers go without suitable marks of its approbation. Perhaps the entire cure of this ill quality is no more possible than of some distempers that descend by inheritance. However, a great deal may be done by a course of beneficence obstinately persisted in; this, if any thing, being a likely way of establishing a moral habit, which shall be somewhat of a counterpoise to the force of mechanism. Only it must be remembered that we do not intermit, upon any pretence whatsoever, the custom of doing good, in regard, if there be the least cessation, nature will watch the opportunity to return, and in a short time to recover the ground it was so long in quitting; for there is this difference between mental habits and such as

have their foundation in the body: that these last are in their nature more forcible and violent; and, to gain upon us, need only not be opposed; whereas the former must be continually reinforced with fresh supplies, or they will languish and die away. And this suggests the reason why good habits in general require longer time for their settlement than bad, and yet are sooner displaced; the reason is, that vicious habits, as drunkenness for instance, produce a change in the body, which the others not doing, must be maintained the same way they are acquired, by the mere dint of industry, resolution, and vigilance.

'Another thing which suspends the operations of benevolence, is the love of the world; proceeding from a false notion men have taken up, that an abundance of the world is an essential ingredient in the happiness of life. Worldly things are of such a quality as to lessen upon dividing, so that the more partners there are, the less must fall to every man's private share. The consequence of this is, that they look upon one another with an evil eye, each imagining all the rest to be embarked in an interest that cannot take place but to his prejudice. Hence are those eager competitions for wealth or power; hence one man's success becomes another's disappointment; and, like pretenders to the same mistress, they can seldom have common charity for their rivals. Not that they are naturally disposed to quarrel and fall out; but it is natural for a man to prefer himself to all others, and to secure his own interest first. If that which men esteem their happiness were, like the light, the same sufficient and unconfined good, whether ten thousand enjoy the

benefit of it, or but one, we should see men's good will and kind endeavours would be as universal.

"Homo qui erranti comiter monstrat viam,
Quasi lumen de suo lumine accendat, facit,
Nihilominus ipsi luceat, cum illi accenderit." *

"To direct a wanderer in the right way, is to light another man's candle by one's own, which loses none of its light by what the other gains."

'But, unluckily, mankind agree in making choice of objects which inevitably engage them in perpetual differences. Learn therefore, like a wise man, the true estimate of things. Desire not more of the world than is necessary to accommodate you in passing through it: look upon every thing beyond, not as useless only, but burdensome. Place not your quiet in things which you cannot have without putting others beside them, and thereby making them your enemies; and which, when attained, will give you more trouble to keep, than satisfaction in the enjoyment. Virtue is a good of a nobler kind; it grows by communication; and so little resembles earthly riches, that the more hands it is lodged in, the greater is every man's particular stock. So, by propagating and mingling their fires, not only all the lights of a branch together cast a more extensive brightness, but each single light burns with a stronger flame. And, lastly, take this along with you, that if wealth be an instrument of pleasure, the greatest pleasure it can put into your power is that of doing good. It is worth considering, that the organs of sense act within a narrow compass, and the appetites will soon say they have

* These lines were so printed in the Spectator in folio, and in the first 8vo. and 12mo. editions.

enough. Which of the two therefore is the happier man—he who, confining all his regard to the gratification of his appetites is capable but of short fits of pleasure; or the man who, reckoning himself a sharer in the satisfactions of others, especially those which come to them by his means, enlarges the sphere of his happiness?

'The last enemy to benevolence I shall mention is uneasiness of any kind. A guilty or a discontented mind, a mind ruffled by ill fortune, disconcerted by its own passions, soured by neglect, or fretting at disappointments, hath not leisure to attend to the necessity or reasonableness of a kindness desired, nor a taste for those pleasures which wait on beneficence, which demand a calm and unpolluted heart to relish them. The most miserable of all beings is the most envious; as, on the other hand, the most communicative is the happiest. And if you are in search of the seat of perfect love and friendship, you will not find it till you come to the region of the blessed, where happiness, like a refreshing stream, flows from heart to heart in an endless circulation, and is preserved sweet and untainted by the motion. It is old advice, if you have a favour to request of any one, to observe the softest times of address, when the soul, in a flush of good-humour, takes a pleasure to show itself pleased. Persons conscious of their own integrity, satisfied with themselves and their condition, and full of confidence in a Supreme Being and the hope of immortality, survey all about them with a flow of good-will: as trees, which like their soil, they shoot out in expressions of kindness, and bend beneath their own precious load to the hand of the gatherer. Now if the mind be not thus easy, it is an infallible

sign that it is not in its natural state: place the mind in its right posture, it will immediately discover its innate propension to beneficence.'

*** This day is published the 2d edit. of The Mausoleum, a poem sacred to the memory of Queen Anne, by Mr. Theobald.—Spect. in folio.

No. 602. MONDAY, October 4, 1714.

Facit hoc illos hyacinthos.
Juv. Sat. vi. 110.
This makes them hyacinths.

The following letter comes from a gentleman, who, I find, is very diligent in making his observations, which I think too material not to be communicated to the public.

'SIR,

'In order to execute the office of love casuist to Great Britain, with which I take myself to be invested by your paper of September 8,[t] I shall make some farther observations upon the two sexes in general, beginning with that which always ought to have the upper hand. After having observed with much curiosity the accomplishments which are apt to captivate female hearts, I find that there is no person so irresistible as one who is a man of importance, provided it be in matters of no consequence. One who makes himself talked of, though it be for the particular cock of his hat, or for prating aloud in the boxes at a play, is in a fair way of being a favourite. I have known a young fellow

[s] By the Rev. Mr. Henry Grove. See Spect. Nos. 588, 626, and 635.
[t] See Spect. No. 591.

make his fortune by knocking down a constable; and may venture to say, though it may seem a paradox, that many a fair one has died by a duel in which both the combatants have survived.

'About three winters ago I took notice of a young lady at the theatre, who conceived a passion for a notorious rake that headed a party of cat-calls: and am credibly informed that the emperor of the Mohocks married a rich widow within three weeks after having rendered himself formidable in the cities of London and Westminster. Scouring and breaking of windows have done frequent execution upon the sex. But there is no set of these male charmers who make their way more successfully than those who have gained themselves a name for intrigue, and have ruined the greatest number of reputations. There is a strange curiosity in the female world to be acquainted with the dear man who has been loved by others, and to know what it is that makes him so agreeable. His reputation does more than half his business. Every one that is ambitious of being a woman of fashion, looks out for opportunities of being in his company; so that, to use the old proverb, "When his name is up he may lie a-bed."

'I was very sensible of the great advantage of being a man of importance upon these occasions on the day of the king's entry, when I was seated in a balcony behind a cluster of very pretty country ladies, who had one of these showy gentlemen in the midst of them. The first trick I caught him at was bowing to several persons of quality whom he did not know; nay, he had the impudence to hem at a blue garter who had a finer equipage than ordinary; and seemed a little concerned at the impertinent

huzzas of the mob, that hindered his friend from taking notice of him; there was, indeed, one who pulled off his hat to him; and, upon the ladies asking who it was, he told them it was a foreign minister that he had been very merry with the night before; whereas in truth it was the city common hunt.

'He was never at a loss when he was asked any person's name, though he seldom knew any one under a peer. He found dukes and earls among the aldermen, very good-natured fellows among the privy-counsellors, with two or three agreeable old rakes among the bishops and judges.

'In short, I collected from his whole discourse that he was acquainted with every body and knew nobody. At the same time, I am mistaken if he did not that day make more advances in the affections of his mistress, who sat near him, than he could have done in half a year's courtship.

'Ovid has finely touched this method of making love, which I shall here give my reader in Mr. Dryden's translation.

'Page the eleventh:—

"Thus love in theatres did first improve,
And theatres are still the scene of love:
Nor shun the chariots and the courser's race;
The Circus is no inconvenient place.
No need is there of talking on the hand,
Nor nods, nor signs, which lovers understand;
But boldly next the fair your seat provide,
Close as you can to hers—and side by side:
Pleas'd or unpleas'd, no matter, crowding sit;
For so the laws of public shows permit.
Then find occasion to begin discourse,
Inquire whose chariot this, and whose that horse;
To whatsoever side she is inclin'd,
Suit all your inclinations to her mind.

Like what she likes, from thence your court begin,
And whom she favours wish that he may win.

'Again, page the sixteenth:—

"O when will come the day, by Heaven design'd
When thou, the best and fairest of mankind,
Drawn by white horses, shalt in triumph ride,
With conquer'd slaves attending on thy side;
Slaves that no longer can be safe in flight:
O glorious object! O surprising sight!
O day of public joy, too good to end in night!
On such a day, if thou, and next to thee
Some beauty sits the spectacle to see;
If she inquires the names of conquer'd kings,
Of mountains, rivers, and their hidden springs;
Answer to all thou know'st; and, if need be,
Of things unknown seem to speak knowingly:
This is Euphrates, crown'd with reeds: and there
Flows the swift Tigris with his sea-green hair.
Invent new names of things unknown before;
Call this Armenia, that the Caspian shore;
Call this a Mede, and that a Parthian youth;
Talk probably: no matter for the truth."

No. 603. WEDNESDAY, October 6, 1714.

Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnin.
Virg. Ecl. viii. 68.

—Restore thy charms,
My lingering Daphnis, to my longing arms.
Dryden.

The following copy of verses comes from one of my correspondents, and has something in it so original that I do not much doubt but it will divert my readers.[x]

[u] Probably by Mr. E. Budgell. See Spect. No. 591. His second brother, Mr. Gilbert Budgell, was the author of the verses at the close of No. 591. See also Spect. Nos. 605, 614, 623, and 625.

[x] The Phœbe of this admired pastoral was Johanna, the daughter of

I.

'My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent,
When Phœbe went with me wherever I went;
Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my breast:
Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest!
But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change on a sudden I find!
When things were as fine as could possibly be,
I thought 'twas the spring; but, alas! it was she.

II.

'With such a companion, to tend a few sheep,
To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep;
I was so good-humour'd, so cheerful and gay,
My heart was as light as a feather all day.
But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,
So strangely uneasy as never was known.
My fair-one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd,
And my heart—I am sure it weighs more than a pound.

III.

'The fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among;
Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phœbe was there,
'Twas pleasure to look at—'twas music to hear:
But now she is absent I walk by its side,
And still as it murmurs do nothing but chide;
Must you be so cheerful while I go in pain?
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

IV.

'When my lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
And when Phœbe and I were as joyful as they,

the very learned Dr. Richard Bentley, archdeacon and prebendary of Ely, regius professor and master of Trinity College, Cambridge, who died in 1742. She was afterward married to Dr. Dennison Cumberland, bishop of Clonfert in Killaloe in Ireland, and grandson of Dr. Richard Cumberland, bishop of Peterborough. The author, Mr. John Byrom, was, when he wrote this poem, a student at Cambridge, and a candidate for a fellowship. This writer affirms, on good authority, that it answered its purpose effectually, which was not so much to win the daughter's affections, as to secure her father's interest on the occasion above-mentioned. As the poet was not in reality smitten with the charms of Phœbe, he is, perhaps, more pardonable for the introduction of some ludicrous instances of puerility of sentiment and expression which are introduced into this piece; at least this information, which may be depended upon, serves to account for them.

How pleasant their sporting, how happy their time,
When spring, love, and beauty, were all in their prime
But now in their frolics when by me they pass,
I fling at their fleeces an handful of grass;
Be still, then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
To see you so merry while I am so sad.

v.

'My dog I was ever well pleased to see
Come wagging his tail to my fair-one and me;
And Phœbe was pleas'd too, and to my dog said,
Come hither, poor fellow; and patted his head.
But now, when he's fawning, I with a sour look
Cry, Sirrah; and give him a blow with my crook:
And I'll give him another, for why should not Tray
Be as dull as his master when Phœbe's away?

vi.

'When walking with Phœbe, what sights have I seen!
How fair was the flower, how fresh was the green!
What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade,
The corn-fields and hedges, and every thing made!
But now she has left me, though all are still there,
They none of them now so delightful appear:
'Twas nought but the magic, I find, of her eyes
Made so many beautiful prospects arise.

vii.

'Sweet music went with us both all the wood through,
The lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale too;
Winds over us whisper'd, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet.
But now she is absent, though still they sing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone:
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
Gave every thing else its agreeable sound.

viii.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue?
And where is the violet's beautiful blue?
Does aught of its sweetness the blossom beguile?
That meadow, those daisies, why do they not smile?
Ah! rivals, I see what it was that you drest,
And made yourselves fine for; a place on her breast:
You put on your colours to pleasure her eye,
To be pluck'd by her hand, on her bosom to die.

IX.

'How slowly Time creeps, till my Phœbe return!
While amidst the soft zephyr's cool breezes I burn!
Methinks if I knew whereabouts he would tread,
I could breathe on his wings, and 'twould melt down the lead.
Fly swifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear,
And rest so much longer for't when she is here.
Ah, Colin! old Time is full of delay,
Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou canst say.

X.

'Will no pitying power that hears me complain,
Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain?
To be cur'd, thou must, Colin, thy passion remove;
But what swain is so silly to live without love?
No, deity, bid the dear nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with despair!
Take heed, all ye swains, how ye love one so fair.'

y

No. 604. FRIDAY, October 8, 1714

Tu ne quæsieris, scire nefas, quem mihi, quem tibi,
Finem Dii dederint, Leuconoë; nec Babylonios.
Tentâris numeros— Hor. 1 Od. xi. 1.

Ah, do not strive too much to know,
My dear Leuconoe,
What the kind gods design to do,
With me and thee. Creech.

The desire of knowing future events is one of the strongest inclinations in the mind of man. Indeed an ability of foreseeing probable accidents is what, in the language of men, is called wisdom and prudence; but, not satisfied with the light that reason holds out, mankind hath endeavoured to penetrate more compendiously into futurity. Magic, oracles,

y By Mr. John Byrom. See Spect, Nos. 586, and note; 587, and 593.

omens, lucky hours, and the various arts of superstition, owe their rise to this powerful cause. As this principle is founded in self-love, every man is sure to be solicitous in the first place about his own fortune, the course of his life, and the time and manner of his death.

If we consider that we are free agents, we shall discover the absurdity of such inquiries. One of our actions, which we might have performed or neglected, is the cause of another that succeeds it, and so the whole chain of life is linked together. Pain, poverty, or infamy, are the natural product of vicious and imprudent acts, as the contrary blessings are of good ones; so that we cannot suppose our lot to be determined without impiety. A great enhancement of pleasure arises from its being unexpected; and pain is doubled by being foreseen. Upon all these, and several other accounts, we ought to rest satisfied in this portion bestowed on us; to adore the hand that hath fitted every thing to our nature, and hath not more displayed his goodness in our knowledge than in our ignorance.

It is not unworthy observation, that superstitious inquiries into future events prevail more or less, in proportion to the improvement of liberal arts and useful knowledge in the several parts of the world. Accordingly, we find, that magical incantations remain in Lapland: in the more remote parts of Scotland they have their second sight;[z] and several of our own countrymen have seen abundance of fairies. In Asia this credulity is strong: and the greatest part

[z] The notion of the second sight might originally have been no more than a poetical fiction of Ossian, or some Highland bard, to illustrate an unfortunate superiority of the knowing and studious over the illiterate and inconsiderate. Knowledge and study make men seers, and open to their

of refined learning there consists in the knowledge of amulets, talismans, occult numbers, and the like.

When I was at Grand Cairo, I fell into the acquaintance of a good-natured mussulman, who promised me many good offices which he designed to do me when he became the prime minister, which was a fortune bestowed on his imagination by a doctor very deep in the curious sciences. At his repeated solicitations I went to learn my destiny of this wonderful sage. For a small sum I had his promise, but was required to wait in a dark apartment till he had run through the preparatory ceremonies. Having a strong propensity, even then, to dreaming, I took a nap upon the sofa where I was placed, and had the following vision, the particulars whereof I picked up the other day among my papers.

I found myself in an unbounded plain, where methought the whole world, in several habits and with different tongues, was assembled. The multitude glided swiftly along, and I found in myself a strong inclination to mingle in the train. My eyes quickly singled out some of the most splendid figures. Several in rich caftans and glittering turbans bustled through the throng, and trampled over the bodies of those they threw down; till, to my great surprise, I found that the great pace they went only hastened them to a scaffold or a bowstring. Many beautiful damsels on the other side moved forward with great gaiety; some danced till they fell all along; and others painted their faces till they

eyes many painful sights which the vulgar and thoughtless see not, or cannot see. 'In much study there is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.'

Ancpigraphus, jun. De Sapientiâ Veterum, p. 182. See Dr. Johnson's Tour through Scotland.

lost their noses. A tribe of creatures with busy looks falling into a fit of laughter at the misfortunes of the unhappy ladies, I turned my eyes upon them. They were each of them filling his pockets with gold and jewels; and, when there was no room left for more, these wretches, looking round with fear and horror, pined away before my face with famine and discontent.

This prospect of human misery struck me dumb for some time. Then it was that, to disburden my mind, I took pen and ink, and did every thing that has since happened under my office of Spectator. While I was employing myself for the good of mankind, I was surprised to meet with very unsuitable returns from my fellow-creatures. Never was poor author so beset with pamphleteers, who sometimes marched directly against me, but oftener shot at me from strong bulwarks, or rose up suddenly in ambush. They were of all characters and capacities; some with ensigns of dignity, and others in liveries: [a] but what most surprised me was to see two or three in black gowns among my enemies. It was no small trouble to me, sometimes to have a man come up to me with an angry face, and reproach me for having lampooned him, when I had never seen or heard of him in my life. With the ladies it was otherwise: many became my enemies for not being particularly pointed out; as there were others who resented the satire which they imagined I had directed against them. My great comfort was in the

[a] The hirelings and black gowns employed by the administration in the last years of the queen's reign, Dr. Swift, Prior, Atterbury, Dr. Freind, Dr. King, Mr. Oldisworth, Mrs. D. Manley, and the writers of the Examiner, &c. See Tat. No. 229, note: and No. 210, note.

company of half a dozen friends, who I found since were the club which I have so often mentioned in my papers. I laughed often at sir Roger in my sleep, and was the more diverted with Will Honeycomb's gallantries (when we afterwards became acquainted), because I had foreseen his marriage with a farmer's daughter. The regret which arose in my mind upon the death of my companions, my anxieties for the public, and the many calamities still fleeting before my eyes, made me repent my curiosity; when the magician entered the room, and awakened me, by telling me (when it was too late) that he was just going to begin.

N. B. I have only delivered the prophecy of that part of my life which is past, it being inconvenient to divulge the second part till a more proper opportunity.

No. 605. MONDAY, October 11, 1714.

Exuerint sylvestrem animum; cultuque frequenti,
In quascunque voces artes, haud tarda sequentur.
Virg. Geo. ii. 51.

—They change their savage mind,
Their wildness lose, and, quitting nature's part,
Obey the rules and discipline of art.
Dryden.

Having perused the following letter, and finding it to run upon the subject of love, I referred it to the learned casuist whom I have retained in my service for speculations of that kind. He returned it to me the next morning with his report annexed to it, with both of which I shall here present my reader.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'FINDING that you have entertained an useful person in your service in quality of love-casuist,[b] I apply myself to you, under a very great difficulty, that hath for some months perplexed me. I have a couple of humble servants, one of which I have no aversion to; the other I think of very kindly. The first hath the reputation of a man of good sense, and is one of those people that your sex are apt to value. My spark is reckoned a coxcomb among the men, but is a favourite of the ladies. If I marry the man of worth, as they call him, I shall oblige my parents and improve my fortune; but with my dear beau I promise myself happiness, although not a jointure. Now I would ask you, whether I should consent to lead my life with a man that I have only no objection to, or with him against whom all objections to me appear frivolous. I am determined to follow the casuist's advice, and I dare say he will not put me upon so serious a thing as matrimony contrary to my inclination. I am, &c. FANNY FICKLE.

'P. S. I forgot to tell you that the pretty gentleman is the most complaisant creature in the world, and is always of my mind; but the other, forsooth, fancies he has as much wit as myself, slights my lapdog, and hath the insolence to contradict me when he thinks I am not in the right. About half an hour ago he maintained to my face that a patch always implies a pimple.'

As I look upon it to be my duty rather to side with the parents than the daughter, I shall propose

[b] See Spect. Nos. 591, 602, 614, 623, and 625.

some considerations to my gentle querist, which may incline her to comply with those under whose direction she is: and at the same time convince her that it is not impossible but she may, in time, have a true affection for him who is at present indifferent to her; or, to use the old family maxim, that 'if she marries first, love will come after.'

The only objection that she seems to insinuate against the gentleman proposed to her, is his want of complaisance, which, I perceive, she is very willing to return. Now I can discover from this very circumstance, that she and her lover, whatever they may think of it, are very good friends in their hearts. It is difficult to determine whether love delights more in giving pleasure or pain. Let miss Fickle ask her own heart if she doth not take a secret pride in making this man of good sense look very silly. Hath she ever been better pleased than when her behaviour hath made her lover ready to hang himself? or doth she ever rejoice more than when she thinks she hath driven him to the very brink of a purling stream? Let her consider, at the same time, that it is not impossible but her lover may have discovered her tricks, and hath a mind to give her as good as she brings. I remember a handsome young baggage that treated a hopeful Greek of my acquaintance, just come from Oxford, as if he had been a barbarian. The first week after she had fixed him, she took a pinch of snuff out of his rival's box, and apparently touched the enemy's little finger. She became a professed enemy to the arts and sciences, and scarce ever wrote a letter to him without wilfully mis-spelling his name. The young scholar, to be even with her, railed at coquettes as soon as he had got the word; and did not want parts to turn

into ridicule her men of wit and pleasure of the town. After having irritated one another for the space of five months, she made an assignation with him fourscore miles from London. But, as he was very well acquainted with her pranks, he took a journey the quite contrary way. Accordingly they met, quarrelled, and in a few days were married. Their former hostilities are now the subject of their mirth, being content at present with that part of love only which bestows pleasure.

Women who have been married some time, not having it in their heads to draw after them a numerous train of followers, find their satisfaction in the possession of one man's heart. I know very well that ladies in their bloom desire to be excused in this particular. But, when time hath worn out their natural vanity and taught them discretion, their fondness settles on its proper object. And it is probably for this reason that, among husbands, you will find more that are fond of women beyond their prime than of those who are actually in the insolence of beauty. My reader will apply the same observation to the other sex.

I need not insist upon the necessity of their pursuing one common interest, and their united care for their children; but shall only observe by the way, that married persons are both more warm in their love and more hearty in their hatred than any others whatsoever. Mutual favours and obligations, which may be supposed to be greater here than in any other state, naturally beget an intense affection in generous minds. As, on the contrary, persons who have bestowed such favours have a particular bitterness in their resentments, when they think them-

selves ill treated by those of whom they have deserved so much.

Besides, miss Fickle may consider that, as there are often many faults concealed before marriage, so there are sometimes many virtues unobserved.

To this we may add, the great efficacy of custom and constant conversation to produce a mutual friendship and benevolence in two persons. It is a nice reflection, which I have heard a friend of mine make, that you may be sure a woman loves a man when she uses his expressions, tells his stories, or imitates his manner. This gives a secret delight; for imitation is a kind of artless flattery, and mightily favours the powerful principle of self-love. It is certain that married persons, who are possessed with a mutual esteem, not only catch the air and way of talk from one another, but fall into the same traces of thinking and liking. Nay, some have carried the remark so far as to assert, that the features of man and wife grow, in time, to resemble one another. Let my fair correspondent therefore consider, that the gentleman recommended will have a good deal of her own face in two or three years; which she must not expect from the beau, who is too full of his dear self to copy after another. And I dare appeal to her own judgment, if that person will not be the handsomest that is the most like herself.

We have a remarkable instance to our present purpose in the history of king Edgar, which I shall here relate, and leave it with my fair correspondent to be applied to herself.

This great monarch, who is so famous in British story, fell in love, as he made his progress through his kingdom, with a certain duke's daughter who

lived near Winchester, and was the most celebrated beauty of the age. His importunities and the violence of his passion were so great, that the mother of the young lady promised him to bring her daughter to his bed the next night, though in her heart she abhorred so infamous an office. It was no sooner dark than she conveyed into his room a young maid of no disagreeable figure, who was one of her attendants, and did not want address to improve the opportunity for the advancement of her fortune. She made so good use of her time, that, when she offered to rise a little before day, the king could by no means think of parting with her; so that, finding herself under a necessity of discovering who she was, she did it in so handsome a manner, that his majesty was exceeding gracious to her, and took her ever after under his protection: insomuch that, our chronicles tell us, he carried her along with him, made her his first minister of state, and continued true to her alone, till his marriage with the beautiful Elfrida. [c]

No. 606. WEDNESDAY, October 13, 1714.

—longum cantu solata laborem
Arguto conjux percurrit pectine telas.
Virg. Georg. i. 294.

—mean time at home
The good wife singing plies the various loom.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I have a couple of nieces under my direction, who so often run gadding abroad, that I

[c] Probably by Mr. E. Budgell, whose papers in the preceding volumes of the Spectator are marked, by way of distinction, with an X. See Spect. No. 555.

do not know where to have them. Their dress, their tea, and their visits, take up all their time, and they go to bed as tired with doing nothing as I am after quilting a whole under-petticoat. The only time they are not idle is while they read your Spectators; which being dedicated to the interests of virtue, I desire you to recommend the long-neglected art of needlework. Those hours which in this age are thrown away in dress, play, visits, and the like, were employed, in my time, in writing out receipts, or working beds, chairs, and hangings, for the family. For my part, I have plied my needle these fifty years, and by my good will would never have it out of my hand. It grieves my heart to see a couple of proud idle flirts sipping their tea, for a whole afternoon, in a room hung round with the industry of their great grandmother. Pray, Sir, take the laudable mystery of embroidery into your serious consideration; and, as you have a great deal of the virtue of the last age in you, continue your endeavours to reform the present.

'I am, &c.'

In obedience to the commands of my venerable correspondent, I have duly weighed this important subject, and promise myself, from the arguments here laid down, that all the fine ladies of England will be ready, as soon as their mourning is over,[d] to appear covered with the work of their own hands.

What a delightful entertainment must it be to the fair sex, whom their native modesty and the tenderness of men towards them exempts from public business, to pass their hours in imitating fruits

[d] Public mourning on the death of Q. Anne, who died very seasonably Aug. 1, 1714, in the 50th year of her age, and 13th of her reign.

and flowers, and transplanting all the beauties of nature into their own dress, or raising a new creation in their closets and apartments! How pleasing is the amusement of walking among the shades and groves planted by themselves, in surveying heroes slain by their needle, or little Cupids which they have brought into the world without pain!

This is, methinks, the most proper way wherein a lady can show a fine genius; and I cannot forbear wishing that several writers of that sex had chosen to apply themselves rather to tapestry than rhyme. Your pastoral poetesses may vent their fancy in rural landscapes, and place despairing shepherds under silken willows, or drown them in a stream of mohair. The heroic writers may work up battles as successfully, and inflame them with gold, or stain them with crimson. Even those who have only a turn to a song, or an epigram, may put many valuable stitches into a purse, and crowd a thousand graces into a pair of garters.

If I may, without breach of good manners, imagine that any pretty creature is void of genius, and would perform her part herein but very awkwardly, I must nevertheless insist upon her working, if it be only to keep her out of harm's way.

Another argument for busying good women in works of fancy is, because it takes them off from scandal, the usual attendant of tea-tables and all other unactive scenes of life. While they are forming their birds and beasts, their neighbours will be allowed to be the fathers of their own children; and whig and tory will be but seldom mentioned where the great dispute is, whether blue or red is the more proper colour. How much greater glory would Sophronia do the general, if she would choose

rather to work the battle of Blenheim in tapestry, than signalize herself with so much vehemence against those who are Frenchmen in their hearts!

A third reason that I shall mention is, the profit that is brought to the family where these pretty arts are encouraged. It is manifest that this way of life not only keeps fair ladies from running out into expenses, but is at the same time an actual improvement. How memorable would that matron be, who shall have it inscribed upon her monument, 'That she wrought out the whole Bible in tapestry, and died in a good old age, after having covered three hundred yards of wall in the mansion house!'

The premises being considered, I humbly submit the following proposals to all mothers in Great Britain:

I. That no young virgin whatsoever be allowed to receive the addresses of her first lover but in a suit of her own embroidering.

II. That before every fresh servant she be obliged to appear with a new stomacher at the least.

III. That no one be actually married till she hath the childbed pillows, &c., ready stitched, as likewise the mantle for the boy quite finished.

These laws, if I mistake not, would effectually restore the decayed art of needlework, and make the virgins of Great Britain exceedingly nimble-fingered in their business.

There is a memorable custom of the Grecian ladies in this particular preserved in Homer, which I hope will have a very good effect with my country women. A widow, in ancient times, could not, without indecency, receive a second husband, till she had woven a shrowd for her deceased lord, or the next of kin to him. Accordingly, the chaste Penelope,

having, as she thought, lost Ulysses at sea, she employed her time in preparing a winding-sheet for Laertes, the father of her husband. The story of her web being very famous, and yet not sufficiently known in its several circumstances, I shall give it to my reader, as Homer makes one of her wooers relate it.

'Sweet hope she gave to every youth apart,
With well-taught looks, and a deceitful heart:
A web she wove of many a slender twine,
Of curious texture, and perplext design;
My youths, she cry'd, my lord but newly dead,
Forbear a while to court my widow'd bed,
Till I have wove, as solemn vows require,
This web, a shroud for poor Ulysses' sire.
His limbs, when fate the hero's soul demands,
Shall claim this labour of his daughter's hands,
Lest all the dames of Greece my name despise,
While the great king without a covering lies.
'Thus she: nor did my friends mistrust the guile!
All day she sped the long laborious toil;
But when the burning lamps supply'd the sun,
Each night unravell'd what the day begun.
Three live-long summers did the fraud prevail;
The fourth her maidens told th' amazing tale.
These eyes beheld, as close I took my stand,
The backward labours of her faithless hand;
Till, watch'd at length, and press'd on every side,
Her task she ended, and commenc'd a bride.'

*** It does not certainly appear that Steele had any great concern in the Spectator after the 155th number, which is said to have been principally conducted under the direction of Addison by Mr. E. Budgell.

No. 607. FRIDAY, October 15, 1714.

Dicite Iō Pæan, et Iō bis dicite Pæan:
Decidit in casses præda petita meos.
Ovid. Ars Am. i. 1.

Now Iō Pæan sing, now wreathes prepare,
And with repeated Iōs fill the air:
The prey is fall'n in my successful toils.
Anon.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'Having in your paper of Monday last[a] published my report on the case of Mrs. Fanny Fickle, wherein I have taken notice that love comes after marriage, I hope your readers are satisfied of this truth, that as love generally produces matrimony, so it often happens that matrimony produces love.

'It perhaps requires more virtues to make a good husband or wife, than what go to the finishing any the most shining character whatsoever.

'Discretion seems absolutely necessary; and accordingly we find that the best husbands have been most famous for their wisdom. Homer, who hath drawn a perfect pattern of a prudent man, to make it the more complete, hath celebrated him for the just returns of fidelity and truth to his Penelope; insomuch that he refused the caresses of a goddess for her sake; and, to use the expression of the best pagan authors, "*Vetulam suam prætulit immortalitati.*" his old woman was dearer to him than immortality.

'Virtue is the next necessary qualification for this domestic character, as it naturally produces constancy and mutual esteem. Thus Brutus and Portia were more remarkable for virtue and affection than any others of the age in which they lived.

[a] No. 605.

'Good-nature is a third necessary ingredient in the marriage state, without which it would inevitably sour upon a thousand occasions. When greatness of mind is joined with this amiable quality, it attracts the admiration and esteem of all who behold it. Thus Cæsar, not more remarkable for his fortune and valour than for his humanity, stole into the hearts of the Roman people, when, breaking through the custom, he pronounced an oration at the funeral of his first and best-beloved wife.

'Good-nature is insufficient, unless it be steady and uniform, and accompanied with an evenness of temper, which is above all things to be preserved in this friendship contracted for life. A man must be easy within himself before he can be so to his other self. Socrates and Marcus Aurelius are instances of men, who, by the strength of philosophy, having entirely composed their minds, and subdued their passions, are celebrated for good husbands; notwithstanding the first was yoked with Xantippe, and the other with Faustina. If the wedded pair would but habituate themselves for the first year to bear with one another's faults, the difficulty would be pretty well conquered. This mutual sweetness of temper and complacency was finally recommended in the nuptial ceremonies among the heathens, who, when they sacrificed to Juno at that solemnity, always tore out the gall from the entrails of the victim, and cast it behind the altar.

'I shall conclude this letter with a passage out of Dr. Plot's Natural History of Staffordshire, not only as it will serve to fill up your present paper but, if I find myself in the humour, may give rise to another; I having by me an old register belonging to the place here under-mentioned.

"Sir Philip de Somerville held the manors of Whichenovre, Scirescot, Ridware, Netherton, and Cowlee, all in the county of Stafford, of the earls of Lancaster, by this memorable service.—The said sir Philip shall find, maintain, and sustain, one bacon flitch, hanging in his hall at Whichenovre ready arrayed all times of the year but in Lent, to be given to every man or woman married, after the day and the year of their marriage be past, in form following.[f]

"Whensoever that any one such before named

[f] There was an institution of the same kind at Dunmowe in Essex.

In the reign of Hen. III. Rob. Fitz. Walter, lord of Woodham, re-edified the decayed priory of Dunmowe, which one Juga, a devout and religious woman, his ancestor, had buylded. In which priory arose a custom instituted by him or some of his successors, (with an intention, it has been said, to convince the nuns, &c. that marriage was not such a state of felicity as was fondly conceived by unmarried people,) that he which repented him not of his marriage, sleeping or waking, in a year and a day, might come lawfully to Dunmowe, and claim a gammon of bacon; and this custom continued until the dissolution of the house, when as other abbyes were suppressed in the tyme of Henry VIII. and the bacon was delivered with such solemnity and tryumph as they of the priory and townsmen could make.

The claimant was to make oath before the prior of the convent, and the whole town, kneeling in the church-yard on two sharp-pointed stones, &c.

The form of the oath was as follows:

'You shall swear by custom of confession
If ever you made nuptial transgression,
Be you either married man or wyfe,
By household brawls or contentious strife;
Or otherwyse at bed or at boord
Offend each other in deed or word:
Or synce the parish clerck said amen,
You wish yourselves unmarried agen:
Or in a twelve months tyme and a day
Repented not in thought any manner of way:
But continued true and just in desyre,
As when you join'd hands in the holy quuyre:
If to these conditions without all fear,
Of your own accord you will freely swear;

will come to inquire for the bacon, in their own person, they shall come to the bailiff, or to the porter of the lordship of Whichenovre, and shall say to them in the manner as ensueth:

"'Bayliff, or porter, I doo you to know, that I am come for my self, to demand one bacon flyke hanging in the hall of the lord of Whichenovre, after the form thereunto belonging.'

"After which relation, the bailiff or porter shall assign a day to him, upon promise by his faith to return, and with him to bring twain of his neighbours. And in the mean time the said bailiff shall take with him twain of the freeholders of the lordship of Whichenovre, and they three shall go to the manor of Rudlow, belonging to Robert Knightleye, and there shall summon the said aforesaid Knightleye, or his bailiff, commanding him to be ready at Whichenovre the day appointed, at prime of day, with his carriage, that is to say, a horse and a saddle, a sack and a pryke, for to convey the said bacon and corn a journey out of the county of Stafford, at his costages. And then the said bailiff shall, with the said freeholders, summon all the tenants of the said manor, to be ready at the day appointed at Whichenovre, for to do and perform the services which they owe to the bacon. And at the day assigned, all such as owe services to the bacon shall be ready at the gate of the manor of Whichenovre, from the sunrising to noon, attending and awaiting for the coming of him who fetcheth the bacon. And when he is come,

> You shall of our bacon of Dunmowe receive,
> And bear it from hence with love and good leave.
> For this our custome of Dunmowe well known,
> Though the pastime be ours, the bacon's your own.'
>
> LELAND'S Itinerary, vol. iii. p. 5, *et seqq.*
> 2d edit. by Hearne, 1744.

there shall be delivered to him and his fellows, chaplets, and to all those which shall be there, to do their services due to the bacon. And they shall lead the said demandant with trumps and tabors, and other manner of minstrelsy, to the hall door, where he shall find the lord of Whichenovre, or his steward, ready to deliver the bacon in this manner.

"He shall inquire of him which demandeth the bacon, if he have brought twain of his neighbours with him: which must answer, 'they be here ready.' And then the steward shall cause these two neighbours to swear, if the said demandant be a wedded man, or have been a man wedded; and if since his marriage one year and a day be past; and if he be a freeman, or a villain.[g] And if his said neighbours make oath that he hath for him all these three points rehearsed, then shall the bacon be taken down and brought to the hall door, and shall there be laid upon one half-quarter of wheat, and upon one other of rye. And he that demandeth the bacon shall kneel upon his knee, and shall hold his right hand upon a book, which book shall be laid upon the bacon and the corn, and shall make oath in this manner.

"'Here ye, sir Philip de Somerville, lord of Whichenovre, mayntener and gyver of this baconne: that I A sithe I wedded B my wife, and sithe I hadd hyr in my kepying, and at my wylle, by a year and a day after our marriage, I would not have chaunged for none other; farer ne fowler; richer ne pourer; ne for none other descended of greater lynage; slepyng ne waking, at noo tyme. And if the seyd B were sole, and I sole, I would take her to

[g] i. e. According to the acceptation of the word at the date of this institution, 'a freeman, or a servant.'

be my wife before all the wymen of the worlde, of what condiciones soever they be, good or evylle; as help me God ond his seyntes, and this flesh and all fleshes.'

"And his neighbours shall make oath, that they trust verily he hath said truly. And if it be found by his neighbours before named, that he be a freeman, there shall be delivered to him half a quarter of wheat and a cheese; and if he be a villain, he shall have half a quarter of rye without cheese. And then shall Knightleye, the lord of Rudlow, be called for to carry all these things tofore rehearsed; and the said corn shall be laid on one horse and the bacon above it: and he to whom the bacon appertaineth shall ascend upon his horse, and shall take the cheese before him, if he have a horse. And if he have none, the lord of Whichenovre shall cause him to have one horse and saddle, to such time as he be passed his lordship; and so shall they depart the manor of Whichenovre with the corn and the bacon, tofore him that hath won it, with trumpets, taborets, and other manner of minstrelsy. And all the free tenants of Whichenovre shall conduct him to be passed the lordship of Whichenovre. And then shall they all return except him to whom appertaineth to make the carriage and journey without the county of Stafford, at the costs of his lord of Whichenovre."

No. 608. Monday, October 18, 1714.

—Perjuria ridet amantum.
Ovid. Ars Am. i. 633.

—Forgiving with a smile
The perjuries that easy maids beguile.
Dryden.

'Mr. Spectator,

'According to my promise I herewith transmit to you a list of several persons, who from time to time demanded the flitch of bacon of sir Philip de Somerville, and his descendants; as it is preserved in an ancient manuscript under the title of "The Register of Whichenovre-hall, and of the bacon flitch there maintained."

'In the beginning of this record is recited the law or institution in form, as it is already printed in your last paper: to which are added two byelaws, as a comment upon the general law, the substance whereof is, that the wife shall take the same oath as the husband, *mutatis mutandis;* and that the judges shall, as they think meet, interrogate or cross-examine the witnesses. After this proceeds the register in manner following:

"Arbry de Falstaff, son of sir John Falstaff, kt. with dame Maude his wife, were the first that demanded the bacon, he having bribed twain of his father's companions to swear falsely in his behoof, whereby he gained the flitch: but he and his said wife falling immediately into a dispute how the said bacon should be dressed, it was by order of the judges taken from him, and hung up again in the hall.

"Alison, the wife of Stephen Freckle, brought her said husband along with her, and set forth the good

conditions and behaviour of her consort, adding withal that she doubted not but he was ready to attest the like of her, his wife; whereupon he, the said Stephen, shaking his head, she turned short upon him, and gave him a box on the ear.

"Philip de Waverland, having laid his hand upon the book, when the clause, 'were I sole and she sole,' was rehearsed, found a secret compunction rising in his mind, and stole it off again.

"Richard de Loveless, who was a courtier, and a very well-bred man, being observed to hesitate at the words 'after our marriage,' was thereupon required to explain himself. He replied, by talking very largely of his exact complaisance while he was a lover; and alleged that he had not in the least disobliged his wife for a year and a day before marriage, which he hoped was the same thing.

"Rejected.

"Jocceline Jolly, esq. making it appear, by unquestionable testimony, that he and his wife had preserved full and entire affection for the space of the first month, commonly called the honey-moon, he had in consideration thereof one rasher bestowed upon him."

'After this, says the record, many years passed over before any demandant appeared at Whichenovre-hall; insomuch that one would have thought that the whole country were turned Jews, so little was there affection to the flitch of bacon.

'The next couple enrolled had like to have carried it, if one of the witnesses had not deposed, that dining on a Sunday with the demandant, whose wife had sat below the squire's lady at church, she the said wife dropped some expressions, as if she thought her husband deserved to be knighted; to

which he returned a passionate pish! the judges, taking the premises into consideration, declared the aforesaid behaviour to imply an unwarrantable ambition in the wife and anger in the husband.

'It is recorded as a sufficient disqualification of a certain wife, that, speaking of her husband, she said, "God forgive him."

'It is likewise remarkable, that a couple were rejected upon the deposition of one of their neighbours, that the lady had once told her husband, that "it was her duty to obey;" to which he replied, "O my dear! you are never in the wrong!"

The violent passion of one lady for her lap-dog; the turning away of the old house-maid by another; a tavern-bill torn by the wife, and a tailor's by the husband; a quarrel about the kissing-crust; spoiling of dinners; and coming in late of nights; are so many several articles which occasioned the reprobation of some scores of demandants, whose names are recorded in the aforesaid register.

'Without enumerating other particular persons, I shall content myself with observing that the sentence pronounced against one Gervace Poacher is, that "he might have had bacon to his eggs, if he had not heretofore scolded his wife when they were over-boiled." And the deposition against Dorothy Dolittle runs in these words, "that she had so far usurped the dominion of the coal fire (the stirring whereof her husband claimed to himself,) that by her good-will she never would suffer the poker out of her hand."

'I find but two couples in this first century that were successful; the first was a sea-captain and his wife, who since the day of their marriage had not seen one another till the day of the claim. The

second was an honest pair in the neighbourhood: the husband was a man of plain good sense, and a peaceable temper; the woman was dumb.'

No. 609. WEDNESDAY, October 20, 1714

— Farrago libelli.

Juv. Sat. 1. 86.

The miscellaneous subjects of my book.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE for some time desired to appear in your paper, and have therefore chosen a day[h] to steal into the Spectator, when I take it for granted you will not have many spare minutes for speculations of your own. As I was the other day walking with an honest country gentleman, he very often was expressing his astonishment to see the town so mightily crowded with doctors of divinity: upon which I told him he was very much mistaken if he took all those gentlemen he saw in scarfs to be persons of that dignity; for that a young divine, after his first degree in the university, usually comes hither only to show himself; and, on that occasion, is apt to think he is but half equipped with a gown and cassock for his public appearance, if he hath not the additional ornament of a scarf of the first magnitude, to entitle him to the appellation of Doctor from his landlady and the boy at Child's. Now since I know that this piece of garniture is looked upon as a mark of vanity or affectation, as it is made use of among some of the little spruce

[h] The 20th of Oct. 1714, was the day of the coronation of king George I.

adventurers of the town, I shall be glad if you would give it a place among those extravagances you have justly exposed in several of your papers, being very well assured that the main body of the clergy, both in the country and the universities, who are almost to a man untainted with it, would be very well pleased to see this venerable foppery well exposed. When my patron did me the honour to take me into his family (for I must own myself of this order,) he was pleased to say he took me as a friend and companion; and whether he looked upon the scarf like the lace and shoulder-knot of a footman, as a badge of servitude and dependence, I do not know, but he was so kind as to leave my wearing of it to my own discretion; and, not having any just title to it from my degrees, I am content to be without the ornament. The privileges of our nobility to keep a certain number of chaplains are undisputed, though perhaps not one in ten of those reverend gentlemen have any relation to the noble families their scarfs belong to; the right generally of creating all chaplains, except the domestic (where there is one), being nothing more than the perquisite of a steward's place, who, if he happens to outlive any considerable number of his noble masters, shall probably, at one and the same time, have fifty chaplains, all in their proper accoutrements, of his own creation; though, perhaps, there hath been neither grace nor prayer said in the family since the introduction of the first coronet.

'I am, &c.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I WISH you would write a philosophical paper about natural antipathies, with a word or two

concerning the strength of imagination. I can give you a list, upon the first notice, of a rational china cup, of an egg that walks upon two legs, and a quart-pot that sings like a nightingale. There is in my neighbourhood a very pretty prattling shoulder of veal, that squalls out at the sight of a knife. Then, as for natural antipathies, I know a general officer who was never conquered but by a smothered rabbit; and a wife that domineers over her husband by the help of a breast of mutton. A story that relates to myself on this subject may be thought not unentertaining, especially when I assure you that it is literally true. I had long made love to a lady, in the possession of whom I am now the happiest of mankind, whose hand I should have gained with much difficulty without the assistance of a cat. You must know then, that my most dangerous rival had so strong an aversion to this species, that he infallibly swooned away at the sight of that harmless creature. My friend Mrs. Lucy, her maid, having a greater respect for me and my purse than she had for my rival, always took care to pin the tail of a cat under the gown of her mistress, whenever she knew of his coming; which had such an effect, that every time he entered the room, he looked more like one of the figures in Mrs. Salmon's wax-work[1] than a desirable lover. In short, he grew sick of her company; which the young lady taking notice of (who no more knew why than he did), she sent me a challenge to meet her in Lincoln's-inn chapel, which

[1] Opposite the same place, near Temple-bar, there is still an exhibition of wax-work, by a person of the same name, at this day, Feb. 20, 1797.

I joyfully accepted; and have, amongst other pleasures, the satisfaction of being praised by her for my stratagem.

'From the Hoop. 'I am, &c.

'TOM NIMBLE.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THE virgins of Great Britain are very much obliged to you for putting them upon such tedious drudgeries in needle-work as were fit only for the Hilpas and the Nilpas that lived before the flood. Here is a stir indeed with your histories in embroidery, your groves with shades of silk and streams of mohair! I would have you to know, that I hope to kill a hundred lovers before the best housewife in England can stitch out a battle; and do not fear but to provide boys and girls much faster than your disciples can embroider them. I love birds and beasts as well as you, but am content to fancy them when they are really made. What do you think of gilt leather for furniture? There is your pretty hangings for a chamber;[k] and, what is more, our own country is the only place in Europe where work of that kind is tolerably done. Without minding your musty lessons, I am this minute going to Paul's church-yard to bespeak a screen and a set of hangings, and am resolved to encourage the manufacture of my country.

'Yours,

'CLEORA.'

[k] There was about this time a celebrated manufactory of tapestry at Chelsea, of which an account has been given in a note in the Tatler, edit. cr. 8vo. 1786, and in edit. 8vo. 1789, art. Vanderbank, No. 3, and note on Le Blon, the projector.

No. 610. FRIDAY, October 22, 1714.

Sic, cum transierint mei
Nullo cum strepitu dies,
Plebeius moriar senex.
Illi mors gravis incubat,
Qui, notus nimis omnibus,
Ignotus moritur sibi.

Seneca.

Thus, when my fleeting days, at last,
Unheeded, silently are past,
Calmly I shall resign my breath,
In life unknown, forgot in death;
While he, o'ertaken unprepar'd,
Finds death an evil to be fear'd,
Who dies, to others too much known,
A stranger to himself alone.

I have often wondered that the Jews should contrive such a worthless greatness for the Deliverer whom they expected, as to dress him up in external pomp and pageantry, and represent him to their imaginations as making havoc amongst his creatures, and actuated with the poor ambition of a Cæsar or an Alexander. How much more illustrious doth he appear in his real character, when considered as the author of universal benevolence among men, as refining our passions, exalting our nature, giving us vast ideas of immortality, and teaching us a contempt of that little showy grandeur wherein the Jews made the glory of their Messiah to consist!

'Nothing,' says Longinus, 'can be great, the contempt of which is great.' The possession of wealth and riches cannot give a man a title to greatness, because it is looked upon as a greatness of mind to contemn these gifts of fortune, and to be above the desire of them. I have therefore been inclined to think that there are greater men who lie concealed among the species, than those who come out and draw upon themselves the eyes and

admiration of mankind. Virgil would never have been heard of, had not his domestic misfortunes driven him out of his obscurity, and brought him to Rome.

If we suppose that there are spirits, or angels, who look into the ways of men, as it is highly probable there are, both from reason and revelation, how different are the notions which they entertain of us, from those which we are apt to form of one another! Were they to give us in their catalogue of such worthies as are now living, how different would it be from that which any of our own species would draw up!

We are dazzled with the splendour of titles, the ostentation of learning, the noise of victories; they, on the contrary, see the philosopher in the cottage, who possesses his soul in patience and thankfulness, under the pressures of what little minds call poverty and distress. They do not look for great men at the head of armies, or among the pomps of a court, but often find them out in shades and solitudes, in the private walks and by-paths of life. The evening's walk of a wise man is more illustrious in their sight than the march of a general at the head of an hundred thousand men. A contemplation of God's works; a voluntary act of justice to our own detriment; a generous concern for the good of mankind; tears that are shed in silence for the misery of others; a private desire or resentment broken and subdued; in short, an unfeigned exercise of humanity, or any other virtue, are such actions as are glorious in their sight, and denominate men great and reputable. The most famous among us are often looked upon with pity, with contempt, or with indignation; while those who are most obscure among their own

species are regarded with love, with approbation, and esteem.

The moral of the present speculation amounts to this: that we should not be led away by the censures and applauses of men, but consider the figure that every person will make at that time when 'Wisdom shall be justified of her children,' and nothing pass for great or illustrious which is not an ornament and perfection to human nature.

The story of Gyges, the rich Lydian monarch, is a memorable instance to our present purpose. The oracle, being asked by Gyges, who was the happiest man, replied Aglaüs. Gyges, who expected to have heard himself named on this occasion, was much surprised, and very curious to know who this Aglaüs should be. After much inquiry he was found to be an obscure countryman, who employed all his time in cultivating a garden and a few acres of land about his house.

Cowley's agreeable relation of this story shall close this day's speculation.

'Thus Aglaüs (a man unknown to men,
But the gods knew, and therefore lov'd him then)
Thus liv'd obscurely then without a name,
Aglaüs, now consign'd t' eternal fame.
For Gyges, the rich king, wicked and great,
Presum'd at wise Apollo's Delphic seat,
Presum'd to ask, O thou, the whole world's eye,
Seest thou a man that happier is than I?
The god, who scorn'd to flatter man, reply'd,
Aglaüs happier is. But Gyges cry'd,
In a proud rage, who can that Aglaüs be?
We've heard as yet of no such king as he.
And true it was, through the whole earth around,
No king of such a name was to be found.
Is some old hero of that name alive,
Who his high race does from the gods derive?

Is it some mighty gen'ral that has done
Wonders in fight, and godlike honours won?
Is it some man of endless wealth? said he:
None, none of these. Who can this Aglaüs be?
After long search, and vain inquiries past,
In an obscure Arcadian vale at last,
(Th' Arcadian life has always shady been)
Near Sopho's town, which he but once had seen,
This Aglaüs who a monarch's envy drew,
Whose happiness the gods stood witness to,
This mighty Aglaüs was lab'ring found,
With his own hands, in his own little ground.
'So, gracious God, if it may lawful be
Among those foolish gods to mention thee,
So let me act, on such a private stage,
The last dull scenes of my declining age;
After long toils and voyages in vain,
This quiet port let my toss'd vessel gain;
Of heav'nly rest this earnest to me lend,
Let my life sleep, and learn to love her end.' [m]

No. 611. MONDAY, October 25, 1714.

Perfide! sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
Caucasus, Hyrcanæque admôrunt ubera tigres.
VIRG. Æn. iv. 366.
Perfidious man! thy parent was a rock,
And fierce Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck.

I am willing to postpone every thing to do any the least service for the deserving and unfortunate. Accordingly I have caused the following letter to be inserted in my paper the moment that it came to my hands, without altering one tittle in an account which the lady relates so handsomely herself.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I flatter myself you will not only pity, but, if possible, redress a misfortune myself and se-

[m] Cowley's Works, p. 113, edit. in folio, 1669.

veral others of my sex lie under. I hope you will not be offended, nor think I mean by this to justify my own imprudent conduct, or expect you should. No! I am sensible how severely, in some of your former papers, you have reproved persons guilty of the like mismanagements. I was scarce sixteen, and, I may say without vanity, handsome, when courted by a false perjured man; who, upon promise of marriage, rendered me the most unhappy of women. After he had deluded me from my parents, who were people of very good fashion, in less than three months he left me. My parents would not see nor hear from me; and, had it not been for a servant who had lived in our family, I must certainly have perished for want of bread. However, it pleased Providence, in a very short time, to alter my miserable condition. A gentleman saw me, liked me, and married me. My parents were reconciled; and I might be as happy in the change of my condition, as I was before miserable, but for some things, that you shall know, which are insupportable to me; and I am sure you have so much honour and compassion as to let those persons know, in some of your papers, how much they are in the wrong. I have been married near five years, and do not know that in all that time I ever went abroad without my husband's leave and approbation. I am obliged, through the importunities of several of my relations, to go abroad oftener than suits my temper.—Then it is I labour under insupportable agonies. That man, or rather monster, haunts every place I go to. Base villain! by reason I will not admit his nauseous wicked visits and appointments, he strives all the ways he can to ruin me. He left me destitute of friend or mon-

ey, nor ever thought me worth inquiring after, till he unfortunately happened to see me in a front box, sparkling with jewels. Then his passion returned. Then the hypocrite pretended to be a penitent. Then he practised all those arts that helped before to undo me. I am not to be deceived a second time by him. I hate and abhor his odious passion; and as he plainly perceives it, either out of spite or diversion he makes it his business to expose me. I never fail seeing him in all public company, where he is always most industriously spiteful. He hath, in short, told all his acquaintance of our unhappy affair; they tell theirs; so that it is no secret among his companions, which are numerous. They to whom he tells it, think they have a title to be very familiar. If they bow to me, and I out of good manners return it, then I am pestered with freedoms that are no ways agreeable to myself or company. If I turn mine eyes from them, or seem displeased, they sour upon it, and whisper the next person; he his next; till I have at last the eyes of the whole company upon me. Nay, they report abominable falsehoods, under that mistaken notion, "She that will grant favours to one man will to a hundred." I beg you will let those who are guilty know how ungenerous this way of proceeding is. I am sure he will know himself the person aimed at, and perhaps put a stop to the insolence of others. Cursed is the fate of unhappy women! that men may boast and glory in those things that we must think of with shame and horror! You have the art of making such odious customs appear detestable. For my sake, and I am sure for the sake of several others who dare not own it, but, like me, lie under the same misfortunes,

make it as infamous for a man to boast of favours, or expose our sex, as it is to take the lie or a box on the ear and not resent it.

'Your constant reader and admirer,

'LESBIA.'

'P. S. I am the more impatient under this misfortune, having received fresh provocation, last Wednesday, in the Abbey.'

I entirely agree with the amiable and unfortunate Lesbia, that an insult upon a woman in her circumstances is as infamous in a man, as a tame behaviour when the lie or a buffet is given; which truth I shall beg leave of her to illustrate by the following observation.

It is a mark of cowardice passively to forbear resenting an affront, the resenting of which would lead a man into danger; it is no less a sign of cowardice to affront a creature that hath not power to avenge itself. Whatever name, therefore, this ungenerous man may bestow on the helpless lady he hath injured, I shall not scruple to give him, in return for it, the appellation of coward.

A man, that can so far descend from his dignity as to strike a lady, can never recover his reputation with either sex, because no provocation is thought strong enough to justify such treatment from the powerful towards the weak. In the circumstances in which poor Lesbia is situated, she can appeal to no man whatsoever to avenge an insult, more grievous than a blow. If she could open her mouth, the base man knows that a husband, a brother, a generous friend, would die to see her righted.

A generous mind, however enraged against an

enemy, feels its resentments sink and vanish away when the object of its wrath falls into its power. An estranged friend, filled with jealousy and discontent towards a bosom acquaintance, is apt to overflow with tenderness and remorse, when a creature that was once dear to him undergoes any misfortune. What name then shall we give to his ingratitude, who (forgetting the favours he solicited with eagerness, and received with rapture) can insult the miseries that he himself caused, and make sport with the pain to which he owes his greatest pleasure? There is but one being in the creation whose province it is to practise upon the imbecilities of frail creatures, and triumph in the woes which his own artifices brought about; and we well know those who follow his example will receive his reward.

Leaving my fair correspondent to the direction of her own wisdom and modesty; and her enemy, and his mean accomplices, to the compunction of their own hearts; I shall conclude this paper with a memorable instance of revenge, taken by a Spanish lady upon a guilty lover, which may serve to show what violent effects are wrought by the most tender passion when soured into hatred; and may deter the young and unwary from unlawful love. The story, however romantic it may appear, I have heard affirmed for a truth.

Not many years ago an English gentleman, who, in a rencounter by night in the streets of Madrid, had the misfortune to kill his man, fled into a church-porch for sanctuary. Leaning against the door he was surprised to find it open, and a glimmering light in the church. He had the courage to advance towards the light; but was terribly startled at the sight of a woman in white, who ascended from a grave

with a bloody knife in her hand. The phantom marched up to him, and asked him what he did there. He told her the truth without reserve, believing that he had met a ghost; upon which she spoke to him in the following manner: 'Stranger, thou art in my power: I am a murderer as thou art. Know then that I am a nun of a noble family. A base perjured man undid me, and boasted of it. I soon had him despatched; but, not content with the murder, I have bribed the sexton to let me enter his grave, and have now plucked out his false heart from his body; and thus I use a traitor's heart.' At these words she tore it in pieces and trampled it under her feet.

*** Yesterday was published Mr. Steele's Apology for himself and his writings, occasioned by his expulsion from the house of commons.

††† Just published the following poems: An Epistle to the Right Hon. Charles, Earl of Halifax. By Mr. Phillips. A Letter to Mr. Addison, on the King's Accession to the throne. By Mr. Eusden. A Poem on the late Queen's Death, and his Majesty's Accession; inscribed to Joseph Addison, Esq. By Edward Young, fellow of All Souls College, Oxon. Printed for J. Tonson in the Strand, and sold by Robert Burleigh in Amen-corner. Spect. in folio.

No. 612. WEDNESDAY, October 27, 1714.

Murranum hic atavos et avorum antiqua sonantem
Nomina, per regesque actum genus omne Latinos,
Præcipitem scopulo, atque ingentis turbine saxi
Excutit, effunditque solo.—

Virg. Æn. xii. 529.

Murranus boasting of his blood that springs
From a long royal race of Latian kings,
Is by the Trojan from his chariot thrown,
Crush'd with the weight of an unwieldy stone.

Dryden.

It is highly laudable to pay respect to men who are descended from worthy ancestors, not only out of

gratitude to those who have done good to mankind, but as it is an encouragement to others to follow their example. But this is an honour to be received, not demanded, by the descendants of great men; and they, who are apt to remind us of their ancestors, only put us upon making comparisons to their own disadvantage. There is some pretence for boasting of wit, beauty, strength, or wealth, because the communication of them may give pleasure or profit to others; but we can have no merit, nor ought we to claim any respect, because our fathers acted well, whether we would or no.

The following letter ridicules the folly I have mentioned, in a new, and, I think, not disagreeable light:

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'WERE the genealogy of every family preserved, there would probably be no man valued or despised on account of his birth. There is scarce a beggar in the streets, who would not find himself lineally descended from some great man; nor any one of the highest title, who would not discover several base and indigent persons among his ancestors. It would be a pleasant entertainment to see one pedigree of men appear together, under the same characters they bore when they acted their respective parts among the living. Suppose therefore a gentleman, full of his illustrious family, should, in the same manner as Virgil makes Æneas look over his descendants, see the whole line of his progenitors pass in review before his eyes—with how many varying passions would he behold shepherds and soldiers, statesmen and artificers, princes and beggars, walk in the procession of five thousand years.

How would his heart sink or flutter at the several sports of fortune in a scene so diversified with rags and purple, handicraft tools and sceptres, ensigns of dignity and emblems of disgrace! And how would his fears and apprehensions, his transports and mortifications, succeed one another, as the line of his genealogy appeared bright or obscure!

'In most of the pedigrees hung up in old mansion-houses, you are sure to find the first in the catalogue a great statesman, or a soldier with an honourable commission. The honest artificer that begot him, and all his frugal ancestors before him, are torn off from the top of the register: and you are not left to imagine that the noble founder of the family ever had a father. Were we to trace many boasted lines farther backwards, we should lose them in a mob of tradesmen, or a crowd of rustics, without hope of seeing them emerge again: not unlike the old Appian way, which after having run many miles in length, loses itself in a bog.

'I lately made a visit to an old country gentleman, who is very far gone in this sort of family madness. I found him in his study perusing an old register of his family, which he had just then discovered as it was branched out in the form of a tree upon a skin of parchment. Having the honour to have some of his blood in my veins, he permitted me to cast my eye over the boughs of this venerable plant; and asked my advice in the reforming of some of the superfluous branches.

We passed slightly over three or four of our immediate forefathers, whom we knew by tradition, but were soon stopped by an alderman of London, who I perceived made my kinsman's heart go pit-a-pat. His confusion increased when he found

the alderman's father to be a grazier; but he recovered his fright upon seeing justice of the quorum at the end of his titles. Things went on pretty well as we threw our eyes occasionally over the tree, when unfortunately he perceived a merchant-tailor perched on a bough, who was said greatly to have increased the estate; he was just going to cut him off if he had not seen *gent.* after the name of his son; who was recorded to have mortgaged one of the manors his honest father had purchased. A weaver, who was burnt for his religion in the reign of queen Mary, was pruned away without mercy; as was likewise a yeoman, who died of a fall from his own cart. But great was our triumph in one of the blood who was beheaded for high treason: which nevertheless was not a little allayed by another of our ancestors who was hanged for stealing sheep. The expectations of my good cousin were wonderfully raised by a match into the family of a knight; but, unfortunately for us, this branch proved barren: on the other hand, Margery the milk-maid, being twined round a bough, it flourished out into so many shoots, and bent with so much fruit, that the old gentleman was quite out of countenance. To comfort me under this disgrace, he singled out a branch ten times more fruitful than the other, which he told me he valued more than any in the tree, and bade me be of good comfort. This enormous bough was a graft out of a Welch heiress, with so many Ap's upon it that it might have made a little grove by itself. From the trunk of the pedigree, which was chiefly composed of labourers and shepherds, arose a huge sprout of farmers: this was branched out into yeomen, and ended in a sheriff of the county, who was knighted for his good service to the crown in bring-

ing up an address. Several of the names that seemed to disparage the family, being looked upon as mistakes, were lopped off as rotten or withered; as, on the contrary, no small number appearing without any titles, my cousin, to supply the defects of the manuscript, added *esq.* at the end of each of them.

'This tree, so pruned, dressed, and cultivated, was, within a few days, transplanted into a large sheet of vellum, and placed in the great hall, where it attracts the veneration of his tenants every Sunday morning, while they wait till his worship is ready to go to church; wondering that a man who had so many fathers before him, should not be made a knight, or at least a justice of the peace.'

No. 613. FRIDAY, October 29, 1714.

—Studiis florentem ignobilis oti.
Virg. Georg. iv. 564.
Affecting studies of less noisy praise.
Dryden.

It is reckoned a piece of ill-breeding for one man to engross the whole talk to himself. For this reason, since I keep three visiting-days in the week, I am content now and then to let my friends put in a word. There are several advantages hereby accruing both to my readers and myself. As first, young and modest writers may have an opportunity of getting into print; again, the town enjoys the pleasure of variety; and posterity will see the humour of the present age, by the help of these little lights into private and domestic life. The benefits I receive from thence, are such as these; I gain

more time for future speculations; pick up hints which I improve for the public good; give advice; redress grievances; and, by leaving commodious spaces between the several letters that I print, furnish out a Spectator, with little labour and great ostentation.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I WAS mightily pleased with your speculation of Friday. Your sentiments are noble, and the whole worked up in such a manner as cannot but strike upon every reader. But give me leave to make this remark; that while you write so pathetically on contentment and a retired life, you sooth the passion of melancholy, and depress the mind from actions truly glorious. Titles and honours are the reward of virtue; we therefore ought to be affected with them: and though light minds are too much puffed up with exterior pomp, yet I cannot see why it is not as truly philosophical, to admire the glowing ruby, or the sparkling green of an emerald, as the fainter and less permanent beauties of a rose or a myrtle. If there are men of extraordinary capacities who lie concealed from the world, I should impute it to them as a blot in their character, did not I believe it owing to the meanness of their fortune rather than of their spirit. Cowley, who tells the story of Aglaüs with so much pleasure, was no stranger to courts, nor insensible of praise.

"What shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the age to come my own?"

was the result of a laudable ambition. It was not until after frequent disappointments that he termed

himself the melancholy Cowley; and he praised solitude when he despaired of shining in a court. The soul of man is an active principle. He, therefore, who withdraws himself from the scene before he has played his part, ought to be hissed off the stage, and cannot be deemed virtuous, because he refuses to answer his end. I must own I am fired with an honest ambition to imitate every illustrious example. The battles of Blenheim and Ramilies have more than once made me wish myself a soldier. And, when I have seen those actions so nobly celebrated by our poets, I have secretly aspired to be one of that distinguished class. But in vain I wish; in vain I pant with the desire of action. I am chained down in obscurity, and the only pleasure I can take is in seeing so many brighter geniuses join their friendly lights to add to the splendour of the throne. Farewell then, dear Spec, and believe me to be, with great emulation, and no envy,

'Your professed admirer,

'WILL HOPELESS.'

'SIR, Middle Temple, Oct. 26, 1714.

'THOUGH you have formerly made eloquence the subject of one or more of your papers, I do not remember that you ever considered it as possessed by a set of people, who are so far from making Quintilian's rules their practice, that, I dare say for them, they never heard of such an author, and yet are no less masters of it than Tully or Demosthenes among the ancients, or whom you please among the moderns. The persons I am speaking of are our common beggars about this town; and, that what I say is true, I appeal to any man who has a heart one degree softer than a stone. As for

my part, who do not pretend to more humanity than my neighbours, I have oftentimes gone from my chambers with money in my pocket, and returned to them not only pennyless, but destitute of a farthing, without bestowing of it any other way than on these seeming objects of pity. In short, I have seen more eloquence in a look from one of these despicable creatures, than in the eye of the fairest she I ever saw, yet no one a greater admirer of that sex than myself. What I have to desire of you is, to lay down some directions in order to guard against these powerful orators, or else I know nothing to the contrary but I must myself be forced to leave the profession of the law, and endeavour to get the qualifications necessary to that more profitable one of begging. But, in whichsoever of these two capacities I shine, I shall always desire to be your constant reader, and ever will be

'Your most humble servant,

'J. B.'

'SIR,

'UPON reading a Spectator last week, where Mrs. Fanny Fickle submitted the choice of a lover for life to your decisive determination, and imagining I might claim the favour of your advice in an affair of the like, but much more difficult nature, I called for pen and ink, in order to draw the characters of seven humble servants whom I have equally encouraged for some time. But, alas! while I was reflecting on the agreeable subject, and contriving an advantageous description of the dear person I was most inclined to favour, I happened to look into my glass. The sight of the small-pox, out of which I am just recovered, tormented me at once with the

loss of my captivating arts and my captives. The confusion I was in on this unhappy, unseasonable discovery, is inexpressible. Believe me, Sir, I was so taken up with the thoughts of your fair correspondent's case, and so intent on my own design, that I fancied myself as triumphant in my conquests as ever.

'Now, Sir, finding I was incapacitated to amuse myself on that pleasing subject, I resolved to apply myself to you, or your casuistical agent, for advice in my present circumstances. I am sensible the tincture of my skin, and the regularity of my features, which the malice of my late illness has altered, are irrecoverable; yet do not despair but that that loss, by your assistance, may in some measure be repairable, if you will please to propose a way for the recovery of one only of my fugitives.

'One of them is in a more particular manner beholden to me than the rest: he, for some private reasons, being desirous to be a lover incognito, always addressed me with billet-doux, which I was so careful of in my sickness, that I secured the key of my love magazine under my head, and, hearing a noise of opening a lock in my chamber, endangered my life by getting out of bed to prevent, if it had been attempted, the discovery of that amour.

'I have formerly made use of all those artifices which our sex daily practises over yours, to draw, as it were, undesignedly, the eyes of a whole congregation to my pew; I have taken a pride in the number of admirers at my afternoon levee; but am now quite another creature. I think, could I regain the attractive influence I once had, if I had a legion of suitors I should never be ambitious of entertaining more than one. I have almost contracted an

antipathy to the trifling discourses of impertinent lovers; though I must needs own I have thought it very odd of late to hear gentlemen, instead of their usual complaisances, fall into disputes before me of politics, or else weary me with the tedious repetition of how thankful I ought to be, and satisfied with my recovery out of so dangerous a distemper: this, though I am very sensible of the blessing, yet I cannot but dislike, because such advice from them rather seems to insult than comfort me, and reminds me too much of what I was; which melancholy consideration I cannot yet perfectly surmount, but hope your sentiments on this head will make it supportable.

'To show you what a value I have for your dictates, these are to certify the persons concerned, that unless one of them returns to his colours, if I may so call them now, before the winter is over, I will voluntarily confine myself to a retirement, where I will punish them all with my needle. I will be revenged on them by deciphering them on a carpet humbly begging admittance, myself scornfully refusing it. If you disapprove of this, as savouring too much of malice, be pleased to acquaint me with a draught you like better, and it shall be faithfully performed,

'By the unfortunate

'MONIMIA.'

No. 614. MONDAY, November 1, 1714.

Si mihi non animo fixum immotumque sederet,
Ne cui me vinclo vellem sociare jugali.
Postquam primus amor deceptam morte fefellit;
Si non pertæsum thalami, taedæque fuisset;
Huic uni forsan potui succumbere culpæ.
Virg. Æn. iv. 15.

— Were I not resolv'd against the yoke
Of hapless marriage; never to be ours'd
With second love, so fatal was the first;
To this one error I might yield again.
Dryden.

The following account hath been transmitted to me by the love casuist.[n]

'Mr. Spectator,

'Having in some former papers taken care of the two states of virginity and marriage, and being willing that all people should be served in their turn, I this day drew out my drawer of widows,[o] where I met with several cases, to each whereof I have returned satisfactory answers by the post. The cases are as follow:

'*Q.* Whether Amoret be bound by a promise of marriage to Philander, made during her husband's life?

'*Q.* Whether Sempronia, having faithfully given a promise to two several persons during the last sickness of her husband, is not thereby left at liberty to choose which of them she pleases, or to reject them both for the sake of a new lover?

'Cleora asks me, whether she be obliged to continue single according to a vow made to her husband at the time of his presenting her with a dia-

[n] See Spect. Nos. 591, 602, 605, 623, and 625.

[o] See Tat. with notes, vol. iii. No. 79, and note; and Tat. No. 78, art. 1. edit. 1786, cr. 8vo.

mond necklace; she being informed by a very pretty young fellow, of a good conscience, that such vows are in their nature sinful?

'Another inquires, whether she hath not the right of widowhood, to dispose of herself to a gentleman of great merit, who presses very hard, her husband being irrecoverably gone in a consumption?

'An unreasonable creature hath the confidence to ask, whether it be proper for her to marry a man who is younger than her eldest son?

'A scrupulous well-spoken matron, who gives me a great many good words, only doubts whether she is not obliged in conscience to shut up her two marriageable daughters, till such time as she hath comfortably disposed of herself?

'Sophronia, who seems by her phrase and spelling to be a person of condition, sets forth that, whereas she hath a great estate, and is but a woman, she desires to be informed whether she would not do prudently to marry Camillus, a very idle, tall young fellow, who hath no fortune of his own, and consequently hath nothing else to do but to manage hers.'

Before I speak of widows, I cannot but observe one thing, which I do not know how to account for; a widow is always more sought after than an old maid of the same age. It is common enough among ordinary people, for a stale virgin to set up a shop in a place where she is not known; where the large thumb ring, supposed to be given her by her husband, quickly recommends her to some wealthy neighbour, who takes a liking to the jolly widow that would have overlooked the venerable spinster.

The truth of it is, if we look into this set of wo-

men, we find, according to the different characters or circumstances wherein they are left, that widows may be divided into those who raise love, and those who raise compassion.

But, not to ramble from this subject, there are two things in which consists chiefly the glory of a widow—the love of her deceased husband, and the care of her children; to which may be added a third, arising out of the former—such a prudent conduct as may do honour to both.

A widow possessed of all these three qualities, makes not only a virtuous but a sublime character.

There is something so great and so generous in this state of life, when it is accompanied with all its virtues, that it is the subject of one of the finest among our modern tragedies in the person of Andromache, and has met with an universal and deserved applause, when introduced upon our English stage by Mr. Phillips.

The most memorable widow in history is queen Artemisia, who not only erected the famous mausoleum, but drank up the ashes of her dead lord; thereby enclosing them in a nobler monument than that which she had built, though deservedly esteemed one of the wonders of architecture.

This last lady seems to have had a better title to a second husband than any I have read of, since not one dust of her first was remaining. Our modern heroines might think a husband a very bitter draught, and would have good reason to complain, if they might not accept of a second partner till they had taken such a troublesome method of losing the memory of the first.

I shall add to these illustrious examples out of ancient story, a remarkable instance of the delicacy

of our ancestors in relation to the state of widowhood, as I find it recorded in Cowell's Interpreter.[p] 'At East and West Enborne, in the county of Berks, if a customary tenant die, the widow shall have what the law calls her free-bench in all his copyhold lands, *dum sola et casta fuerit;* that is, while she lives single and chaste; but if she commit incontinency she forfeits her estate; yet if she will come into the court riding backward upon a black ram, with his tail in her hand, and say the words following, the steward is bound by the custom to re-admit her to her free-bench:

'Here I am,
Riding upon a black ram,
Like a whore as I am;
And for my *crincum crancum*,
Have lost my *bincum bancum;*
And, for my tail's game,
Have done this worldly shame:
Therefore I pray you, Mr. Steward, let me have my land again.'[q]

The like custom there is in the manor of Torre in Devonshire, and other parts of the west.

It is not impossible but I may in a little time present you with a register of Berkshire ladies, and other western dames, who rode publicly upon this occasion; and I hope the town will be entertained with a cavalcade of widows.[r]

[p] No record of this kind is to be found in the edition of Cowell's Interpreter of 1637, 4to.

[q] See Jacob's Law Dictionary, art. Free-bench.—Frank-Bank, or Free-bench, (*Sedes Libera*, or in Law-Latin *Francus Bancus*,) is that estate in copyhold lands, which the wife, being married a virgin, hath after the decease of her husband for her dower. Fitzherbert calls this a custom by which in some cities the wife shall have all the lands of her husband for dower.—Les Termes de la Ley, ed. 1667, p. 575.

[r] See Spect. No. 623. The custom in the manors of E. and W. Enborne, of Torre, and other parts in the west of England, is a kind of penance

No. 615. WEDNESDAY, November 3, 1714.

—Qui Deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti,
Duramque callet pauperiem pati;
Pejusque letho flagitium timet.
Non ille pro caris amicis
Aut patriâ timidus perire.
Hor. 4 Od. ix. 47.

Who spend their treasure freely, as 'twas given
By the large bounty of indulgent heav'n:
Who in a fix'd unalterable state
Smile at the doubtful tide of fate,
And scorn alike her friendship and her hate:
Who poison less than falsehood fear,
Loth to purchase life so dear;
But kindly for their friend embrace cold death,
And seal their country's love with their departing breath.
Stepney.

It must be owned that fear is a very powerful passion, since it is esteemed one of the greatest of virtues to subdue it. It being implanted in us for our preservation, it is no wonder that it sticks close to us as long as we have any thing we are willing to preserve. But as life and all its enjoyments would be scarce worth the keeping if we were under a perpetual dread of losing them, it is the business of religion and philosophy to free us from all unnecessary anxieties, and direct our fear to its proper object.

If we consider the painfulness of this passion, and the violent effects it produces, we shall see how dangerous it is to give way to it upon slight occasions. Some have frightened themselves into madness, others have given up their lives to these apprehensions. The story of a man who grew gray in the space of one night's anxiety is very famous.

among jocular tenures, to purge the offence, and has there, it seems, the force and validity of statute law.—Jacob's Dict. *ut supra*, 3d. edit. 1736. in folio.

'O! nox, quàm longa es, quæ facis una senem!'
'A tedious night indeed, that makes a young man old!'

These apprehensions, if they proceed from a consciousness of guilt, are the sad warnings of reason; and may excite our pity, but admit of no remedy. When the hand of the Almighty is visibly lifted against the impious, the heart of mortal man cannot withstand him. We have this passion sublimely represented in the punishment of the Egyptians, tormented with the plague of darkness, in the apocryphal book of Wisdom ascribed to Solomon.

'For when unrighteous men thought to oppress the holy nation; they being shut up in their houses, the prisoners of darkness, and fettered with the bonds of a long night, lay there exiled from the eternal Providence. For while they supposed to lie hid in their secret sins, they were scattered under a dark veil of forgetfulness, being horribly astonished, and troubled with strange apparitions.—For wickedness, condemned by her own witness, is very timorous, and being oppressed with conscience, always forecasteth grievous things. For fear is nothing else but a betraying of the succours which reason offereth—For the whole world shined with clear light, and none were hindered in their labour: over them only was spread an heavy night, an image of that darkness which should afterwards receive them; but yet were they unto themselves more grievous than the darkness.'*

To fear so justly grounded no remedy can be proposed; but a man (who hath no great guilt hanging upon his mind, who walks in the plain path of justice and integrity, and yet, either by natural com-

* Wisd. xvii. *passim.*

plexion, or confirmed prejudices, or neglect of serious reflection, suffers himself to be moved by this abject and unmanly passion) would do well to consider that there is nothing which deserves his fear, but that beneficent Being who is his friend, his protector, his father. Were this one thought strongly fixed in the mind, what calamity would be dreadful? What load can infamy lay upon us when we are sure of the approbation of Him who will repay the disgrace of a moment with the glory of eternity? What sharpness is there in pain and diseases, when they only hasten us on to the pleasures that will never fade? What sting is in death when we are assured that it is only the beginning of life? A man who lives so as not to fear to die, is inconsistent with himself if he delivers himself up to any incidental anxiety.

The intrepidity of a just good man is so nobly set forth by Horace, that it cannot be too often repeated:

'The man resolv'd and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries:
The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
And the stern brow, and the harsh voice defies,
And with superior greatness smiles.
'Not the rough whirlwind that deforms
Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with storms,
The stubborn virtue of his soul can move;
Not the red arm of angry Jove,
That flings the thunder from the sky,
And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly.
'Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruin and confusion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world.'

The vanity of fear may be yet farther illustrated if we reflect,

First, What we fear may not come to pass. No human scheme can be so accurately projected, but some little circumstance intervening may spoil it. He who directs the heart of man at his pleasure, and understands the thoughts long before, may by ten thousand accidents, or an immediate change in the inclinations of men, disconcert the most subtle project, and turn it to the benefit of his own servants.

In the next place, we should consider, though the evil we imagine should come to pass, it may be much more supportable than it appeared to be. As there is no prosperous state of life without its calamities, so there is no adversity without its benefits. Ask the great and powerful if they do not feel the pangs of envy and ambition. Inquire of the poor and needy if they have not tasted the sweets of quiet and contentment. Even under the pains of body, the infidelity of friends, or the misconstructions put upon our laudable actions; our minds, when for some time accustomed to these pressures, are sensible of secret flowings of comfort, the present reward of a pious resignation. The evils of this life appear like rocks and precipices, rugged and barren at a distance; but at our nearer approach we find little fruitful spots, and refreshing springs, mixed with the harshness and deformities of nature.

In the last place, we may comfort ourselves with this consideration, that, as the thing feared may not reach us, so we may not reach what we fear. Our lives may not extend to that dreadful point which we have in view. He who knows all our failings, and will not suffer us to be tempted beyond our

strength, is often pleased, in his tender severity, to separate the soul from its body and miseries together.

If we look forward to Him for help, we shall never be in danger of falling down those precipices which our imagination is apt to create. Like those who walk upon a line, if we keep our eye fixed upon one point, we may step forward securely; whereas an imprudent or cowardly glance on either side will infallibly destroy us.

No. 616. FRIDAY, November 5, 1714.

—Qui bellus homo est, Cotta, pusillus homo est.
MART. Epig. x. 1.
A pretty fellow is but half a man.

Cicero hath observed, that a jest is never uttered with a better grace than when it is accompanied with a serious countenance. When a pleasant thought plays in the features before it discovers itself in words, it raises too great an expectation, and loses the advantage of giving surprise. Wit and humour are no less poorly recommended by a levity of phrase, and that kind of language which may be distinguished by the name of Cant. Ridicule is never more strong than when it is concealed in gravity. True humour lies in the thought, and arises from the representation of images in odd circumstances and uncommon lights. A pleasant thought strikes us by the force of its natural beauty; and the mirth of it is generally rather palled than heightened, by that

[t] From the intrinsic evidence in this paper, it appears to have been written by Addison. It is not, however, placed in his works.

ridiculous phraseology which is so much in fashion among the pretenders to humour and pleasantry. This tribe of men are like our mountebanks; they make a man of wit by putting him in a fantastic habit.

Our little burlesque authors, who are the delight of ordinary readers, generally abound in these pert phrases, which have in them more vivacity than wit.

I lately saw an instance of this kind of writing, which gave me so lively an idea of it, that I could not forbear begging a copy of the letter from the gentleman who showed it to me. It is written by a country wit, upon the occasion of the rejoicings on the day of the king's coronation.

'DEAR JACK, Past two o'clock and a frosty morning.'

'I HAVE just left the right worshipful and his myrmidons about a sneaker of five gallons. The whole magistracy was pretty well disguised before I gave them the slip. Our friend the alderman was half-seas over before the bonfire was out. We had with us the attorney, and two or three other bright fellows. The doctor plays least in sight.

'At nine o'clock in the evening we set fire to the whore of Babylon. The devil acted his part to a miracle. He has made his fortune by it. We equipped the young dog with a tester a-piece. Honest old Brown of England was very drunk, and showed his loyalty to the tune of a hundred rockets. The mob drank the king's health on their marrow-bones, in mother Day's double. They whipped us half a dozen hogsheads. Poor Tom Tyler had like to have been demolished with the end of a skyrocket, that fell upon the bridge of his nose as he was drinking the king's health, and spoiled his tip. The mob were very loyal till about midnight, when they

grew a little mutinous for more liquor. They had like to have dumbfounded the justice: but his clerk came in to his assistance, and took them all down in black and white.

'When I had been huzzaed out of my seven senses, I made a visit to the women, who were guzzling very comfortably. Mrs. Mayoress clipped the king's english. Clack was the word.

'I forgot to tell thee that every one of the posse had his hat cocked with the distich; the senators sent us down a cargo of riband and metre for the occasion.

'Sir Richard, to shew his zeal for the protestant religion, is at the expense of a tar-barrel and a ball. I peeped into the knight's great hall, and saw a very pretty bevy of spinsters. My dear relict was amongst them, and ambled in a country dance as notably as the best of them.

'May all his majesty's liege subjects love him as well as his good people of this his ancient borough. Adieu.' [t]

[t] This letter seems to have been dated from Stockbridge, for which sir Richard Steele was member of Parliament. The letter in the next paper No. 617, was written, it is said, from the same place, and on the same occasion as this. These two letters were probably communicated to Addison by his friend, and, for any thing that clearly appears to the contrary, were, it may be, all the parts in the papers after No. 555, in which Steele had directly or indirectly any sort of concern. These latter papers were published originally, as the other volumes were, in half-sheets, with fewer advertisements, an argument of its less extensive sale, under the sole direction of Addison and Mr. E. Budgell.

No. 617. MONDAY, November 8, 1714.

Torva Mimalloneis implerunt cornua bombis,
Et raptum vitulo caput ablatura superbo
Bassaris, et lyncem Mænas flexura corymbis,
Evion ingeminat, reparabilis adsonat echo.
Persius, Sat. 1. 99.

Their crooked horns the Mimallonian crew
With blasts inspir'd; and Bassaris, who slew
The scornful calf, with sword advanc'd on high,
Made from his neck his haughty head to fly.
And Mænas, when, with ivy-bridles bound,
She led the spotted lynx, then Evion rung around,
Evion from woods and floods repairing echo's sound.
Dryden.

There are two extremes in the style of humour, one of which consists in the use of that little pert phraseology which I took notice of in my last paper; the other in the affectation of strained and pompous expressions, fetched from the learned languages. The first savours too much of the town; the other of the college.

As nothing illustrates better than example, I shall here present my reader with a letter of pedantic humour, which was written by a young gentleman of the university to his friend, on the same occasion, and from the same place, as the lively epistle published in my last Spectator:

'DEAR CHUM,[a]

'It is now the third watch of the night, the greatest part of which I have spent round a capacious bowl of China, filled with the choicest products of both the Indies. I was placed at a quadrangular table, diametrically opposite to the mace-bearer. The visage of that venerable herald was, according to custom, most gloriously illuminated

[a] A cant word for a chamber-companion and bedfellow at college.

on this joyful occasion. The mayor and aldermen, those pillars of our constitution, began to totter; and if any one at the board could have so far articulated as to have demanded intelligibly a reinforcement of liquor, the whole assembly had been by this time extended under the table.

'The celebration of this night's solemnity was opened by the obstreperous joy of drummers, who, with their parchment thunder, gave a signal for the appearance of the mob under their several classes and denominations. They were quickly joined by the melodious clank of marrowbone and cleaver, whilst a chorus of bells filled up the concert. A pyramid of stag-fagots cheered the hearts of the populace with the promise of a blaze; the guns had no sooner uttered the prologue, but the heavens were brightened with artificial meteors and stars of our own making; and all the High-street lighted up from one end to another with a galaxy of candles. We collected a largess for the multitude, who tippled elemosynarily till they grew exceedingly vociferous. There was a pasteboard pontiff, with a little swarthy demon at his elbow, who by his diabolical whispers and insinuations tempted his holiness into the fire, and then left him to shift for himself. The mobile were very sarcastic with their clubs, and gave the old gentleman several thumps upon his triple head-piece.[y] Tom Tyler's phiz is something damaged by the fall of a rocket, which hath almost spoiled the gnomon of his countenance. The mirth of the commons grew so very outrageous, that it found work for our friend of the quorum, who, by the help of his amanuensis, took down all their names and

[y] The pope's tiara, or triple mitre.

their crimes, with a design to produce his manuscript at the next quarter sessions, &c. &c. &c.'

I shall subjoin to the foregoing piece of a letter the following copy of verses translated from an Italian poet, who was the Cleveland of his age, and had multitudes of admirers. The subject is an accident that happened under the reign of pope Leo, when a fire-work, that had been prepared upon the castle of St. Angelo, began to play before its time, being kindled by a flash of lightning. The author hath written his poem in the same kind of style as that I have already exemplified in prose. Every line in it is a riddle, and the reader must be forced to consider it twice or thrice, before he will know that the Cynic's tenement is a tub, and Bacchus's cast-coat a hogshead, &c. [*]

'Twas night, and Heaven, a Cyclops all the day,
And Argus now did countless eyes display;
In every window Rome her joy declares,
All bright and studded with terrestrial stars.
A blazing chain of lights her roofs entwines,
And round her neck the mingled lustre shines:
The Cynic's rolling tenement conspires,
With Bacchus his cast-coat to feed the fires.

'The pile, still big with undiscover'd shows,
The Tuscan pile did last its freight disclose,
Where the proud tops of Rome's new Ætna rise,
Whence giants sally and invade the skies.

'Whilst now the multitude expect the time,
And their tir'd eyes the lofty mountain climb,

[*] The following copy of verses is a translation from the Latin in Strada's Prolusiones Academicæ, &c. and an imitation originally of the style and manner of Camello Querno, surnamed the Arch-poet. His character and his writings were equally singular; he was poet and buffoon to Leo X., and the common butt of that facetious pontiff and his courtiers. See Stradæ Prolusiones, Oxon. 1745, p. 244; and Bayle's Dictionary, art Leo. X.

A thousand iron mouths their voices try,
And thunder out a dreadful harmony!
In treble notes the small artillery plays,
The deep mouth'd cannon bellows in the bass,
The lab'ring pile now heaves, and, having given
Proofs of his travail, sighs in flames to Heaven.

'The clouds envelop'd Heav'n from human sight,
Quench'd ev'ry star, and put out ev'ry light;
Now real thunder grumbles in the skies,
And in disdainful murmurs Rome defies:
Nor doth its answer'd challenge Rome decline;
But, whilst both parties in full concert join,
While heav'n and earth in rival peals resound,
The doubtful cracks the hearer's sense confound;
Whether the claps of thunderbolts they hear,
Or else the burst of cannon wounds their ear;
Whether clouds rag'd by struggling metals rent,
Or struggling clouds in Roman metals pent—:
But O, my Muse, the whole adventure tell,
As ev'ry accident in order fell.

'Tall groves of trees the Hadrian tower surround,
Fictitious trees with paper garlands crown'd.
These know no spring, but when their bodies sprout
In fire, and shoot their gilded blossoms out;
When blazing leaves appear above their head,
And into branching flames their bodies spread.
Whilst real thunder splits the firmament,
And heavn's whole roof in one vast cleft is rent,
The three-fork'd tongue amidst the rupture lolls,
Then drops, and on the airy turret falls,
The trees now kindle, and the garland burns,
And thousand thunderbolts for one returns:
Brigades of burning archers upward fly,
Bright spears and shining spearmen mount on high,
Flash in the clouds, and glitter in the sky.
A seven-fold shield of spheres doth heaven defend,
And back again the blunted weapons send:
Unwillingly they fall, and dropping down,
Pour out their souls, their sulph'rous souls, and groan.

'With joy, great Sir, we view'd this pompous show,
While Heav'n, that sat Spectator still, till now
Itself turn'd actor, proud to pleasure you;

And so 'tis fit, when Leo's fires appear,
That Heaven itself should turn an engineer;
That Heaven itself should all its wonders show,
And orbs above consent with orbs below.'

No. 618. WEDNESDAY, November 10, 1714.

—Neque enim concludere versum
Dixeris esse satis: neque si quis scribat, uti nos,
Sermoni propriora, putes hunc esse poëtam.
Hor. 1 Sat. iv. 40.

'Tis not enough the measur'd feet to close;
Nor will you give a poet's name to those
Whose humble verse, like mine, approaches prose.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'You having, in your two last Spectators, given the town a couple of remarkable letters in very different styles, I take this opportunity to offer to you some remarks upon the epistolary way of writing in verse. This is a species of poetry by itself; and has not so much as been hinted at in any of the arts of poetry that have ever fallen into my hands: neither has it in any age or in any nation been so much cultivated as the other several kinds of poesy. A man of genius may, if he pleases, write letters in verse upon all manner of subjects that are capable of being embellished with wit and language, and may render them new and agreeable by giving the proper turn to them. But, in speaking at present of epistolary poetry, I would be understood to mean only such writings in this kind as had been in use amongst the ancients, and have been copied from them by some moderns. These may be reduced into two classes: in the one I shall range love-letters, letters of friendship, and letters upon mournful occasions: in the other, I shall place

such epistles in verse as may properly be called familiar, critical and moral; to which may be added letters of mirth and humour. Ovid for the first, and Horace for the latter, are the best originals we have left.

'He that is ambitious of succeeding in the Ovidian way should first examine his heart well, and feel whether his passions (especially those of the gentler kind) play easy; since it is not his wit, but the delicacy and tenderness of his sentiments, that will affect his readers. His versification likewise should be soft, and all his numbers flowing and querulous.

'The qualifications requisite for writing epistles after the model given us by Horace, are of a quite different nature. He that would excel in this kind must have a good fund of strong masculine sense; to this there must be joined a thorough knowledge of mankind, together with an insight into the business and the prevailing humours of the age. Our author must have his mind well seasoned with the finest precepts of morality, and be filled with nice reflections upon the bright and the dark sides of human life; he must be a master of refined raillery, and understand the delicacies as well as the absurdities of conversation. He must have a lively turn of wit, with an easy and concise manner of expression: every thing he says must be in a free and disengaged manner. He must be guilty of nothing that betrays the air of a recluse, but appear a man of the world throughout. His illustrations, his comparisons, and the greatest part of his images, must be drawn from common life. Strokes of satire and criticism, as well as panegyric, judiciously thrown in (and as it were by the by), give a wonderful life

and ornament to compositions of this kind. But let our poet, while he writes epistles, though never so familiar, still remember that he writes in verse, and must for that reason have a more than ordinary care not to fall into prose and a vulgar diction, excepting where the nature and humour of the thing does necessarily require it. In this point Horace hath been thought by some critics to be sometimes careless, as well as too negligent of his versification; of which he seems to have been sensible himself.

'All I have to add is, that both these manners of writing may be made as entertaining, in their way, as any other species of poetry, if undertaken by persons duly qualified; and the latter sort may be managed so as to become in a peculiar manner instructive.

. . . . . .

'I am, &c.'

I shall add an observation or two to the remarks of my ingenious correspondent; and, in the first place, take notice, that subjects of the most sublime nature are often treated in the epistolary way with advantage, as in the famous epistle of Horace to Augustus. The poet surprises us with his pomp, and seems rather betrayed into his subject than to have aimed at it by design. He appears, like the visit of a king incognito, with a mixture of familiarity and grandeur. In works of this kind, when the dignity of the subject hurries the poet into descriptions and sentiments seemingly unpremeditated, by a sort of inspiration, it is usual for him to recollect himself, and fall back gracefully into the natural style of a letter.

I might here mention an epistolary poem, just published by Mr. Eusden, on the king's accession

to the throne: wherein, amongst many other noble and beautiful strokes of poetry, his reader may see this rule very happily observed.

*** This day is published, A Letter to Mr. Addison, on the King's accession to the Throne, by Mr. Eusden. Printed for J. Tonson.—Spect. in folio, No. 606, Wednesday Oct. 13, 1714. It seems very probable that Addison was the author of this speculation.

The author of this poem, afterwards laureat, was a tutor in the family of the D. of Somerset; who, being informed that he too often indulged his pupil in hunting, abruptly dismissed him from his employment. His grace's letter mentioned his having a groom fitter for the office, and desired Mr. Eusden to call upon his banker for what was due to him. By the advice of the respectable communicator of this information, Mr. E. instantly complied with his grace's desire, and retired without expostulation.

No. 619. FRIDAY, November 12, 1714.

—dura
Exerce imperia, et ramos compesce fluentes.
Virg. Geor. ii. 369.

—Exert a rigorous sway,
And lop the too luxuriant boughs away.

I have often thought, that if the several letters which are written to me under the character of Spectator, and which I have not made use of, were published in a volume, they would not be an unentertaining collection.[a] The variety of the subjects, styles, sentiments, and informations, which are transmitted to me, would lead a very curious, or very idle reader, insensibly along through a great many pages. I know some authors who would pick up a secret history out of such materials, and make a

[a] They were published with Steele's permission by Charles Lillie, in 2 vols. 8vo. 1725, and were probably lucrative to the publisher, though no very entertaining collection. See Hist. and Biog. Pref. to Tat. p. lxxvi.

bookseller an alderman by the copy.[b] I shall therefore carefully preserve the original papers in a room set apart for that purpose, to the end that they may be of service to posterity; but shall at present content myself with owning the receipt of several letters lately come to my hands, the authors whereof are impatient for an answer.

Clarissa, whose letter is dated from Cornhill, desires to be eased in some scruples relating to the skill of astrologers. Referred to the dumb man for an answer.

J. C. who proposes a love case, as he calls it, to the love casuist, is hereby desired to speak of it to the minister of the parish; it being a case of conscience.

The poor young lady, whose letter is dated October 26, who complains of a harsh guardian and an unkind brother, can only have my good wishes, unless she pleases to be more particular.

The petition of a certain gentleman, whose name I have forgot, famous for renewing the curls of decayed periwigs, is referred to the censor of small wares.

The remonstrance of T. C. against the profanation of the sabbath by barbers, shoe-cleaners, &c. had better be offered to the society of reformers.

A learned and laborious treatise upon the art of fencing, returned to the author.

To the gentleman of Oxford, who desires me to insert a copy of Latin verses, which were denied a place in the university books. Answer: *Nonumque prematur in annum.*

[b] An allusion to John Barber, who had been a bookseller, was at this time an alderman, and afterwards lord mayor of London.

To my learned correspondent who writes against masters' gowns, and poke sleeves, with a word in defence of large scarves. Answer: I resolve not to raise animosities amongst the clergy.

To the lady who writes with rage against one of her own sex, upon the account of party warmth. Answer: Is not the lady she writes against reckoned handsome?

I desire Tom Truelove (who sends me a sonnet upon his mistress, with a desire to print it immediately) to consider that it is long since I was in love.

I shall answer a very profound letter from my old friend the Upholsterer,[c] who is still inquisitive whether the king of Sweden be living or dead, by whispering him in the ear, that I believe he is alive.

Let Mr. Dapperwit consider, What is that long story of the cuckoldom to me?

At the earnest desire of Monimia's lover, who declares himself very penitent, he is recorded in my paper by the name of The Faithful Castalio.

The petition of Charles Cocksure, which the petitioner styles 'very reasonable,' rejected.

The memorial of Philander, which he desires may be despatched out of hand, postponed.

I desire S. R. not to repeat the expression, 'under the sun' so often in his next letter.

The letter of P. S. who desires either to have it printed entire, or committed to the flames; not to be printed entire.

[c] The king of Sweden, Charles XII. was the favourite object of the political Upholsterer's attention.

See the preceding papers relative to the Upholsterer and note on the supposed subject of their merriment.

No. 620. MONDAY, November 15, 1714.

Hic vir, hic est, tibi quem promitti sæpius audis.
VIRG. Æn. vi. 791.
Behold the promis'd chief!

Having lately presented my reader with a copy of verses full of the false sublime, I shall here communicate to him an excellent specimen of the true: though it hath not been yet published, the judicious reader will readily discern it to be the work of a master: and if he hath read that noble poem on the prospect of peace, he will not be at a loss to guess at the author.[d]

THE ROYAL PROGRESS.

'When Brunswick first appeared, each honest heart,
Intent on verse, disdain'd the rules of art;
For him the songsters, in unmeasur'd odes,
Debas'd Alcides, and dethron'd the gods;
In golden chains the kings of India led,
Or rent the turban from the sultan's head.
One, in old fables, and the pagan strain,
With nymphs and tritons, wafts him o'er the main;
Another draws fierce Lucifer in arms,
And fills th' infernal region with alarms;
A third awakes some druid, to foretel
Each future triumph, from his dreary cell.
Exploded fancies! that in vain deceive,
While the mind nauseates what she can't believe.
My muse th' expected hero shall pursue
From clime to clime, and keep him still in view:
His shining march describe in faithful lays,
Content to paint him, nor presume to praise;
Their charms, if charms they have the truth supplies,
And from the theme unlabour'd beauties rise.

'By longing nations for the throne design'd,
And call'd to guard the rights of human kind;

[d] By Mr. Tickell. See Spect. Nos. 523, and 532.

With secret grief his godlike soul repines,
And Britain's crown with joyless lustre shines,
While pray'rs and tears his destin'd progress stay,
And crowds of mourners choak their sovereign's way.
Not so he march'd when hostile squadrons stood
In scenes of death, and fir'd his generous blood;
When his hot courser paw'd the Hungarian plain,
And adverse legions stood the shock in vain.
His frontiers past, the Belgian bounds he views,
And cross the level fields his march pursues.
Here, pleas'd the land of freedom to survey,
He greatly scorns the thirst of boundless sway.
O'er the thin soil, with silent joy, he spies
Transplanted woods, and borrow'd verdure rise;
Where every meadow won with toil and blood,
From haughty tyrants, and the raging flood,
With fruits and flowers the careful hind supplies,
And clothes the marshes in a rich disguise.
Such wealth for frugal hands doth Heaven decree,
And such thy gifts, celestial Liberty!
Through stately towns, and many a fertile plain,
The pomp advances to the neighbouring main.
Whole nations crowd around with joyful cries,
And view the hero with insatiate eyes.

'In Haga's towers he waits, till eastern gales
Propitious rise to swell the British sails.
Hither the fame of England's monarch brings
The vows and friendships of the neighb'ring kings;
Mature in wisdom, his extensive mind
Takes in the blended interests of mankind,
The world's great patriot. Calm thy anxious breast,
Secure in him, O Europe, take thy rest;
Henceforth thy kingdoms shall remain confin'd
By rocks and streams, the mounds which Heav'n design'd
The Alps their new-made monarch shall restrain,
Nor shall thy hills, Pyrene, rise in vain.

'But see, to Britain's isle the squadron stand,
And leave the sinking towers and less'ning land.
The royal bark bounds o'er the floating plain,
Breaks through the billows, and divides the main.
O'er the vast deep, great monarch, dart thine eyes,
A wat'ry prospect bounded by the skies:
Ten thousand vessels, from ten thousand shores,
Bring gums and gold, and either India's stores,

Behold the tributes hast'ning to thy throne,
And see the wide horizon all thy own.

'Still is it thine; tho' now the cheerful crew
Hail Albion's cliffs just whitening to the view.
Before the wind with swelling sails they ride,
Till Thames receives them in his opening tide.
The monarch hears the thund'ring peals around
From trembling woods and echoing hills rebound,
Nor misses yet, amid the deaf'ning train,
The roarings of the hoarse resounding main.

'As in the flood he sails, from either side,
He views his kingdom in its rural pride;
A various scene the wide-spread landscape yields,
O'er rich inclosures and luxuriant fields:
A lowing herd each fertile pasture fills,
And distant flocks stray o'er a thousand hills.
Fair Greenwich, hid in woods, with new delight,
(Shade above shade), now raises to the sight:
His woods ordain'd to visit every shore,
And guard the island which they grac'd before.

'The sun, now rolling down the western way,
A blaze of fires, renews the fading day;
Unnumber'd barks the regal barge enfold,
Bright'ning the twilight with its beamy gold;
Less thick the finny shoals, a countless fry,
Before the whale or kingly dolphin fly;
In one vast shout he seeks the crowded strand,
And in a peal of thunder gains the land.

'Welcome, great stranger, to our longing eyes
Oh, king desir'd! adopted Albion cries,
For thee the East breath'd out a prosp'rous breeze,
Bright were the suns, and gently swell'd the seas.
Thy presence did each doubtful heart compose,
And factions wonder'd that they once were foes;
That joyful day they lost each hostile name,
The same their aspect, and their voice the same.

'So two fair twins, whose features were design'd
At one soft moment in the mother's mind,
Show each the other with reflected grace,
And the same beauties bloom in either face;
The puzzled strangers which is which inquire;
Delusion grateful to the smiling sire

'From that* fair hill, where hoary sages boast,
To name the stars and count the heavenly host,
By the next dawn doth great Augusta rise,
Proud town! the noblest scene beneath the skies.
O'er Thames her thousand spires their lustre shed,
And a vast navy hides his ample bed—
A floating forest! From the distant strand
A line of golden cars strikes o'er the land:
Britannia's peers in pomp and rich array,
Before their king, triumphant lead the way.
Far as the eye can reach, the gaudy train,
A bright procession, shines along the plain.

'So haply thro' the heav'n's wide pathless ways
A comet draws a long-extended blaze;
From east to west burns through th' ethereal frame,
And half heav'n's convex glitters with the flame.

'Now to the regal towers securely brought,
He plan's Britannia's glories in his thought,
Resumes the delegated power he gave,
Rewards the faithful, and restores the brave.
Whom shall the Muse from out the shining throng
Select, to heighten and adorn her song?
Thee, Halifax. To thy capacious mind,
O man approv'd, is Britain's wealth consigned.
Her coin (while Nassau fought) debas'd and rude,
By thee in beauty and in truth renew'd,
An arduous work! again thy charge we see,
And thy own care once more returns to thee.
O! form'd in every scene to awe and please,
Mix wit with pomp, and dignity with ease;
Tho' call'd to shine aloft, thou wilt not scorn
To smile on hearts thyself did once adorn:
For this thy name succeeding time shall praise,
And envy less thy garter than thy bays.

'The Muse, if fir'd with thy enliv'ning beams
Perhaps shall aim at more exalted themes;
Record our monarch in a nobler strain,
And sing the op'ning wonders of his reign,
Bright Carolina's heavenly beauties trace,
Her valiant consort, and his blooming race.

* Flamstead house.

A train of kings their fruitful love supplies,
A glorious scene to Albion's ravish'd eyes;
Who sees by Brunswick's hand her sceptre sway'd,
And through his line from age to age convey'd.'

No. 621. WEDNESDAY, November 17, 1714.

—Postquam se lumine puro
Implevit, stellasque vagas miratur, et astra
Fixa polis, vidit quantâ sub nocte jaceret
Nostra dies, risique sui ludibria—
LUCAN ix. 11.

Now to the blest abode, with wonder fill'd,
The sun and moving planets he beheld;
Then, looking down on the sun's feeble ray,
Survey'd our dusky, faint, imperfect day,
And under what a cloud of night we lay,
ROWE.

THE following letter having in it some observations out of the common road, I shall make it the entertainment of this day:

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THE common topics against the pride of man, which are laboured by florid and declamatory writers, are taken from the baseness of his original, the imperfections of his nature, or the short duration of those goods in which he makes his boast. Though it be true that we can have nothing in us that ought to raise our vanity, yet a consciousness of our own merit may be sometimes laudable. The folly therefore lies here; we are apt to pride ourselves in worthless, or perhaps shameful, things; and on the other hand, count that disgraceful which is our truest glory.

'Hence it is that the lovers of praise take wrong measures to attain it. Would a vain man consult his own heart, he would find that if others 'knew

his weaknesses as well he himself doth, he could not have the impudence to expect the public esteem. Pride therefore flows from want of reflection, and ignorance of ourselves. Knowledge and humility come upon us together.

'The proper way to make an estimate of ourselves, is to consider seriously what it is we value or despise in others. A man who boasts of the goods of fortune, a gay dress, or a new title, is generally the mark of ridicule. We ought therefore not to admire in ourselves what we are so ready to laugh at in other men.

Much less can we with reason pride ourselves in those things which at some time of our life we shall certainly despise. And yet, if we will give ourselves the trouble of looking backward and forward on the several changes which we have already undergone, and hereafter must try, we shall find that the greater degrees of our knowledge and wisdom serve only to show us our own imperfections.

'As we rise from childhood to youth, we look with contempt on the toys and trifles which our hearts have hitherto been set upon. When we advance to manhood, we are held wise in proportion to our shame and regret for the rashness and extravagance of youth. Old age fills us with mortifying reflections upon a life mis-spent in the pursuit of anxious wealth or uncertain honour. Agreeable to this gradation of thought in this life, it may be reasonably supposed that, in a future state, the wisdom, the experience, and the maxims of old age will be looked upon by a separate spirit, in much the same light as an ancient man now sees the little follies and toyings of infants. The pomps, the honours, the policies, and arts of mortal men will be

thought as trifling as hobby-horses, mock battles, or any other sports that now employ all the cunning, and strength, and ambition of rational beings, from four years old to nine or ten.

'If the notion of a gradual rise in beings from the meanest to the most high be not a vain imagination, it is not improbable that an angel looks down upon a man, as a man doth upon a creature which approaches the nearest to the rational nature. By the same rule, if I may indulge my fancy in this particular, a superior brute looks with a kind of pride on one of an inferior species. If they could reflect, we might imagine, from the gestures of some of them, that they think themselves the sovereigns of the world, and that all things were made for them. Such a thought would not be more absurd in brute creatures than one which men are apt to entertain, namely, that all the stars in the firmament were created only to please their eyes and amuse their imaginations. Mr. Dryden, in his fable of the Cock and the Fox, makes a speech for his hero the cock, which is a pretty instance for this purpose:

> "Then turning, said to Partlett, 'See my dear,
> How lavish nature hath adorn'd the year;
> How the pale primrose and the violet spring,
> And birds essay their throats, disused to sing;
> All these are ours, and I with pleasure see
> Man strutting on two legs and aping me'."

'What I would observe from the whole is this, that we ought to value ourselves upon those things only which superior beings think valuable, since that is the only way for us not to sink in our own esteem hereafter.'

*** This day is published, The Examiner, Number L. Printed for J Roberts, in Warwick-lane, where advertisements will be taken in, &c. by J. Morphew. To be continued Wednesdays and Saturdays.—Spect. in folio, No. 615. Wednesday, Nov. 3, 1714. See Tat. with notes, Vol. v. No. 210, note on the Examiner, &c. and preface to the reader. Editions of 1788 and 1789, in 12mo. and 8vo. with notes.

††† This day is published, The Monthly Catalogue of books, plays, pamphlets, poems, and sermons, in Oct. 1714, price 3*d*.—Spect. in folio, No. 616. Friday, Nov. 5, 1714.

No. 622. FRIDAY, November 19, 1714.

—Fallentis semita vitæ.
Hor. 1 Ep. xviii. 103.

—A safe private quiet, which betrays
Itself to ease, and cheats away the days.
Pooly.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'In a former speculation you have observed that true greatness doth not consist in that pomp and noise wherein the generality of mankind are apt to place it. You have there taken notice that virtue in obscurity often appears more illustrious in the eye of superior beings, than all that passes for grandeur and magnificence among men.

'When we look back upon the history of those who have borne the parts of kings, statesmen, or commanders, they appear to us stripped of those outside ornaments that dazzle their contemporaries; and we regard their persons as great or little in proportion to the eminence of their virtues or vices. The wise sayings, generous sentiments, or disinterested conduct of a philosopher under mean circumstances of life, set him higher in our esteem than the mighty potentates of the earth, when we view them both through the long prospect of many ages. Were the memoirs of an obscure man, who lived up

to the dignity of his nature, and according to the rules of virtue, to be laid before us, we should find nothing in such a character which might not set him on a level with men of the highest stations. The following extract out of the private papers of an honest country gentleman, will set this matter in a clear light. Your reader will perhaps conceive a greater idea of him from these actions done in secret and without a witness, than those which have drawn upon them the admiration of multitudes.

MEMOIRS.

"In my twenty-second year I found a violent affection for my cousin Charles's wife growing upon me, wherein I was in danger of succeeding, if I had not upon that account begun my travels into foreign countries.

"A little after my return into England, at a private meeting with my uncle Francis, I refused the offer of his estate, and prevailed upon him not to disinherit his son Ned.

"Mem. Never to tell this to Ned, lest he should think hardly of his deceased father; though he continues to speak ill of me for this very reason.

"Prevented a scandalous law-suit betwixt my nephew Harry and his mother, by allowing her under-hand, out of my pocket, so much money yearly as the dispute was about.

"Procured a benefice for a young divine, who is sister's son to the good man who was my tutor, and hath been dead twenty years.

"Gave ten pounds to poor Mrs. ——, my friend H——'s widow.

"Mem. To retrench one dish at my table, till I have fetched it up again.

"Mem. To repair my house and finish my gardens, in order to employ poor people after harvest-time.

"Ordered John to let out goodman D——'s sheep that were pounded, by night; but not to let his fellow servants know it.

"Prevailed upon M. T. Esq. not to take the law of the farmer's son for shooting a partridge, and to give him his gun again.

"Paid the apothecary for curing an old woman that confessed herself a witch.

"Gave away my favourite dog for biting a beggar.

"Made the minister of the parish and a whig justice of one mind, by putting them upon explaining their notions to one another.

"Mem. To turn off Peter, for shooting a doe while she was eating acorns out of his hand.

"When my neighbour John, who hath often injured me, comes to make his request to-morrow:

"Mem. I have forgiven him.

"Laid up my chariot, and sold my horses, to relieve the poor in a scarcity of corn.

"In the same year remitted to my tenants a fifth part of their rents.

"As I was airing to-day I fell into a thought that warmed my heart, and shall, I hope, be the better for it as long as I live.

"Mem. To charge my son in private to erect no monument for me; but not to put this in my last will."

No. 623. MONDAY, November 22, 1714.

Sed mihi vel tellus optem prius ima dehiscat,
Vel pater omnipotens adigat me fulmine ad umbras,
Pallentes umbras Erebi, noctemque profundam,
Ante, pudor, quam te violo, aut tua jura resolvo.
Ille meos, primus qui me sibi junxit, amores
Abstulit: ille habeat secum servetque sepulchro.
VIRG. Æn. iv. 24.

But first let yawning earth a passage rend,
And let me thro' the dark abyss descend;
First let avenging Jove, with flames from high,
Drive down this body to the nether sky,
Condemn'd with ghosts in endless night to lie;
Before I brake the plighted faith I gave:
No; he who had my vows shall ever have;
For whom I lov'd on earth, I worship in the grave.
DRYDEN.

I AM obliged to my friend the love casuist,[g] for the following curious piece of antiquity, which I shall communicate to the public in his own words:

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'You may remember that I lately transmitted to you an account of an ancient custom in the manors of East and West Enborne, in the county of Berks, and elsewhere.[h] "If a customary tenant die, the widow shall have what the law calls her freebench, in all his copyhold lands, *dum sola et casta fuerit;* that is, while she lives single and chaste; but if she commits incontinency she forfeits her estate; yet if she will come into the court riding backward upon a black ram, with his tail in her hand, and say the words following, the steward is bound by the custom to re-admit her to her freebench:

"Here I am,
Riding upon a black ram,

[g] See Spect. Nos. 591, 602, 605, 614, and 625.
[h] See Spect. No. 614, and note *ibidem*.

Like a whore as I am;
And for my *crincum crancum*,
Have lost my *bincum bancum;*
And for my tail's game,
Have done this worldly shame;
Therefore I pray you, Mr. Steward, let me have my land again."

After having informed you that my lord Coke observes, that this is the most frail and slippery tenure of any in England, I shall tell you, since the writing of that letter, I have, according to my promise, been at great pains in searching out the records of the black ram; and have at last met with the proceedings of the court-baron, held in that behalf for the space of a whole day. The record sayeth, that a strict inquisition having been made into the right of the tenants to their several estates, by a crafty old steward, he found that many of the lands of the manor were, by default of the several widows, forfeited to the lord, and accordingly would have entered on the premises: upon which the good women demanded the "benefit of the ram." The steward, after having perused their several pleas, adjourned the court to Barnaby-bright,[1] that they might have day enough before them.

'The court being set, and filled with a great concourse of people, who came from all parts to see the solemnity; the first who entered was the widow Frontly; who had made her appearance in the last year's cavalcade. The register observes that, finding it an easy pad-ram, and foreseeing she might have farther occasion for it, she purchased it of the steward.

[1] Then the eleventh, now the twenty-second of June, being one of the longest days in the year.

'Mrs. Sarah Dainty, relict of Mr. John Dainty, who was the greatest prude of the parish, came next in the procession. She at first made some difficulty of taking the tail in her hand; and was observed, in pronouncing the form of penance, to soften the two most emphatical words into *clincum clancum:* but the steward took care to make her speak plain English before he would let her have her land again.

'The third widow that was brought to this worldly shame, being mounted upon a vicious ram, had the misfortune to be thrown by him; upon which she hoped to be excused from going through the rest of the ceremony; but the steward, being well versed in the law, observed very wisely upon this occasion, that the breaking of the rope does not hinder the execution of the criminal.

'The fourth lady upon record was the widow Ogle, a famous coquette, who had kept half a score young fellows off and on for the space of two years; but having been more kind to her carter John, she was introduced with the huzzas of all her lovers about her.

'Mrs. Sable appearing in her weeds, which were very new and fresh, and of the same colour with her whimsical palfrey, made a very decent figure in the solemnity.

'Another, who had been summoned to make her appearance, was excused by the steward, as well knowing in his heart that the good squire himself had qualified her for the ram.

'Mrs. Quick, having nothing to object against the indictment, pleaded her belly. But it was remembered that she made the same excuse the year before. Upon which the steward observed,

that she might so contrive it, as never to do the service of the manor.

'The widow Fidget, being cited into court, insisted that she had done no more since the death of her husband than what she used to do in his lifetime; and withal desired Mr. Steward to consider his own wife's case if he should chance to die before her.

'The next in order was a dowager of a very corpulent make, who would have been excused as not finding any ram that was able to carry her; upon which the steward commuted her punishment, and ordered her to make her entry upon a black ox.

'The widow Maskwell, a woman who had long lived with a most unblemished character, having turned off her old chambermaid in a pet, was by that revengeful creature brought in upon the black ram nine times the same day.

'Several widows of the neighborhood, being brought upon their trial, they showed that they did not hold of the manor, and were discharged accordingly.

'A pretty young creature who closed the procession came ambling in, with so bewitching an air, that the steward was observed to cast a sheep's eye upon her, and married her within a month after the death of his wife.

'N. B. Mrs. Touchwood appeared, according to summons, but had nothing laid to her charge; having lived irreproachably since the decease of her husband, who left her a widow in the sixty-ninth year of her age.

'I am, SIR, &c.'

*** Just published, a book [formerly so often mentioned in the Spectator] intitled The Ladies Library, written by a lady. Published by Mr.

Steele. Consisting of general rules for conduct in all circumstances of the life of woman. Printed for J. Tonson.—Spect. in folio, No. 617. Monday, Nov. 8, 1714. See Steele's Letters, &c., vol. ii. let. cccexxxvii. &c. p. 423, *et seq.*

No. 624. WEDNESDAY, November 24, 1714.

> Audire, atque togam jubeo componere, quisquis
> Ambitione malâ, aut argenti pallet amore,
> Quisquis luxuriâ—
>
> Hor. 2 Sat. iii. 77.

> Sit still, and hear, those whom proud thoughts do swell,
> Those that look pale by loving coin too well;
> Whom luxury corrupts.
>
> Creech.

Mankind is divided into two parts, the busy and the idle. The busy world may be divided into the virtuous and the vicious: the vicious again into the covetous, the ambitious, and the sensual. The idle part of mankind are in a state inferior to any one of these. All the other are engaged in the pursuit of happiness, though often misplaced, and are therefore more likely to be attentive to such means as shall be proposed to them for that end. The idle, who are neither wise for this world nor the next, are emphatically called by Doctor Tillotson 'fools at large.' They propose to themselves no end, but run adrift with every wind. Advice therefore would be but thrown away upon them, since they would scarce take the pains to read it. I shall not fatigue any of this worthless tribe with a long harangue; but will leave them with this short saying of Plato, that 'labour is preferable to idleness, as brightness to rust.'

The pursuits of the active part of mankind are either in the paths of religion and virtue; or, on the other hand, in the roads to wealth, honours, or pleasure. I shall, therefore, compare the pursuits of

avarice, ambition, and sensual delight, with their opposite virtues; and shall consider which of these principles engages men in a course of the greatest labour, suffering, and assiduity. Most men, in their cool reasonings, are willing to allow that a course of virtue will in the end be rewarded the most amply; but represent the way to it as rugged and narrow. If therefore it can be made appear, that men struggle through as many troubles to be miserable as they do to be happy, my readers may perhaps be persuaded to be good when they find they shall lose nothing by it.

First, for avarice. The miser is more industrious than the saint: the pains of getting, the fears of losing, and the inability of enjoying his wealth, have been the mark of satire in all ages. Were his repentance upon his neglect of a good bargain, his sorrow for being over-reached, his hope of improving a sum, and his fear of falling into want, directed to their proper objects, they would make so many different Christian graces and virtues. He may apply to himself a great part of St. Paul's catalogue of sufferings. 'In journeying often; in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils among false brethren. In weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often.'—At how much less expense might he 'lay up to himself treasures in heaven!' Or, if I may in this place be allowed to add the saying of a great philosopher, he may 'provide such possessions as fear neither arms, nor men, nor Jove himself.'

In the second place, if we look upon the toils of ambition in the same light as we have considered those of avarice, we shall readily own that far less trouble is requisite to gain lasting glory than the

power and reputation of a few years; or, in other words, we may with more ease deserve honour than obtain it. The ambitious man should remember cardinal Wolsey's complaint, 'Had I served God with the same application wherewith I served my king, he would not have forsaken me in my old age.' The cardinal here softens his ambition by the specious pretence of 'serving his king;' whereas his words, in the proper construction, imply, that, if instead of being acted[k] by ambition he had been acted by religion, he should have now felt the comforts of it, when the whole world turned its back upon him.

Thirdly, let us compare the pains of the sensual with those of the virtuous, and see which are heavier in the balance. It may seem strange, at the first view, that the men of pleasure should be advised to change their course, because they lead a painful life. Yet when we see them so active and vigilant in quest of delight; under so many disquiets, and the sport of such various passions; let them answer, as they can, if the pains they undergo do not outweigh their enjoyments. The infidelities on the one part between the two sexes, and the caprices on the other, the debasement of reason, the pangs of expectation, the disappointments in possession, the stings of remorse, the vanities and vexations attending even the most refined delights that make up this business of life, render it so silly and uncomfortable, that no man is thought wise till he hath got over it, or happy but in proportion as he hath cleared himself from it.

The sum of all is this—Man is made an active being. Whether he walks in the paths of virtue or vice, he is sure to meet with many difficulties to

[k] For actuated.

prove his patience and excite his industry. The same, if not greater, labour is required in the service of vice and folly as of virtue and wisdom; and he hath this easy choice left him, whether, with the strength he is master of, he will purchase happiness or repentance.

*** Advertised, the sales by auction of the library of Thomas Tyrrill of the Temple, esq. and Bibliotheca Selectissima, being the collection of Harry Mullings, esq. and a physician deceased; to be sold Nov. 15, by Thomas Ballard, bookseller, at the Rising Sun in Little Britain.—Spect. in folio, No. 619. Wednesday, Nov. 10, 1714.

N. B. The papers after No. 555 of the Spectator, are not lettered at the ends, or distinguished by signatures, as in the other volumes; but it seems very probable that Addison was the author of this and the preceding paper.

No. 625. FRIDAY, November 26, 1714.

— amores
De tenero meditatur ungui.
Hor. 3 Od. vi. 23.
Love, from her tender years, her thoughts employ'd.

The love-casuist hath referred to me the following letter of queries, with his answers to each question, for my approbation.[1] I have accordingly considered the several matters therein contained, and hereby confirm and ratify his answers, and require the gentle querist to conform herself thereunto:

'SIR,

'I was thirteen the 9th of November last, and must now begin to think of settling myself in the world, and so I would humbly beg your advice what I must do with Mr. Fondle, who makes his addresses to me. He is a very pretty man, and hath the blackest eyes and whitest teeth you ever saw.

[1] See Spect. Nos. 591, 602, 605, 614, and 623.

Though he is but a younger brother, he dresses like a man of quality, and nobody comes into a room like him. I know he hath refused great offers, and if he cannot marry me he will never have any body else. But my father hath forbid him the house, because he sent me a copy of verses; for he is one of the greatest wits in town. My eldest sister, who with her good will would call me Miss as long as I live, must be married before me they say. She tells them that Mr. Fondle makes a fool of me, and will spoil the child, as she calls me, like a confident thing as she is. In short, I am resolved to marry Mr. Fondle, if it be but to spite her. But, because I would do nothing that is imprudent, I beg of you to give me your answers to some questions I will write down, and desire you to get them printed in the Spectator, and I do not doubt but you will give such advice as, I am sure, I shall follow.

'When Mr. Fondle looks upon me for half an hour together, and calls me Angel, is he not in love?'

Answer, No.

'May not I be certain he will be a kind husband, that has promised me half my portion in pin-money, and to keep me a coach and six in the bargain?'

No.

'Whether I, who have been acquainted with him this whole year almost, am not a better judge of his merit than my father and mother, who never heard him talk but at table?'

No.

'Whether I am not old enough to choose for myself?'

No.

'Whether it would not have been rude in me to refuse a lock of his hair?'

No.

'Should not I be a very barbarous creature, if I did not pity a man who is always sighing for my sake?'

No.

'Whether you would not advise me to run away with the poor man?'

No.

'Whether you do not think, that, if I will not have him, he will not drown himself?'

No.

'What shall I say to him the next time he asks me if I will marry him?'

No.

The following letter requires neither introduction nor answer.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I WONDER that in the present situation of affairs, you can take pleasure in writing any thing but news; for in a word, who minds any thing else? The pleasure of increasing in knowledge, and learning something new every hour of life, is the noblest entertainment of a rational creature. I have a very good ear for a secret, and am naturally of a communicative temper; by which means I am capable of doing you great services in this way. In order to make myself useful, I am early in the antichamber, where I thrust my head into the thick of the press, and catch the news at the opening of the door, while it is warm. Sometimes I stand by the beef-eaters, and take the buz as it passes by me. At other times I lay my ear close to the wall, and suck in many a valuable whisper, as it runs in a straight line from corner to corner. When I am weary with standing,

I repair to one of the neighbouring coffee-houses, where I sit sometimes for a whole day, and have the news as it comes from court fresh and fresh. In short, Sir, I spare no pains to know how the world goes. A piece of news loses its flavour when it hath been an hour in the air. I love, if I may so speak, to have it fresh from the tree; and to convey it to my friends before it is faded. Accordingly my expenses in coach-hire make no small article: which you may believe when I assure you that I post away from coffee-house to coffee-house, and forestall the Evening Post by two hours. There is a certain gentleman who hath given me the slip twice or thrice, and hath been beforehand with me at Child's. But I have played him a trick—I have purchased a pair of the best coach-horses I could buy for money, and now let him outstrip me if he can. Once more, Mr. Spectator, let me advise you to deal in news. You may depend upon my assistance. But I must break off abruptly, for I have twenty letters to write.

'Yours, in haste,

'THO. QUID-NUNC.'

No. 626. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1714.

—dulcique animos novitate tenebo.
OVID. Met. iv. 284.
—With sweet novelty your taste I'll please.
EUSDEN.

I HAVE seen a little work of a learned man consisting of extemporary speculations, which owed their birth to the most trifling occurrences of life. His usual method was, to write down any sudden

start or thought which arose in his mind upon the sight of an odd gesticulation in a man, any whimsical mimicry of reason in a beast, or whatever appeared remarkable in any object of the visible creation. He was able to moralize upon a snuff-box, would flourish eloquently upon a tucker or a pair of ruffles, and draw practical inferences from a full-bottomed periwig. This I thought fit to mention, by way of excuse for my ingenious correspondent, who hath introduced the following letter by an image which, I will beg leave to tell him, is too ridiculous in so serious and noble a speculation.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'WHEN I have seen young puss playing her wanton gambols, and with a thousand antic shapes express her own gaiety at the same time that she moved mine, while the old grannum hath sat by with a most exemplary gravity, unmoved at all that past, it hath made me reflect what should be the occasion of humours so opposite in two creatures, between whom there was no visible difference but that of age; and I have been able to resolve it into nothing else but the force of novelty.

'In every species of creatures those who have been least time in the world appear best pleased with their condition: for, besides that to a new comer the world hath a freshness on it that strikes the sense after a most agreeable manner, being itself unattended with any great variety of enjoyments, excites a sensation of pleasure: but as age advances, every thing seems to wither, the senses are disgusted with their old entertainments, and existence turns flat and insipid. We may see this exemplified in mankind: the child, let him be free

from pain, and gratified in his change of toys, is diverted with the smallest trifle. Nothing disturbs the mirth of the boy but a little punishment or confinement. The youth must have more violent pleasures to employ his time; the man loves the hurry of an active life, devoted to the pursuits of wealth or ambition; and, lastly, old age, having lost its capacity for these avocations, becomes its own insupportable burthen. This variety may in part be accounted for by the vivacity and decay of the faculties; but I believe is chiefly owing to this, that the longer we have been in possession of being, the less sensible is the gust we have of it; and the more it requires of adventitious amusements to relieve us from the satiety and weariness it brings along with it.

'And as novelty is of a very powerful, so it is of a most extensive influence. Moralists have long since observed it to be the source of admiration, which lessens in proportion to our familiarity with objects, and upon a thorough acquaintance is utterly extinguished. But I think it hath not been so commonly remarked, that all the other passions depend considerably on the same circumstance. What is it but novelty that awakens desire, enhances delight, kindles anger, provokes envy, inspires horror? To this cause we must ascribe it, that love languishes with fruition, and friendship itself is recommended by intervals of absence: hence monsters, by use, are beheld without loathing, and the most enchanting beauty without rapture. That emotion of the spirits, in which passion consists, is usually the effect of surprise, and, as long as it continues, heightens the agreeable or disagreeable qualities of its object; but as this emotion ceases (and it ceases with the novel-

ty), things appear in another light, and affect us even less than might be expected from their proper energy for having moved us too much before.

'It may not be an useless inquiry how far the love of novelty is the unavoidable growth of nature, and in what respects it is peculiarly adapted to the present state. To me it seems impossible that a reasonable creature should rest absolutely satisfied in any acquisitions whatever, without endeavouring farther; for, after its highest improvements, the mind hath an idea of an infinity of things still behind worth knowing, to the knowledge of which therefore it cannot be indifferent; as by climbing up a hill in the midst of a wide plain a man hath his prospect enlarged, and, together with that, the bounds of his desires. Upon this account, I cannot think he detracts from the state of the blessed, who conceives them to be perpetually employed in fresh searches into nature, and to eternity advancing into the fathomless depths of the divine perfections. In this thought there is nothing but what doth honour to these glorified spirits; provided still it be remembered that their desire of more proceeds not from their disrelishing what they possess; and the pleasure of a new enjoyment is not with them measured by its novelty (which is a thing merely foreign and accidental), but by its real intrinsic value. After an acquaintance of many thousand years with the works of God, the beauty and magnificence of the creation fills them with the same pleasing wonder and profound awe which Adam felt himself seized with as he first opened his eyes upon this glorious scene. Truth captivates with unborrowed charms, and whatever hath once given satisfaction will always do it. In all which they have manifestly the advantage of us, who are so much

governed by sickly and changeable appetites, that we can with the greatest coldness behold the stupendous displays of Omnipotence, and be in transports at the puny essays of human skill: throw aside speculations of the sublimest nature and vastest importance into some obscure corner of the mind, to make room for new notions of no consequence at all: are even tired of health, because not enlivened with alternate pain; and prefer the first reading of an indifferent author to the second or third perusal of one whose merit and reputation are established.

'Our being thus formed serves many useful purposes in the present state. It contributes not a little to the advancement of learning; for, as Cicero takes notice, that which makes men willing to undergo the fatigues of philosophical disquisitions, is not so much the greatness of objects as their novelty. It is not enough that there is field and game for the chase, and that the understanding is prompted with a restless thirst of knowledge, effectually to rouse the soul, sunk into the state of sloth and indolence; it is also necessary that there be an uncommon pleasure annexed to the first appearance of truth in the mind. This pleasure being exquisite for the time it lasts, but transient, it hereby comes to pass that the mind grows into an indifference to its former notions, and passes on after new discoveries in hope of repeating the delight. It is with knowledge as with wealth, the pleasure of which lies more in making endless additions than in taking a review of our old store. There are some inconveniences that follow this temper, if not guarded against; particularly this, that, through too great an eagerness of something new, we are many times impatient of staying long enough upon a question that requires some time to resolve

it; or, which is worse, persuade ourselves that we are masters of the subject before we are so, only to be at the liberty of going upon a fresh scent: in Mr. Locke's words, "we see a little, presume a great deal, and so jump to the conclusion."

'A farther advantage of our inclination for novelty, as at present circumstantiated, is, that it annihilates all the boasted distinctions among mankind. Look not up with envy to those above thee! Sounding titles, stately buildings, fine gardens, gilded chariots, rich equipages, what are they? They dazzle every one but the possessor: to him that is accustomed to them they are cheap and regardless things: they supply him not with brighter images, or more sublime satisfactions than the plain man may have, whose small estate will just enable him to support the charge of a simple unencumbered life. He enters heedless into his rooms of state, as you or I do under our poor sheds. The noble paintings and costly furniture are lost on him; he sees them not: as how can it be otherwise, when by custom a fabric, infinitely more grand and finished, that of the universe, stands unobserved by the inhabitants, and the everlasting lamps of heaven are lighted up in vain for any notice that mortals take of them! Thanks to indulgent nature, which not only placed her children originally upon a level, but still, by the strength of this principle, in a great measure preserves it, in spite of all the care of man to introduce artificial distinctions.

'To add no more—Is not this fondness for novelty, which makes us out of conceit with all we already have, a convincing proof of a future state? Either man was made in vain, or this is not the only world he was made for: for there cannot be a great

er instance of vanity than that to which man is liable, to be deluded from the cradle to the grave with fleeting shadows of happiness: his pleasures, and those not considerable neither, die in the possession, and fresh enjoyments do not rise fast enough to fill up half his life with satisfaction. When I see persons sick of themselves any longer than they are called away by something that is of force to chain down the present thought; when I see them hurry from country to town, and then from the town back again into the country, continually shifting postures, and placing life in all the different lights they can think of; "surely," say I to myself, "life is vain, and the man beyond expression stupid or prejudiced, who from the vanity of life cannot gather, he is designed for immortality."[m]

No. 627. WEDNESDAY, December 1, 1714.

Tantum inter densas umbrosa cacumina fagos
Assiduè veniebat; ibi hæc incondita solus
Montibus et sylvis studio jactabat inani.
VIRG. Ecl. ii. 3.

He underneath the beaten shade, alone,
Thus to the woods and mountains made his moan.
DRYDEN.

THE following account, which came to my hands some time ago, may be no disagreeable entertainment to such of my readers as have tender hearts and nothing to do:

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'A FRIEND of mine died of a fever last week, which he caught by walking too late in a

[m] See Dr. Amory's preface to this edition of his uncle Mr. Grove's Works, and the Biographia Britannica, art. Grove.

dewy evening amongst his reapers. I must inform you that his greatest pleasure was in husbandry and gardening. He had some humours which seemed inconsistent with that good sense he was otherwise master of. His uneasiness in the company of women was very remarkable in a man of such perfect good breeding; and his avoiding one particular walk in his garden, where he had used to pass the greatest part of his time, raised abundance of idle conjectures in the village where he lived. Upon looking over his papers we found out the reason, which he never intimated to his nearest friends. He was, it seems, a passionate lover in his youth, of which a large parcel of letters he left behind him are a witness. I send you a copy of the last he ever wrote upon that subject, by which you will find that he concealed the true name of his mistress under that of Zelinda.

'A LONG month's absence would be insupportable to me if the business I am employed in were not for the service of my Zelinda, and of such a nature as to place her every moment in my mind. I have furnished the house exactly according to your fancy, or, if you please, my own; for I have long since learned to like nothing but what you do. The apartment designed for your use is so exact a copy of that which you live in, that I often think myself in your house when I step into it, but sigh when I find it without its proper inhabitant. You will have the most delicious prospect from your closet window that England affords: I am sure I should think it so, if the landscape that shows such variety did not at the same time suggest to me the greatness of the space that lies between us.

"The gardens are laid out very beautifully; I have dressed up every hedge in woodbines, sprinkled bowers and arbours in every corner, and made a little paradise round me; yet I am still like the first man in his solitude, but half blest without a partner in my happiness. I have directed one walk to be made for two persons, where I promise ten thousand satisfactions to myself in your conversation. I already take my evening's turn in it, and have worn a path upon the edge of this little alley, while I soothed myself with the thought of your walking by my side. I have held many imaginary discourses with you in this retirement; and when I have been weary have sat down with you in the midst of a row of jessamines. The many expressions of joy and rapture I use in these silent conversations have made me for some time the talk of the parish; but a neighbouring young fellow, who makes love to the farmer's daughter, hath found me out, and made my case known to the whole neighbourhood.

"In planting of the fruit-trees I have not forgot the peach you are so fond of. I have made a walk of elms along the river-side, and intend to sow all the place about it with cowslips, which I hope you will like as well as that I have heard you talk of by your father's house in the country.

"Oh! Zelinda, what a scheme of delight have I drawn up in my imagination! What day-dreams do I indulge myself in! When will the six weeks be at an end that lie between me and my promised happiness!

"How could you break off so abruptly in your last, and tell me you must go and dress for the play? If you loved as I do, you would find no more com

pany in a crowd than I have in my solitude. I am, &c."

'On the back of this letter is written, in the hand of the deceased the following piece of history:

"Mem. Having waited a whole week for an answer to this letter, I hurried to town, where I found the perfidious creature married to my rival. I will bear it as becomes a man, and endeavour to find out happiness for myself in that retirement which I had prepared in vain for a false ungrateful woman."

I am, &c.'

*** Mr. Castleton, at the penny-post-office, hopes to publish by Saturday several vindications against The Spectator, Sept. 17, 1714.—Post-boy, No. 3065, R R R R R. Dec. 1714. This seems to refer to Spect. No. 594.

No. 628. FRIDAY, December 3, 1714.

Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.
Hor. 1 Ep. ii. 43.
It rolls and rolls, and will for ever roll.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THERE are none of your speculations which please me more than those upon infinitude and eternity.[n] You have already considered that part of eternity which is past, and I wish you would give us your thoughts upon that which is to come.

'Your readers will perhaps receive greater pleasure from this view of eternity than the former, since we have every one of us a concern in that which is to come: whereas a speculation on that which is past is rather curious than useful.

[n] See Spect. Nos. 565, 571, 580, and 590.

'Besides, we can easily conceive it possible for successive duration never to have an end; though, as you have justly observed, that eternity which never had a beginning is altogether incomprehensible; that is, we can conceive an eternal duration which may be, though we cannot an eternal duration which hath been; or, if I may use the philosophical terms, we may apprehend a potential though not an actual eternity.

'This notion of a future eternity, which is natural to the mind of man, is an unanswerable argument that he is a being designed for it; especially if we consider that he is capable of being virtuous or vicious here: that he hath faculties improveable to all eternity; and, by a proper or wrong employment of them, may be happy or miserable throughout that infinite duration. Our idea indeed of this eternity is not of an adequate or fixed nature, but is perpetually growing and enlarging itself toward the object, which is too big for human comprehension. As we are now in the beginnings of existence, so shall we always appear to ourselves as if we were for ever entering upon it. After a million or two of centuries, some considerable things, already past, may slip out of our memory; which, if it be not strengthened in a wonderful manner, may possibly forget that ever there was a sun or planets; and yet, notwithstanding the long race that we shall then have run, we shall still imagine ourselves just starting from the goal, and find no proportion between that space which we know had a beginning, and what we are sure will never have an end.

'But I shall leave this subject to your management, and question not but you will throw it into

such lights as shall at once improve and entertain your reader.

'I have enclosed sent you a translation * of the speech of Cato on this occasion, which hath accidentally fallen into my hands, and which, for conciseness, purity, and elegance of phrase cannot be sufficiently admired.'

ACT V.—SCENE I.

CATO *solus, &c.*

'Sic, sic se habere rem necesse prorsus est,
Ratione vincis, do lubens manus, Plato.
Quid enim dedisset, quæ dedit frustra nihil,
Æternitatis insitam cupidinem
Natura? Quorsum hæc dulcis expectatio;
Vitæque non explenda melioris sitis?
Quid vult sibi aliud iste redeundi in nihil
Horror, sub imis quemque agens præcordiis?
Cur territa in se refugit anima, cur tremit
Attonita, quoties, morte ne pereat, timet?
Particula nempe est cuique nascenti indita
Divinior; quæ corpus incolens agit;
Hominique succinit, Tua est æternitas.
Æternitas! O lubricum nimis aspici,
Mixtumque dulci gaudium formidine!

* This translation was by Mr. afterwards Dr. Bland, once schoolmaster, then prevost, of Eton, and dean of Durham. See the note in page 513.

'Cato was translated by Salvini into Italian, and acted at Florence, and by the Jesuits of St. Omer's into Latin, and played by their pupils. Of this version a copy was sent to Mr. Addison: it is to be wished that it could be found for the sake of comparing their version of the soliloquy with that of Bland.'—Dr. Johnson's Lives of English Poets, vol. ii. p. 375, 8vo. edit. 1781.

It has been frequently observed that the papers after No. 555, are not distinguished by signatures, and Addison's papers are given on the authority of Mr. Tickell, who, it is supposed, has faithfully reprinted them in his edition of Addison's Works. This paper was probably written by Addison, or by Mr. Budgell, or Mr. Tickell, according to Addison's direction, or with his approbation.

'Quæ demigrabitur alia hinc in corpora?
Quæ terræ mox incognita? Quis orbis novus
Manet incolendus? Quanta erit mutatio?
Hæc intuenti spatia mihi quaquà patent
Immensa: sed caliginosa nox premit;
Nec luce clarâ vult videri singula.
Figendus hìc pes; certa sunt hæc hactenus:
Si quod gubernet numen humanum genus,
(At, quod gubernet, esse clamant omnia)
Virtute non gaudere certè non potest:
Nec esse non beata, quâ gaudet, potest.
Sed quâ beata sede? Quove in tempore?
Hæc quanta quanta terra, tota est Cæsaris.
Quid dubius hæret animus usque adeo? Brevi
Hic nodum hic omnem expediet. Arma en induor.
[*Ensi manum admovens.*

In utramque partem facta; quæque vim inferant,
Et quæ propulsent! Dextera intentat necem;
Vitam sinistra: vulnus hæc dabit manus;
Altera medelam vulneris: hic ad exitum
Deducet, ictu simplici; hæc vetant mori.
Secura ridet anima mucronis minas,
Ensesque strictos, interire nescia.
Extinguet ætas sidera diuturnior:
Ætate languens ipse sol, obscurius
Emittet orbi consenescenti jubar:
Natura et ipsa sentiet quondam vices
Ætatis, annis ipsa deficiat gravis:
At tibi juventus, at tibi immortalitas,
Tibi parta divûm est vita. Periment mutuis
Elementa sese et interibunt ictibus.
Tu permanebis sola semper integra,
Tu cuncta rerum quassa, cuncta naufraga,
Jam portu in ipso tuta, contemplabere.
Compage ruptâ, corruent in se invicem,
Orbesque fractis ingerentur orbibus:
Illæsa tu sedebis extra fragmina.' P

P This beautiful translation, which fame and Dr. Kippis have attributed to bishop Atterbury (and which on that authority, and on oral tradition in the university of Oxford, I had printed as his in the Select Collection of Poems, vol. v. p. 6), I afterwards found reason (vol. viii. p. 302) to ascribe to Dr. Henry Bland, head master of Eton school, provost of the college there, and dean of Durham (to whom it is also without hesitation ascribed by the last and best biographer of Addison): and have since had

ACT V.—SCENE I.

CATO *alone, &c.*

'It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing dreadful thought!

'Through what variety of untry'd being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us,
(And that there is all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works,) he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when or where?—This world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures—This must end them.
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*

'Thus am I doubly arm'd; my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul secur'd in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.'

the honour of being assured by Mr. Walpole 'that it was the work of Bland; and that he has more than once heard his father, sir Robert Walpole, say, that it was he himself who gave that translation to Mr. Addison, who was extremely surprised at the fidelity and beauty of it.' J. N.

*** ADVERTISEMENT.

'Dr. Cairns, a gradual, challenges all the gradual doctors of Great Britain to discourse with him of the nature of metals and their medicinal virtues, and of the universal medicine; and, untill he find one fitter for the title, he declareth himself professor of occult philosophy and alchymy. And in his chamber every Thursday at four o'clock, he will make a discourse of the greatest secrets in nature. He expected and invited the most learned audience that the kingdom affords [*nam ignoti multa cupido*]; and promised a discourse of the greatest secrets in nature, not only suitable to their titles and his, but to the highest attainments of human understanding. Dr. Cairns lives the next door but one to the Riding-house in Berwick-street, near Marlborough-street. Each paying half a crown.'—Spect. in folio, No. 606.

No. 629.[q] MONDAY, December 6, 1714.

—Experiar quid concedatur in illos,
Quorum Flaminiâ tegitur cinis, atque Latinâ.
Juv. Sat. 1. 170.

—Since none the living dare implead,
Arraign them in the persons of the dead.
Dryden.

Next to the people who want a place, there are none to be pitied more than those who are solicited for one. A plain answer with a denial in it is looked upon as pride, and a civil answer as a promise.

Nothing is more ridiculous than the pretensions of people upon these occasions. Every thing a man hath suffered, whilst his enemies were in play, was certainly brought about by the malice of the opposite party. A bad cause would not have been lost, if such an one had not been upon the bench; nor a profligate youth disinherited if he had not got drunk every night by toasting an outed ministry. I remember a tory, who, having been fined in a court of justice for a prank that deserved the pillory, de-

[q] No. 630, Spect. in folio.

sired upon the merit of it to be made a justice of peace when his friends came into power; and shall never forget a whig criminal, who, upon being indicted for a rape, told his friends, 'You see what a man suffers for sticking to his principles.'

The truth of it is, the sufferings of a man in a party are of a very doubtful nature. When they are such as have promoted a good cause, and fallen upon a man undeservedly, they have a right to be heard and recompensed beyond any other pretensions. But when they rise out of rashness or indiscretion, and the pursuit of such measures as have rather ruined than promoted the interest they aim at, (which hath always been the case of many great sufferers,) they only serve to recommend them to the children of violence or folly.

I have by me a bundle of memorials presented by several cavaliers upon the restoration of king Charles II. which may serve as so many instances to our present purpose.

Among several persons and pretensions recorded by my author, he mentions one of a very great estate, who, for having roasted an ox whole, and distributed a hogshead upon king Charles's birthday, desired to be provided for as his majesty in his great wisdom should think fit.

Another put in to be the prince Henry's governor for having dared to drink his health in the worst of times.

A third petitioned for a colonel's commission for having cursed Oliver Cromwell the day before his death, on a public bowling-green.

But the most whimsical petition I have met with is that of B. B. esq. who desired the honour of

knighthood, for having cuckolded sir T. W. a notorious Roundhead.

There is likewise the petition of one who, having let his beard grow from the martyrdom of king Charles the First till the restoration of king Charles the Second, desired in consideration thereof to be made a privy-counsellor.

I must not omit a memorial setting forth that the memorialist had, with great despatch, carried a letter from a certain lord to a certain lord, wherein, as it afterwards appeared, measures were concerted for the restoration, and without which he verily believes that happy revolution had never been effected; who thereupon humbly prays to be made post-master-general.

A certain gentleman, who seems to write with a great deal of spirit, and uses the words gallantly and gentleman-like very often in his petition, begs that (in consideration of his having worn his hat for ten years past in the loyal cavalier-cock, to his great danger and detriment) he may be made a captain of the guards.

I shall close my account of this collection of memorials with the copy of one petition at length, which I recommend to my reader as a very valuable piece.

'*The Petition of E. H. esq.*

'Humbly showeth,

'That your petitioner's father's brother's uncle, colonel W. H., lost the third finger of his left hand at Edgehill fight.

'That your petitioner, notwithstanding the small-

ness of his fortune (he being a younger brother), always kept hospitality, and drank confusion to the Roundheads in half a score bumpers every Sunday in the year, as several honest gentlemen (whose names are under-written) are ready to testify.

That your petitioner is remarkable in his country, for having dared to treat sir P. P. a cursed sequestrator, and three members of the assembly of divines, with brawn and minced pies upon new-year's day.

'That your said humble petitioner hath been five times imprisoned in five several county-gaols, for having been a ringleader in five different riots; into which his zeal for the royal cause hurried him, when men of greater estates had not the courage to rise.

'That he the said E. H. hath had six duels and four and twenty boxing matches in defence of his majesty's title; and 'that he received such a blow upon the head at a bonfire in Stratford upon Avon, as he hath been never the better for from that day to this.

'That your petitioner hath been so far from improving his fortune, in the late damnable times, that he verily believes, and hath good reason to imagine, that if he had been master of an estate, he had infallibly been plundered and sequestered.

'Your petitioner, in consideration of his said merits and sufferings, humbly requests that he may have the place of receiver of the taxes, collector of the customs, clerk of the peace, deputy-lieutenant, or whatsoever else he shall be thought qualified for. And your petitioner shall ever pray, &c.

*** 'A Letter to the late Author of the Spectator, occasioned by his paper of Monday, December 6, 1714, No. 630, 51 pages. Printed for J

Roberts, 1714.' No. 629, is reprinted in the letter here referred to, which begins with high compliments to Steele, whom the letter-writer (probably Mr. John Dennis) does not suppose to have been the author of this paper; and indeed it does not certainly appear that Steele was the writer of any speculation after paper No. 555.

No. 630. WEDNESDAY, December 8, 1714.

Favete linguis—

Hor. 3 Od. 1. 2.

With mute attention wait.

Having no spare time to write any thing of my own, or to correct what is sent me by others, I have thought fit to publish the following letters.

'SIR, 'Oxford, November 22.

'If you would be so kind to me as to suspend that satisfaction, which the learned world must receive in reading one of your speculations, by publishing this endeavour, you will very much oblige and improve one, who has the boldness to hope that he may be admitted into the number of your correspondents.

'I have often wondered to hear men of good sense and good-nature profess a dislike to music, when at the same time they do not scruple to own that it has the most agreeable and improving influences over their minds: it seems to me an unhappy contradiction, that those persons should have an indifference for an art which raises in them such a variety of sublime pleasures.

'However, though some few, by their own or the unreasonable prejudices of others, may be led into a distaste for those musical societies which are erected merely for entertainment, yet sure I may

venture to say that no one can have the least reason for disaffection to that solemn kind of melody which consists of the praises of our Creator.

'You have, I presume, already prevented me in an argument upon this occasion, which some divines have successfully advanced upon a much greater, that musical sacrifice and adoration has claimed a place in the laws and customs of the most different nations, as the Grecians and Romans of the profane, the Jews and Christians of the sacred world, did as unanimously agree in this as they disagreed in all other parts of their economy.

'I know there are not wanting some who are of opinion that the pompous kind of music which is in use in foreign churches, is the most excellent, as it most affects our senses. But I am swayed by my judgment to the modesty which is observed in the musical part of our devotions. Methinks there is something very laudable in the custom of a voluntary before the first lesson; by this we are supposed to be prepared for the admission of those divine truths which we are shortly to receive. We are then to cast all worldly regards from off our hearts, all tumults within are then becalmed, and there should be nothing near the soul but peace and tranquillity. So that in this short office of praise the man is raised above himself, and is almost lost already amidst the joys of futurity.

'I have heard some nice observers frequently commend the policy of our church in this particular, that it leads us on by such easy and regular methods that we are perfectly deceived into piety. When the spirits begin to languish (as they too often do) with a constant series of petitions, she takes care to allow them a pious respite, and relieves them with

the raptures of an anthem. Nor can we doubt that the sublimest poetry, softened in the most moving strains of music, can never fail of humbling or exalting the soul to any pitch of devotion. Who can hear the terrors of the Lord of Hosts described in the most expressive melody without being awed into a veneration? Or who can hear the kind and endearing attributes of a merciful father, and not be softened into love towards him?

'As the rising and sinking of the passions, the casting soft or noble hints into the soul, is the natural privilege of music in general, so more particularly of that kind which is employed at the altar. Those impressions which it leaves upon the spirits are more deep and lasting, as the grounds from which it receives its authority are founded more upon reason. It diffuses a calmness all around us, it makes us drop all those vain or immodest thoughts which would be an hindrance to us in the performance of that great duty of thanksgiving,[r] which, as we are informed by our Almighty Benefactor, is the most acceptable return which can be made for those infinite stores of blessings which he daily condescends to pour down upon his creatures. When we make use of this pathetical method of addressing ourselves to him, we can scarce contain from raptures! The heart is warmed with a sublimity of goodness! We are all piety and all love!

How do the blessed spirits rejoice and wonder to behold unthinking man prostrating his soul to his dread Sovereign in such a warmth of piety as they themselves might not be ashamed of!

[r] A proclamation issued the day before this paper was published for a thanksgiving for king George's accession, to be observed January 20th.

'I shall close these reflections with a passage taken out of the third book of Milton's Paradise Lost, where those harmonious beings are thus nobly described:

> "Then crown'd again, their golden harps they took,
> Harps ever tun'd, that, glittering by their side,
> Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
> Of charming symphony they introduce
> The sacred song, and waken raptures high:
> No one exempt, no voice but well could join
> Melodious part—such concord is in heaven!"

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THE town cannot be unacquainted that in divers parts of it there are vociferous sets of men who are called rattling clubs; but what shocks me most is, they have now the front to invade the church, and institute these societies there, as a clan of them have in late times done, to such a degree of insolence as has given the partition where they reside, in a church near one of the city gates, the denomination of the rattling pew. These gay fellows, from humble lay professions, set up for critics without any tincture of letters or reading, and have the vanity to think they can lay hold of something from the parson which may be formed into ridicule.

'It is needless to observe that the gentlemen, who every Sunday have the hard province of instructing these wretches in a way they are in no present disposition to take, have a fixed character for learning and eloquence, not to be tainted by the weak efforts of this contemptible part of their audiences. Whether the pulpit is taken by these gentlemen or any strangers their friends, the way of the club is this: if any sentiments are delivered too sublime for their conception; if any uncommon topic is

entered on, or one in use new modified with the finest judgment and dexterity; or any controverted point be never so elegantly handled: in short, whatever surpasses the narrow limits of their theology, or is not suited to their taste, they are all immediately upon their watch, fixing their eyes upon each other with as much warmth as our gladiators of Hockley-in-the-Hole, and waiting like them for a hit; if one touches, all take fire, and their noddles instantly meet in the centre of the pew; then, as by beat of drum, with exact discipline, they rear up into a full length of stature, and with odd looks and gesticulations confer together in so loud and clamorous a manner, continued to the close of the discourse, and during the after psalm, as it is not to be silenced but by the bells. Nor does this suffice them, without aiming to propagate their noise through all the church, by signals given to the adjoining seats, where others designed for this fraternity are sometimes placed upon trial to receive them.

'The folly as well as rudeness of this practice is in nothing more conspicuous than this, that all that follows in the sermon is lost; for, whenever our sparks take alarm, they blaze out and grow so tumultuous that no after-explanation can avail, it being impossible for themselves or any near them to give an account thereof. If any thing really novel is advanced, how averse soever it may be to their way of thinking, to say nothing of duty, men of less levity than these would be led by a natural curiosity to hear the whole.

'Laughter, where things sacred are transacted, is far less pardonable than whining at a conventicle; the last has at least a semblance of grace, and where the affectation is unseen may possibly imprint whole-

some lessons on the sincere: but the first has no excuse, breaking through all the rules of order and decency, and manifesting a remissness of mind in those important matters which require the strictest composure and steadiness of thought: a proof of the greatest folly in the world.

'I shall not here enter upon the veneration due to the sanctity of the place, the reverence owing the minister, or the respect that so great an assembly as a whole parish may justly claim. I shall only tell them, that, as the Spanish cobbler, to reclaim a profligate son, bid him have some regard to the dignity of his family, so they as gentlemen (for we citizens assume to be such one day in a week) are bound for the future to repent of, and abstain from, the gross abuses here mentioned, whereof they have been guilty in contempt of heaven and earth, and contrary to the laws in this case made and provided.

'I am Sir, your very humble servant,

'R. M.'

*** Steele appears to have been an excellent *Arbiter Elegantiarum*, and well skilled in the 'policy of literature.' This volume in folio is pretty clear from the humourous objection early and justly made to Steele's anterior publications on the score of multiplicity of advertisements. Tat. with notes, Vol. i. No. 21, p. 239. For three or four papers running, though room is not wanting, not a single advertisement occurs. This circumstance seems to confirm what Dr. Johnson says of the slow sale of this volume on its first appearance, perhaps on the authority of the curious pamphlet mentioned in the preceding paper, *ad finem*. See Johnson's Lives of English Poets, vol. ii. p. 380. 8vo. edit. 1781; and Letter to the Spect. &c. p. 15, 17, *et passim*.

No. 631. FRIDAY, December 10, 1714.

Simplex munditiis—
Hor. 1 Od. v. 5.
Elegant by cleanliness—

I had occasion to go a few miles out of town, some days since, in a stage coach, where I had for my fellow travellers a dirty beau, and a pretty young quaker woman. Having no inclination to talk much at that time, I placed myself backward, with a design to survey them, and pick a speculation out of my two companions. Their different figures were sufficient of themselves to draw my attention. The gentleman was dressed in a suit, the ground whereof had been black, as I perceived from some few spaces that had escaped the powder, which was incorporated with the greatest part of his coat: his periwig, which cost no small sum,* was after so slovenly a manner cast over his shoulders, that it seemed not to have been combed since the year 1712; his linen, which was not much concealed, was daubed with plain Spanish from the chin to the lowest button; and the diamond upon his finger (which naturally dreaded the water) put me in mind how it sparkled amidst the rubbish of the mine where it was first discovered. On the other hand, the pretty quaker appeared in all the elegance of cleanliness. Not a speck was to be found upon her. A clear, clean, oval face, just edged about with little thin plaits of the purest cambric, received great advantages from the shade of her black hood; as did the whiteness of her arms from that sober-coloured stuff in which she had

* Duumvir's fair wig cost forty guineas.—See Tat. with notes, No. 54.

clothed herself. The plainness of her dress was very well suited to the simplicity of her phrases; all which, put together, though they could not give me a great opinion of her religion, they did of her innocence.

This adventure occasioned my throwing together a few hints upon cleanliness, which I shall consider as one of the half-virtues, as Aristotle calls them, and shall recommend it under the three following heads: as it is a mark of politeness; as it produces love; and as it bears analogy to purity of mind.

First, it is a mark of politeness. It is universally agreed upon, that no one, unadorned with this virtue, can go into company without giving a manifest offence. The easier or higher any one's fortune is, this duty rises proportionably. The different nations of the world are as much distinguished by their cleanliness as by their arts and sciences. The more any country is civilized, the more they consult this part of politeness. We need but compare our ideas of a female Hottentot and an English beauty, to be satisfied of the truth of what hath been advanced.

In the next place, cleanliness may be said to be the foster-mother of love. Beauty indeed most commonly produces that passion in the mind, but cleanliness preserves it. An indifferent face and person, kept in perpetual neatness, hath won many a heart from a pretty slattern. Age itself is not unamiable, while it is preserved clean and unsullied: like a piece of metal constantly kept smooth and bright, we look on it with more pleasure than on a new vessel that is cankered with rust.

I might observe farther, that as cleanliness renders us agreeable to others, so it makes us easy to ourselves; that it is an excellent preservative of

health; and that several vices, destructive both to mind and body, are inconsistent with the habit of it.[t] But these reflections I shall leave to the leisure of my readers, and shall observe, in the third place, that it bears a great analogy with purity of mind, and naturally inspires refined sentiments and passions.

We find from experience that, through the prevalence of custom, the most vicious actions lose their horror by being made familiar to us. On the contrary, those who live in the neighbourhood of good examples fly from the first appearances of what is shocking. It fares with us much after the same manner as to our ideas. Our senses, which are the inlets to all the images conveyed to the mind, can only transmit the impression of such things as usually surround them. So that pure and unsullied thoughts are naturally suggested to the mind, by those objects that perpetually encompass us, when they are beautiful and elegant in their kind.

In the east, where the warmth of the climate makes cleanliness more immediately necessary than in colder countries, it is made one part of their religion: the Jewish law, and the Mahometan, which in some things copies after it, is filled with bathings, purifications, and other rites of the like nature.

[t] In 1776 the Royal Society deservedly adjudged Copley's medal to the memorable navigator, captain Cooke, for his successful care of his ship's crew in his voyage round the world. Sir John Pringle, in his anniversary discourse, when the medal was given, has the following remarkable passage, which is transcribed in aid and confirmation of what is said here:

'It is well known how much cleanliness conduces to health; but it is not so obvious how much it also tends to good order and other virtues. That diligent officer was persuaded —— that such men as he could induce to be more cleanly than they were disposed to be of themselves, became at the same time more sober, more orderly, and more attentive to their duty.'

Though there is the above-named convenient reason to be assigned for these ceremonies, the chief intention undoubtedly was to typify inward purity and cleanliness of heart by those outward washings. We read several injunctions of this kind in the book of Deuteronomy, which confirm this truth; and which are but ill accounted for by saying, as some do, that they were only instituted for convenience in the desert, which otherwise could not have been habitable for so many years.

I shall conclude this essay with a story which I have somewhere read in an account of Mahometan superstitions.

A dervise of great sanctity one morning had the misfortune, as he took up a crystal cup which was consecrated to the prophet, to let it fall upon the ground and dash it in pieces. His son coming in some time after, he stretched out his hands to bless him, as his manner was every morning; but the youth going out stumbled over the threshold and broke his arm. As the old man wondered at these events, a caravan passed by in its way from Mecca: the dervise approached it to beg a blessing: but, as he stroked one of the holy camels, he received a kick from the beast that sorely bruised him. His sorrow and amazement increased upon him till he recollected, that, through hurry and inadvertency, he had that morning come abroad without washing his hands.

No. 632. MONDAY, September 13, 1714.

—Explebo numerum, reddarque tenebris.
Virg. Æn. vi. 545.
— the number I'll complete,
Then to obscurity well pleas'd retreat.

The love of symmetry and order, which is natural to the mind of man, betrays him sometimes into very whimsical fancies. 'This noble principle,' says a French author, 'loves to amuse itself on the most trifling occasions. You may see a profound philosopher,' says he, 'walk for an hour together in his chamber, and industriously treading, at every step, upon every other board in the flooring.' Every reader will recollect several instances of this nature without my assistance. I think it was Gregorio Leti, who had published as many books as he was years old;[a] which was a rule he had laid down and punctually observed to the year of his death. It was, perhaps, a thought of the like nature which determined Homer himself to divide each of his poems into as many books as there are letters in the Greek alphabet. Herodotus has in the same manner adapted his book to the number of the Muses, for which reason many a learned man hath wished there had been more than nine of that sisterhood.

Several epic poets have religiously followed Virgil as to the number of his books; and even Milton is thought by many to have changed the number of his books from ten to twelve for no other reason; as

[a] This voluminous writer boasted that he had been the author of a book and the father of a child for 20 years successively. Swift counted the number of steps he had made from London to Chelsea. And it is said and demonstrated in the Parentalia, that bishop Wren walked round the earth while a prisoner in the tower of London.

Cowley tells us, it was his design, had he finished his Davideis, to have also imitated the Æneid in this particular. I believe every one will agree with me that a perfection of this nature hath no foundation in reason; and, with due respect to these great names, may be looked upon as something whimsical.

I mention these great examples in defence of my bookseller, who occasioned this eighth volume* of Spectators, because, as he said, he thought seven a very odd number. On the other side several grave reasons were urged on this important subject; as, in particular, that seven was the precise number of the wise men, and that the most beautiful constellation in the heavens was composed of seven stars. This he allowed to be true, but still insisted that seven was an odd number: suggesting at the same time, that, if he were provided with a sufficient stock of leading papers, he should find friends ready enough to carry on the work. Having by this means got his vessel launched and set afloat, he hath committed the steerage of it, from time to time, to such as he thought capable of conducting it.

The close of this volume, which the town may now expect in a little time, may possibly ascribe each sheet[x] to its proper author.

It were no hard task to continue this paper a considerable time longer by the help of large contributions sent from unknown hands.

I cannot give the town a better opinion of the

* The papers of the Spectator, when first collected, formed eight volumes, but are now, without omission, compressed into six. 1822.

[x] Meaning each half sheet, i. e. every number; it is hardly necessary to observe, that the performance of this promise was forgotten; so that many of the papers after No. 555, having no signatures, are at this day like fairy-favours; no satisfactory account can be given of the authors to whom we are indebted for them.

Spectator's correspondents than by publishing the following letter, with a very fine copy of verses upon a subject perfectly new:

'MR. SPECTATOR, 'Dublin, Nov. 30, 1714.

'You lately recommended to your female readers the good old custom of their grandmothers, who used to lay out a great part of their time in needle-work. I entirely agree with you in your sentiments, and think it would not be of less advantage to themselves and their posterity, than to the reputation of many of their good neighbours, if they passed many of those hours in this innocent entertainment which are lost at the tea-table. I would, however, humbly offer to your consideration the case of the poetical ladies; who, though they may be willing to take any advice given them by the Spectator, yet cannot so easily quit their pen and ink as you may imagine. Pray allow them, at least now and then, to indulge themselves in other amusements of fancy when they are tired with stooping to their tapestry. There is a very particular kind of work, which of late several ladies here in our kingdom are very fond of, which seems very well adapted to a poetical genius: it is the making of grottos. I know a lady who has a very beautiful one, composed by herself; nor is there one shell in it not stuck up by her own hands. I here send you a poem to the fair architect, which I would not offer to herself till I knew whether this method of a lady's passing her time were approved of by the British Spectator; which, with the poem, I submit to your censure, who am,

'Your constant reader, and humble servant,

'A. B.'

'TO MRS. ——, ON HER GROTTO.

"A GROTTO so complete, with such design,
What hands, Calypso, could have form'd but thine?
Each chequer'd pebble, and each shining shell,
So well proportion'd, and dispos'd so well,
Surprising lustre from thy thought receive,
Assuming beauties more than nature gave.
To her their various shapes and glossy hue,
Their curious symmetry they owe to you.
Not fam'd Amphion's lute, whose powerful call
Made willing stones dance to the Theban wall,
In more harmonious ranks could make them fall.
Not evening cloud a brighter arch can show,
Nor richer colours paint the heavenly bow.

"Where can unpolish'd nature boast a piece
In all her mossy cells exact as this?
At the gay party-colour'd scene we start,
For chance too regular, too rude for art.

"Charm'd with the sight, my ravish'd breast is fir'd
With hints like those which ancient bards inspir'd:
All the feign'd tales by superstition told,
All the bright train of fabled nymphs of old,
Th' enthusiastic Muse believes are true,
Thinks the spot sacred, and its genius you.
Lost in wild rapture would she fain disclose
How by degrees the pleasing wonder rose:
Industrious in a faithful verse to trace
The various beauties of the lovely place:
And while she keeps the glowing work in view,
Through every maze thy artful hand pursue.

"O, were I equal to the bold design,
Or could I boast such happy art as thine!
That could rude shells in such sweet order place,
Give common objects such uncommon grace!
Like them my well chose words in ev'ry line,
As sweetly temper'd should as sweetly shine.
So just a fancy should my numbers warm,
Like the gay piece should the description charm.
Then with superior strength my voice I'd raise,
The echoing grotto should approve my lays,
Pleas'd to reflect the well-sung founder's praise."

No. 633. WEDNESDAY, December 15, 1714.

Omnia profecto, cum se à cœlestibus rebus referet ad humanas, excelsius magnificentiusque et dicet et sentiet. Cicero.

The contemplation of celestial things will make a man both speak and think more sublimely and magnificently when he descends to human affairs.

The following discourse is printed, as it came to my hands, without variation:[y]

'Cambridge, Dec. 12.

'It was a very common inquiry among the ancients why the number of excellent orators, under all the encouragements the most flourishing states could give them, fell so far short of the number of those who excelled in all other sciences. A friend of mine used merrily to apply to this case an observation of Herodotus, who says, that the most useful animals are the most fruitful in their generation; whereas the species of those beasts that are fierce and mischievous to mankind are but scarcely continued. The historian instances in a hare, which always either breeds or brings forth; and a lioness, which brings forth but once, and then loses all power of conception. But leaving my friend to his mirth, I am of opinion that in these latter ages we have greater cause of complaint than the ancients had. And since that solemn festival is approaching,[z] which calls for all the power of oratory, and which affords as noble a subject for the pulpit as any revelation has taught us, the design of this paper shall be to show that our moderns have greater advantages towards true and solid eloquence than any which the celebrated speakers of antiquity enjoyed.

[y] See Spect. No. 572, and Guardian, No. 121.

[z] Christmas.

'The first great and substantial difference is, that their common-places, in which almost the whole force of amplification consists, were drawn from the profit or honesty of the action, as they regarded only this present state of duration. But Christianity, as it exalts morality to a greater perfection, as it brings the consideration of another life into the question, as it proposes rewards and punishments of a higher nature and a longer continuance, is more adapted to affect the minds of the audience, naturally inclined to pursue what it imagines its greatest interest and concern. If Pericles, as historians report, could shake the firmest resolutions of his hearers, and set the passions of all Greece in a ferment, when the present welfare of his country, or the fear of hostile invasions, was the subject; what may be expected from that orator who warns his audience against those evils which have no remedy, when once undergone, either from prudence or time? As much greater as the evils in a future state are than these at present, so much are the motives to persuasion under Christianity greater than those which mere moral considerations could supply us with. But what I now mention relates only to the power of moving the affections. There is another part of eloquence which is indeed its masterpiece; I mean the marvellous, or sublime. In this the Christian orator has the advantage beyond contradiction. Our ideas are so infinitely enlarged by revelation, the eye of reason has so wide a prospect into eternity, the notions of a Deity are so worthy and refined, and the accounts we have of a state of happiness or misery so clear and evident, that the contemplation of such objects will give our discourse a noble vigour, an invincible force, beyond the power of any human consideration.

Tully requires in his perfect orator some skill in the nature of heavenly bodies; because, says he, his mind will become more extensive and unconfined; and when he descends to treat of human affairs, he will both think and write in a more exalted and magnificent manner. For the same reason that excellent master would have recommended the study of those great and glorious mysteries which revelation has discovered to us; to which the noblest parts of this system of the world are as much inferior as the creature is less excellent than its Creator. The wisest and most knowing among the heathens had very poor and imperfect notions of a future state. They had indeed some uncertain hopes, either received by tradition, or gathered by reason, that the existence of virtuous men would not be determined by the separation of soul and body: but they either disbelieved a future state of punishment and misery; or, upon the same account that Apelles painted Antigonus[a] with one side only towards the spectator, that the loss of his eye might not cast a blemish upon the whole piece; so these represented the condition of man in its fairest view, and endeavoured to conceal what they thought was a deformity to human nature. I have often observed, that whenever the above-mentioned orator in his philosophical discourses is led by his argument to the mention of immortality, he seems like one awakened out of sleep; roused and alarmed with the dignity of the subject, he stretches his imagination to conceive something uncommon, and, with the greatness of his thoughts, casts, as it were, a glory round the sentence. Uncertain and unsettled as he was, he seems fired with

[a] This fine allusion is equally ingenious and just.

the contemplation of it. And nothing but such a glorious prospect could have forced so great a lover of truth as he was to declare his resolution never to part with his persuasion of immortality, though it should prove to be an erroneous one. But had he lived to see all that Christianity has brought to light, how would he have lavished out all the force of eloquence in those noblest contemplations which human nature is capable of, the resurrection and the judgment that follows it! How had his breast glowed with pleasure, when the whole compass of futurity lay open and exposed to his view! How would his imagination have hurried him on in the pursuit of the mysteries of the incarnation![b] How would he have entered, with the force of lightning, into the affections of his hearers, and fixed their attention, in spite of all the opposition of corrupt nature, upon those glorious themes which his eloquence hath painted in such lively and lasting colours!

'This advantage Christians have; and it was with no small pleasure I lately met with a fragment of Longinus, which is preserved, as a testimony of that critic's judgment, at the beginning of a manuscript of the New Testament in the Vatican library. After that author has numbered up the most celebrated orators among the Grecians, he says, "add to these Paul of Tarsus, the patron of an opinion not yet fully proved." As a heathen, he condemns the Christian religion; and, as an impartial critic, he judges in favour of the promoter and preacher of it. To me it seems that the latter part of his judgment adds great weight to his opinion of St. Paul's abilities, since,

[b] Can the imagination be affected with what it cannot conceive? or the judgment with what it cannot comprehend? Christianity may benefit the orator by its revelations, but not by its mysteries.

under all the prejudice of opinions directly opposite, he is constrained to acknowledge the merit of that apostle. And no doubt such as Longinus describes St. Paul, such he appeared to the inhabitants of those countries which he visited and blessed with those doctrines he was divinely commissioned to preach. Sacred story gives us, in one circumstance, a convincing proof of his eloquence, when the men of Lystra called him Mercury "because he was the chief speaker," and would have paid divine worship to him, as to the god who invented and presided over eloquence. This one account of our apostle sets his character, considered as an orator only, above all the celebrated relations of the skill and influence of Demosthenes and his contemporaries. Their power in speaking was admired, but still it was thought human: their eloquence warmed and ravished the hearers, but still it was thought the voice of man, not the voice of God. What advantage then had St. Paul above those of Greece or Rome? I confess I can ascribe this excellence to nothing but the power of the doctrines he delivered, which may have still the same influence on the hearers, which have still the power, when preached by a skilful orator, to make us break out in the same expressions as the disciples who met our Saviour in their way to Emmaus made use of; "Did not our hearts burn within us when he talked to us by the way, and while he opened to us the scriptures?" I may be thought bold in my judgment by some, but I must affirm that no one orator has left us so visible marks and footsteps of his eloquence as our apostle. It may perhaps be wondered at, that, in his reasonings upon idolatry at Athens, where eloquence was born and flourished, he confines himself to strict argument only; but my

reader may remember what many authors of the best credit have assured us, that all attempts upon the affections and strokes of oratory were expressly forbidden by the laws of that country in courts of judicature. His want of eloquence therefore here was the effect of his exact conformity to the laws; but his discourse on the resurrection to the Corinthians, his harangue before Agrippa upon his own conversion, and the necessity of that of others, are truly great, and may serve as full examples to those excellent rules for the sublime, which the best of critics has left us. The sum of all this discourse is, that our clergy have no farther to look for an example of the perfection they may arrive at, than to St. Paul's harangues; that when he, under the want of several advantages of nature, as he himself tells us, was heard, admired, and made a standard to succeeding ages by the best judge of a different persuasion in religion; I say, our clergy may learn that, however instructive their sermons are, they are capable of receiving a great addition; which St. Paul has given them a noble example of, and the Christian religion has furnished them with certain means of attaining to.'[c]

[c] This paper, No. 633, was written originally by Dr. Zachary Pearce, the late venerable bishop of Rochester, who was likewise the author of Spectator, No. 527, and of No. 221, in the Guardian.

No. 634. FRIDAY, December 17, 1714.

Ὁ ἐλαχίστων δεόμενος ἐγγιστα Θεῶν.
Socrates apud Xen.
The fewer our wants, the nearer we resemble the gods.

It was the common boast of the heathen philosophers, that, by the efficacy of their several doctrines, they made human nature resemble the divine. How much mistaken soever they might be in the several means they proposed for this end, it must be owned that the design was great and glorious. The finest works of invention and imagination are of very little weight when put in the balance with what refines and exalts the rational mind. Longinus excuses Homer very handsomely, when he says the poet made his gods like men, that he might make his men appear like the gods. But it must be allowed that several of the ancient philosophers acted as Cicero wishes Homer had done: they endeavoured rather to make men like gods than gods like men.

According to this general maxim in philosophy, some of them have endeavoured to place men in such a state of pleasure, or indolence at least, as they vainly imagined the happiness of the Supreme Being to consist in. On the other hand, the most virtuous sect of philosophers have created a chimerical wise man, whom they made exempt from passion and pain, and thought it enough to pronounce him all-sufficient.

This last character, when divested of the glare of human philosophy that surrounds it, signifies no more than that a good and wise man should so arm himself with patience, as not to yield tamely to the violence of passion and pain; that he should learn so to suppress and contract his desires as to have few

wants; and that he should cherish so many virtues in his soul as to have a perpetual source of pleasure in himself.

The Christian religion requires that, after having framed the best idea we are able of the divine nature, it should be our next care to conform ourselves to it as far as our imperfections will permit. I might mention several passages in the sacred writings on this head, to which I might add many maxims and wise sayings of moral authors among the Greeks and Romans.

I shall only instance a remarkable passage, to this purpose, out of Julian's Cæsars.[d] That emperor having represented all the Roman emperors, with Alexander the Great, as passing in review before the gods, and striving for the superiority, lets them all drop, excepting Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Augustus Cæsar, Trajan, Marcus Aurelius, and Constantine. Each of these great heroes of antiquity lays in his claim for the upper place; and in order to it, sets forth his actions after the most advantageous manner. But the gods, instead of being dazzled with the lustre of their actions, inquire by Mercury into the proper motive and governing principle that influenced them throughout the whole series of their lives and exploits. Alexander tells them that his aim was to conquer; Julius Cæsar, that his was to gain the highest post in his country; Augustus, to govern well; Trajan, that his was the same as that of Alexander, namely, to conquer. The question, at length, was put to Marcus Aurelius, who replied, with great modesty, that it had always been his care to imitate the gods. This conduct seems to have gained him the most votes and best

[d] Spanheim, Les Cesars de L'Empereur Julien, traduits du Grec, 4to. 1728, *passim.*

place in the whole assembly. Marcus Aurelius being afterwards asked to explain himself, declares that, by imitating the gods, he endeavoured to imitate them in the use of his understanding, and of all other faculties; and, in particular, that it was always his study to have as few wants as possible in himself, and to do all the good he could to others.

Among the many methods by which revealed religion has advanced morality, this is one, that it has given us a more just and perfect idea of that Being whom every reasonable creature ought to imitate. The young man, in a heathen comedy, might justify his lewdness by the example of Jupiter; as, indeed, there was scarce any crime that might not be countenanced by those notions of the deity which prevailed among the common people in the heathen world. Revealed religion sets forth a proper object for imitation in that Being who is the pattern, as well as the source, of all spiritual perfection.

While we remain in this life we are subject to innumerable temptations, which if listened to, will make us deviate from reason and goodness, the only things wherein we can imitate the Supreme Being. In the next life we meet with nothing to excite our inclinations that doth not deserve them. I shall therefore dismiss my reader with this maxim, viz. 'Our happiness in this world proceeds from the suppression of our desires, but in the next world from the gratification of them.'

No. 635. MONDAY, December 20, 1714.

Sentio te sedem hominum ac domum contemplariquæ si tibi parva (ut est) ita videtur, hæc cælestia semper spectato; illa humana contemnito.

Cicero Somn. Scip.

I perceive you contemplate the seat and habitation of men; which, if it appears to you as little as it really is, fix your eyes perpetually upon heavenly objects, and despise earthly.

The following essay comes from the ingenious author of the letter upon novelty, printed in a late Spectator:[d] the notions are drawn from the Platonic way of thinking; but as they contribute to raise the mind, and may inspire noble sentiments of our own future grandeur and happiness, I think it well deserves to be presented to the public.

If the universe be the creature of an intelligent mind, this mind could have no immediate regard to himself in producing it. He needed not to make trial of his omnipotence to be informed what effects were within its reach: the world, as existing in his eternal idea, was then as beautiful as now it is drawn forth into being; and in the immense abyss of his essence are contained far brighter scenes than will be ever set forth to view; it being impossible that the great Author of nature should bound his own power by giving existence to a system of creatures so perfect that he cannot improve upon it by any other exertions of his almighty will. Between finite and infinite there is an unmeasured interval not to be filled up in endless ages; for which reason the most excellent of all God's works must be equally short of what his power is able to produce as the most imperfect, and may be exceeded with the same ease.

[d] Spectator, No. 626, by Mr. H. Grove.

This thought hath made some imagine (what it must be confessed is not impossible) that the unfathomed space is ever teeming with new births, the younger still inheriting a greater perfection than the elder. But, as this doth not fall within my present view, I shall content myself with taking notice that the consideration now mentioned proves undeniably, that the ideal worlds in the Divine understanding yield a prospect incomparably more ample, various, and delightful, than any created world can do: and that therefore, as it is not to be supposed that God should make a world merely of inanimate matter, however diversified; or inhabited only by creatures of no higher an order than brutes, so the end for which he designed his reasonable offspring is the contemplation of his works, the enjoyment of himself, and in both to be happy; having to this purpose, endowed them with correspondent faculties and desires. He can have no greater pleasure from a bare review of his works than from the survey of his own ideas; but we may be assured that he is well pleased in the satisfaction derived to beings capable of it, and for whose entertainment he hath erected this immense theatre. Is not this more than an intimation of our immortality? Man, who, when considered as on his probation for a happy existence hereafter, is the most remarkable instance of divine wisdom; if we cut him off from all relation to eternity, is the most wonderful and unaccountable composition in the whole creation. He hath capacities to lodge a much greater variety of knowledge than he will be ever master of, and an unsatisfied curiosity to tread the secret paths of nature and providence: but, with this, his organs, in their present structure are rather fitted to serve the necessities of a vile

body, than to minister to his understanding; and, from the little spot to which he is chained, he can frame but wandering guesses concerning the innumerable worlds of light that encompass him, which, though in themselves of a prodigious bigness, do but just glimmer in the remote spaces of the heavens; and when, with a great deal of time and pains, he hath laboured a little way up the steep ascent of truth, and beholds with pity the grovelling multitude beneath, in a moment his foot slides, and he tumbles down headlong into the grave.

Thinking on this, I am obliged to believe, in justice to the Creator of the world, that there is another state when man shall be better situated for contemplation, or rather have it in his power to remove from object to object, and from world to world; and be accommodated with senses, and other helps, for making the quickest and most amazing discoveries. How doth such a genius as sir Isaac Newton,* from amidst the darkness that involves human understanding, break forth, and appear like one of another species! The vast machine we inhabit lies open to him: he seems not unacquainted with the general laws that govern it; and, while with the transport of a philosopher he beholds and admires the glorious work, he is capable of paying at once a more devout and more rational homage to his Maker. But, alas! how narrow is the prospect even of such a mind! And how obscure to the compass that is taken in by the ken of an angel, or of a soul but newly escaped from its imprisonment in the body! For my part,

* Sir Isaac was at this time in the full vigour of his intellectual faculties and remarkable for his modesty, assailed as it was by the publication of the highest possible commendations of him every where.

I freely indulge my soul in the confidence of its future grandeur; it pleases me to think that I, who know so small a portion of the works of the Creator, and with slow and painful steps creep up and down on the surface of this globe, shall ere long shoot away with the swiftness of imagination, trace out the hidden springs of nature's operations, be able to keep pace with the heavenly bodies in the rapidity of their career, be a spectator of the long chain of events in the natural and moral worlds, visit the several apartments of the creation, know how they are furnished, and how inhabited, comprehend the order, and measure the magnitudes and distances, of those orbs, which to us seem disposed without any regular design, and set all in the same circle, observe the dependance of the parts of each system, and (if our minds are big enough to grasp the theory) of the several systems upon one another, from whence results the harmony of the universe. In eternity a great deal may be done of this kind. I find it of use to cherish this generous ambition; for, besides the secret refreshment it diffuses through my soul, it engages me in an endeavour to improve my faculties, as well as to exercise them conformably to the rank I now hold among reasonable beings, and the hope I have of being once advanced to a more exalted station.

The other, and that the ultimate, end of man, is the enjoyment of God, beyond which he cannot form a wish. Dim at best are the conceptions we have of the Supreme Being, who, as it were, keeps his creatures in suspense, neither discovering nor hiding himself; by which means, the libertine hath a handle to dispute his existence, while the most are content to speak him fair, but in their hearts prefer

every trifling satisfaction to the favour of their Maker, and ridicule the good man for the singularity of his choice. Will there not a time come when the free-thinker shall see his impious schemes overturned, and be made a convert to the truths he hates? When deluded mortals shall be convinced of the folly of their pursuits; and the few wise who followed the guidance of Heaven, and, scorning the blandishments of sense, and the sordid bribery of the world, aspired to a celestial abode, shall stand possessed of their utmost wish in the vision of the Creator? Here the mind heaves a thought now and then towards him, and hath some transient glances of his presence: when in the instant it thinks itself to have the fastest hold, the object eludes its expectations, and it falls back tired and baffled to the ground. Doubtless there is some more perfect way of conversing with heavenly beings. Are not spirits capable of mutual intelligence, unless immersed in bodies, or by their intervention? Must superior natures depend on inferior for the main privilege of sociable beings, that of conversing with and knowing each other? What would they have done had matter never been created? I suppose not have lived in eternal solitude. As incorporeal substances are of a nobler order, so be sure their manner of intercourse is answerably more expedite and intimate. This method of communication we call intellectual vision, as somewhat analogous to the sense of seeing, which is the medium of our acquaintance with this visible world. And in some such way can God make himself the object of immediate intuition to the blessed; and as he can, it is not improbable that he will; always condescending, in the circumstances of doing it, to the weakness and proportion of finite

minds. His works but faintly reflect the image of his perfections; it is a second-hand knowledge: to have a just idea of him it may be necessary that we see him as he is. But what is that? It is something that never entered into the heart of man to conceive; yet what we can easily conceive, will be a fountain of unspeakable, of everlasting rapture. All created glories will fade and die away in his presence. Perhaps it will be my happiness to compare the world with the fair exemplar of it in the Divine Mind; perhaps, to view the original plan of those wise designs that have been executing in a long succession of ages. Thus employed in finding out his works, and contemplating their Author, how shall I fall prostrate and adoring, my body swallowed up in the immensity of matter, my mind in the infinitude of his perfections![f]

**** Next Saturday will be published, in a neat pocket volume, the same with the Spectator, Guardian, and Englishman, The Lover, to which is added the Reader. N. B. There are a small number printed in 8vo. upon royal and demy paper, to complete sets of the author's works.—Spect. in folio, No. 663, Dec. 15, 1714. See Steele's Epist. Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 445; and the edition in 8vo. of The Lover and The Reader, 1789 with notes; printed for and by the editor, Mr. Deputy Nichols.

[f] By the Rev. Mr. Henry Grove. See Spect. No. 588, 601, and 626 and Biog Britan. art. Grove, Henry.

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